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W.H. Note sc.

Yours affect.ly Bro.

W. Garland

MEMORIALS

LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS

OF

THOMAS GARLAND,

FAIRFIELD, REDRUTH.

LONDON:

HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co.; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.

LEEDS: H. W. WALKER, BRIGGATE.

1868.

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PREFACE.

A FEW words may be necessary by way of introduction to the following pages. It had never occurred, even in thought, to the writer, that in the event of his surviving his brother the task of preparing a memorial would devolve upon him; and when the subject was first pressed on his consideration he was quite at a loss to know from what source the materials were to be gathered. His deceased relative had indeed been for many years a public man, well-known especially in his native county, with whose commercial, literary, political, and religious interests he had uniformly been identified. For more than thirty years he had also been an active and influential member of the Wesleyan Church. The general tenor of his life, however, was such as to present no incidents sufficiently striking to justify any pretensions to a regular biography; and the only course that seemed to offer was that of making such a selection from his various writings as would give them a more permanent form than they were otherwise likely to obtain. The productions of his pen were mainly political, though there is no lack of evidence that on other subjects he could bring to bear with effect the powers of a highly cultivated mind.

It remained to decide as to the manner in which these selections should be given to the public. A compilation of articles on different topics, prefaced by a short

biographical sketch, would have been every way most convenient to the writer, and also a comparatively easy task, attended with little toil beyond the manual labor required in transcribing for the press. He did not, however, feel at liberty to adopt this method. Every life that has in it anything worth recording should as far as possible be made the medium of instruction to others; and this object would best be attained by interweaving a thread of narrative, as far as the matter would allow, with the general collection of his writings.

In the preparation of the volume regard has been had to different classes of readers. Those to whom the subject was personally known, especially in the religious sphere in which he moved, may not be uninterested by some details connected with the religious associations of his earlier days, though for others these particulars may have little attraction. The extensive circle of his acquaintance will also comprise many who have but a slender knowledge of the economy of that body of Christians with whom he was connected; and this must be the apology for occasionally introducing some explanatory observations on Wesleyan Methodism, which to Wesleyans themselves will be altogether superfluous.

In conclusion, the compiler has gratefully to acknowledge the kindness of the various parties who so promptly gave him access to the documents from which the material has chiefly been collected.

PENZANCE, *December*, 1867.

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MEMOIR OF THOMAS GARLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THOMAS, the father of the late Mr. Thomas Garland, was born at Bridge, a small village near Redruth, in Cornwall. He was of poor, but honest parents, who could give him only such a scanty education as at that time was generally obtained by those who at a very early age were sent to work in the mines. He removed with his parents to Dartmoor, in Devonshire, when he was about the age of seventeen; and so far improved his opportunities that some years after he was intrusted with the management of a small copper mine in the West of Cornwall, at a short distance from the place where he passed the remainder of his life. Prosperity in his circumstances enabled him, in a short time, to take a house with a few acres of land in the neighbourhood, and on his marriage in 1803, he settled at this place, called Cambrose, or more generally Cambridge, with every fair prospect of worldly competence.

In his early years he had been seriously impressed with the obligations of religion, to the renewing influence of which he was, however, a stranger, until about five years after his return to Cornwall from Devonshire, when he became the subject of a decided spiritual change, and forthwith connected himself with the Wesleyan Society. His attachment to the church of his early choice was firm and unwavering, as being that in which he had

received the greatest benefit, and which, more than any other, opened up to him a sphere of honourable usefulness. Yet he loved and reverenced the services of the National Church, at which also he frequently communicated. A small religious Society having sprung up at the place where his mining occupation was fixed, he was appointed as their "Class-leader," and the pages of a diary which he kept for some years, afford striking evidence of the intense interest with which he watched the growth and prosperity of this little religious community. To his duties as class-leader were shortly added those of "local preacher," to which his Sabbaths were generally devoted, and in which he labored for many a year with great pleasure and acceptance; his pulpit talent blending considerable mental power with great pathos, and securing a more than ordinary share of popularity. His work in these departments of Christian activity was often hard and wearisome; but happy in his personal consciousness of the Divine favor, and filled with zeal for the spiritual welfare of his fellow-men, he has recorded that "in preaching and praying he could spend a whole life."

Thomas, his first child, and the subject of these memoirs, was born at Cambridge, April, 1804. He was one of thirteen children, and of these children it may be said that the father was never surpassed by anyone in the pride and pleasure with which he looked on a table graced with a goodly shew of olive plants. Keenly alive to social and domestic joys, his thoughts, in whatever direction he might chance to be called, would always gather round his home and fireside. Of three sons and ten daughters, three only had been removed from the family circle at the time of his own decease. Hannah, perished by an accident while yet an infant of days. Ann, lived to the age of 21, and died by consumption, the

consequence of a malady under which she had long suffered, finishing her course in triumphant peace and joy, August, 1826. Mary, dying a few months after, at the age of 20, had been imbecile from a child. John, the son of his elder age, and the Benjamin of his father's affections, survived his parent about four years, and died in the ninth year of his age at Tuckingmill, near Camborne.

At the time of his settlement at Cambridge his pastoral labors were mainly confined to the small society already referred to, at Porth-Towan; but he subsequently became more especially identified with the religious interests of Bridge, his birthplace, and only distant about half-a-mile from his residence. A small building had been erected as a Wesleyan place of worship in that village, taking its place as one of the preaching stations in the Redruth Circuit. The house was small, rude, and incommodious, and it had been with him a long cherished desire to have it superseded by a structure every way more worthy of its object. In 1816 he had the high gratification of seeing this wish accomplished; a good and convenient chapel being raised, every way adequate to the wants of a tolerably populous neighbourhood. The opening services were conducted by ministers of high connexional repute, and, as a country preaching place, it was numbered with those to which were allotted the largest share in the labors of the regular Circuit pastors.

In those days Cambridge was frequently the place of the preacher's entertainment when his duties called him into that part of the Circuit; and its proprietor always welcomed the visit of the pastor to his dwelling as both a pleasure and honor of no ordinary character. The local preachers also, on whom a considerable part of the chapel services devolved, and who, if inferior in pulpit ability, had much the same kind of physical requirements as the stated ministers, came in for their share of his hospitality,

and were sometimes additionally treated to a few hints on grammar by way of assisting them in their public performances.

But among the preacher guests at Cambridge there might at that time be occasionally seen a man holding a somewhat anomalous position in the ministry, being neither found on the Conference Minutes nor on the Circuit Plan, nor, in fact, bearing with him any kind of ministerial credentials but those of a tacit recognition of his pulpit labours, principally through some districts in the west of Cornwall. Many a reader will remember the name of Richard Hampton, or more generally Dick Hampton, sometimes called the Cornish Fool, of whom some notice may not be inappropriate in this place. He was born within a mile or two of Cambridge, and was known to Thomas Garland from a boy. He was one of a family in which the brothers were men of some mark in the religious society of the place, and of rather more than ordinary intelligence for the humble sphere in which they moved. In Richard, save and except a strong family likeness of person, there was not the remotest resemblance to either of them. He was found as he grew up to be quick and shrewd in all matters of a religious character, while just as useless as a born idiot in everything relating to handicraft. At one time he was employed as an errand boy on the mine, and was afterwards taken to drive the horses on the Cambridge farm. The result was invariably the same—that he was a plague and incumbrance to everyone who had to do with him. On approaching manhood his thoughts seemed to be wholly engrossed by preaching. For such a work his qualifications, as far as education was concerned, would place him pretty nearly at the zero point; but the class of congregations to which he purposed to devote his labors would neither make learning nor intellectual strength indispensable. He

accordingly gave up once for all his abortive secular engagements, and commenced a county itinerancy, which only terminated within about three years of his death. At the period of middle age he presented, both in his personal appearance and ministerial character, a combination of qualities not very easy to describe. He was short in stature, yet very corpulent, with a general look and expression in which the human and the porcine seemed to struggle for pre-eminence, and with a lack-lustre eye which yet was sharp and searching. He cared little for any kind of conversation, but was generally in the zenith of his happiness when rocking himself to and fro in his chair by the fireside with a motion that kept time to an indescribable nasal melody with which he was accustomed to solace his reveries. His pulpit addresses were stentorian harangues, in which the matter was unobjectionable, though seldom indicating order or method,—the voice dry and husky, and apparently demanding great physical power to make it the medium of instructing an audience. Little as the casual hearer would discover in his preaching that seemed to promise much in the way of usefulness, it is certain that his periodical visits to the different localities were in many instances productive of good. Of this, one singular instance occurred at Devonport, the farthest limit, as it appears, of his journeyings. A respectable tradesman of that town had been for some time under deep religious concern. He dreamed one night that he entered a small chapel in his neighbourhood, and heard from a very strange-looking preacher, neither known to him nor heard of before, a sermon which brought light and comfort to his soul. On the following day, which was the Sabbath, he directed his steps to the chapel referred to, and on entering saw in the pulpit the very man of his dream. The word of the preacher exactly met his case; he rejoiced in his knowledge of forgiveness

and acquaintance introduced himself to the strange evangelist, took him to his house, and remained through life his firm and steadfast friend, delighting to minister to his temporal wants in every way that genuine or spiritual benefits could suggest. Those temporal wants, indeed, were not numerous, and were never needlessly multiplied. Of his genuine possessing there could be no doubt, if going forth without money or scrip were the distinguishing badge of that order of ministers. But he coveted no man's silver or gold, and while deeming the workman so far worthy of his hire as to expect food and raiment from those among whom he laboured, never murmured at the plainest fare or the humblest lodging. His moral character was altogether irreproachable. Neither by word or deed was he ever known either to dishonour his religious profession or abuse the confidence of his friends. He had a singularly retentive memory. Every little circumstance connected with persons long known to him, and of which at the time he was either an eye or ear witness, was treasured up in his mind to be reproduced at any time required, with the day, the hour, and the other details all correct to the mile.

The writer remembers that on the occasion of one of the Bridge ministers living at his father's house, a part of the afternoon was devoted to the reading of a manuscript in which the general incidents of Richard Hampton's career were narrated. There was probably some intention of reserving the sketch for publication at a future day in the event of his surviving a man whose integrity of character he highly esteemed, and to whose welfare in every sense it had been his pleasure to contribute. It was destined, however, to be in otherwise, his own decease occurring upwards of thirty years before that of Richard. Of the merits of the manuscript referred to nothing is at this time remembered. As to other compositions pro-

ceeding from the same hand, they may be summed up in journals and sermons. The journals were kept with some regularity for several years, but discontinued for a considerable time before his death. The sermons were prepared with a good deal of care, an outline being written sufficiently copious to contain the general substance of the discourse. On very rare occasions he called in the Muses to assist in the production of some rhymes to celebrate an incident which household matters or a journey might happen to originate. He was fond of reading, but a busy and laborious life which had passed its best years for intellectual cultivation without the means of study, left him to the last with few books, and those not of a class to make much figure in the literary world. In his library might be found Wesley's Sermons and Journals, the Arminian and Methodist Magazines for some forty years in succession, Fletcher's Works, Benson's Commentary and Memoirs, Green's Concordance, The Whole Duty of Man, with others of kindred character. Among these was a volume of Hervey's Meditations, "done into blank verse" by a distant relative on his wife's side, who to the general business of cabinet-making added the pursuits of a poet. He had met with Mr. Hervey's celebrated work, and was touched with its sepulchral beauty and tenderness. It struck him at once that if these Meditations were so charming in their prose condition they would be music itself when reduced to metre; and to metre he accordingly reduced them. Diverging from the common policy of great poets, who compose slowly and with a good deal of re-touching, he closed his workshop and sat down to his task, not quitting the work, except for such brief intervals as food and sleep imperatively demanded, for three days and three nights, until, in his own emphatic language, "the whole mass was transposed." The public, however, have always preferred the book in its original

form, though the subscribers, as in duty bound, took their copies.

The owner of the miniature library at Cambridge did not rate this production or its original very highly. With no pretensions to what is called literary taste, he was well endowed with that strong, manly sense which discriminates what is sterling and valuable in books from that which is showy and sentimental. In fact, his natural capacity for acquiring the accomplishments of a well-educated man could not, for the reason before mentioned, be justly estimated by such books or such book-knowledge as he actually possessed. Nor, had he brought to his secluded dwelling the amplest stores of learning, would they, except as a personal gratification, have been half as valuable to him as were those more useful qualifications which caused him to be looked up to for counsel and assistance by the people of an extended neighbourhood. His social and general character, the uncompromising fidelity with which all his business engagements were carried out, and his readiness at all times to meet such claims as public or private necessity made on his personal influence or pecuniary resources, attached to his name a respect and affection not to be obtained by any other means. To this subject we shall have again to refer in the course of these pages.

CHAPTER II.

IT has been stated that Thomas Garland, the eldest son, was born at Cambridge, near Redruth, in April, 1804. Of his earliest years, nothing is known to the writer as being of interest to any beyond the family circle, nor can much be said of those first scholastic days which are generally marked by some striking indications in the case of those who acquire a name in after life. There was not wanting in the more immediate neighbourhood a full supply of such seminaries of learning as in those days were deemed highly proper for awakening the germ of thought in the tender mind. Within a circle of less than two miles radius from the family dwelling, might then be found some half-a-dozen establishments, in which the very young of both sexes were taught those rudiments of knowledge with which the mightiest intellects must all begin. At present, that number is almost reduced to unity, and as the population is more than treble, it might be inferred that the march of education has slackened even faster than society has numerically progressed. Such a conclusion, however, would be wide of the mark. The schools now spoken of were, with one exception, in the extremest sense of the word, "preparatory;" and they were conducted by dames who blended their duties as instructors of youth, with other duties devolving on them as the heads of families. The almost universal spread of cheap and yet sound elementary education, which marks the present period, has almost annihilated this class of school teachers, who in fact knew nothing but the simplest elements of learning, and had no object beyond that of eking out a small addition to their means of living. Of those now

referred to, it is certain that not one of them had ever been honored with an introduction to Lindley Murray, nor knew whether Newfoundland was an island of America or a town in France. In the way of figures they did nothing, and few mortals had been so highly privileged as to see the character of their handwriting. Some were the wives of invalided husbands, whose contributions to the general business consisted mainly in taking charge of the school one afternoon in the week, while the principal took her basket and set out for the market town. It so happened that some of us—for what reason, can hardly now be remembered—passed through almost the entire round of these seminaries, and there is still a recollection of the temporary stagnation in scholastic affairs, which in one of them was occasioned once every week by the palpable incapacity of the male teacher. This undergraduate was sure to be in a dilemma before he had got half way into the reading lessons; most words of three syllables, unless of a tolerably familiar character, bringing him at once to a dead lock; a state of things not edifying to ourselves, and humiliating to him, from his consciousness that we had but small respect for his literary attainments. So many of these refractory words were compelled to stand over until the higher authority appeared, that all connection was broken up, and there was nothing that could be called a true concatenation of ideas. Of these seminaries, however, the one remembered with most peculiar feeling was that which contained a husband, not merely invalided, but who had for some years been bed ridden. In a small chamber on the right hand of the stairway, which had the school-room at its left, on the ground floor, was this mysterious personage located. Yes, to us, mysterious; for none of us had ever seen him, nor ever heard him, with the exception of a slight groan which now and then seemed to escape from his domicile. We

had caught no articulate words, we had witnessed no sort of communication between him and other mortals, except that two or three times a day, we saw his wife—of whose relationship to him our notions were not at all distinct—stealing quietly up to his room. How long he had been there, what it was that kept him there, how his time was occupied, were all subjects on which we were profoundly ignorant, and the contemplation of which filled us with wonder and awe. The undefinable dread with which he inspired us, was turned by the schoolmistress to some good account. It effectually served to keep her pupils in decent order, for if any young rebel was proof against other means of correction, one thing was sure to prevail, —the threat of being taken up stairs and made to confront *him* bodily,—an ordeal that not one of us would have dared for everything the world had to give. Of his true character, we knew as little when we left the school, as when we entered it, and it was some years afterwards that a ray of light broke upon the darkness, when Sunday after Sunday, a messenger came to our house, and took with her a mess for some invalid, who turned out to be no other than the once dreaded man of the school-house. To minds accustomed to regard him with such wondering terror, it would be a relief to find that he was so much like other men, as to require meat and drink; that his health was sometimes better and sometimes worse; and that in various other respects he resembled the general race of mankind. And when, shortly after, we were told that he was actually dead and buried—that he had been quietly laid down with the sleepers in Illogan church-yard —the illusion was fairly dispelled.

The highest grade in this order of juvenile instructors was held by one to whose care an aristocratic lady had committed a certain number of pupils to be taught at her own expense; but with liberty to take other children,

whose parents were in circumstances to pay for them. Her school, being on premises entirely distinct from her dwelling-house, in a large upper room, mounted by a formidable flight of steps, was something to throw comparatively into the shade the establishments of her contemporaries. There were, however, some drawbacks which we, who knew not the line of demarcation that parted the two classes of pupils, could not but regard as exceedingly vexatious. On various occasions, the charity children were distinguished by some peculiar marks of attention to which we — of the paying department — seemed to have no title whatever. At certain periods, an official would present himself, to take down the names of the children who, on a given day, would have to be conducted to a neighboring mansion, taken through the grounds, and regaled with a handsome provision of tea and cake. Sad, indeed, it was to find, that in calling over these favoured names, no mention was made of our own. We were the non-elect, mysteriously passed over, while others every way beneath us in their birth, parentage, and outward respectability, were called to partake of these pleasures. Worst of all it was, after the great day was over, to listen to the privileged parties while they expatiated on the varied delights of the festival, in a manner almost calculated to draw tears of indignation from those who had neither part nor lot in the matter.

To what extent the subject of these memoirs had profited by this class of scholastic professions, is a question involved in some obscurity. His education, in the higher sense of the term, was carried on in a neighboring village, under a schoolmaster who, as matters then went, enjoyed some considerable reputation. Reading, writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping, with probably something of grammar and geography, entered into the course of instruction; and that these branches of learning were not

superficially dealt with, may be argued from the fact that when the reading-classes were called up they were, before proceedings commenced, strictly enjoined to mind their pron*oun*ciation. He was a religious professor among the Wesleyans, with whom he occasionally officiated as a local preacher, and being deemed a somewhat expert accountant, generally employed in preparing the balance sheets of the small tradesmen in the district, he derived from his secular and spiritual influence a character of some importance.

At the period now spoken of, there had just occurred in Cornwall one of the most extraordinary religious movements that this county had ever known, and which is generally termed "the great Revival of 1814." It was a time when there was spread over a vast district a general spiritual awakening, and, when in the absence of any means which were visibly connected with such a result, thousands were compelled, by an apparently irresistible power, to seek the salvation of their souls. In no place was this movement more strikingly displayed than at Redruth, where for weeks in succession, the Wesleyan chapel was open day and night in behalf of those who sought instruction and consolation for their wounded spirits. It is not our object to go into any discussion as to the spiritual character and value of these "revivals." By some parties they have been condemned and ridiculed as mere outbursts of popular frenzy and fanaticism. Quiet and easy going churchmen were shocked and scandalized by such irregular and disorderly proceedings; while the more calm and sedate class of dissenters knew not what to make of it. The most impartial and unprejudiced could not but regret that, with what they regarded as good and sound in the work was blended so much of what was merely mental and physical excitement. It is also certain—and the fact is worthy of grave consideration—that, immense

as was the increase to the church on this occasion, it was found, on comparing at a subsequent period the number of members through a given series of years before and after the Revival, that the Revival itself had added little if anything to the average increase in other years. This fact, however, is by no means inexplicable, on the assumption that such religious awakenings were genuine and scriptural; and another fact, worth a score of theories, still remains,—that great numbers of those who dated their first spiritual impressions from the occasion alluded to, gave to the great moral change of which they professed to be the subjects, the highest testimony that blameless lives and happy deaths can afford. Of the young converts then added to the Wesleyan church, Thomas Garland was one; and the writer has been assured on authority which may be deemed unquestionable, that he was at the time the subject of a true conversion. He carried his new religious zeal into the village school, and assembled the boys to hold prayer-meetings with them at the noon-day interval between the school hours. But, as with most of those young and inexperienced persons who know nothing of religion as a life of faith distinguished from feeling, this ardour soon abated. He quitted the school where for some time he had acted as the evangelist, and was either directly or within a very short period transferred to Bodmin.

The object of his parents in this removal was that of placing him in a school of a higher character, and giving him at the same time the advantage of residing with his aunt, the wife of a Wesleyan minister then "travelling" as it was called, in the Bodmin "circuit." He had been but a few years in the public ministry, and belonged to a race of preachers who at the period before us were much more numerous in the Wesleyan church than at present. It was a time when Methodism had a greater amount of

rough work to get through, when the field of labor allotted to a minister was much more widely extended, and when the accomplishments of scholarship and a sound education had small weight in the balance, compared with robust health and persevering devotion to his duties. He had been trained among the Cornish miners in the West, was married and had become the father of a family before the conviction settled on his mind that he was called to enter the ministry. For such a work, he was in some respects ill qualified; of school education he had received next to nothing. He felt it, however, incumbent on him to remedy this defect as far as it lay in his power, and justly considered that one of the very foremost duties was to learn to speak his mother tongue with correctness. He accordingly procured a grammar, and gave to the study of its pages the most conscientious and earnest attention. But its difficulties were more serious than he had imagined, and as the mystery of the subject darkened round him he became so bewildered that he was almost driven to the verge of despair. Day after day he paced the sands of the neighbouring sea shore, and with the open grammar in his hand implored the spirit of illumination to be shed upon its intricate and perplexing paragraphs. How far he succeeded in mastering the science of the language does not appear; it is certain, however, that his public speaking was open to no objection excepting that of its broad Cornish provincialisms, which he never got rid of. The position to which he eventually attained as a pulpit speaker was highly respectable. His natural powers were far above mediocrity. He was shrewd, intelligent, and gifted with a far-reaching capacity for grasping the common sense of a subject. As his reading and studies became almost entirely biblical, there was hardly a question in the whole range of polemical divinity which had not come under his thoughts, or on which he

was not prepared to give at a minute's notice the most unqualified opinion. He had small suspicion of being troubled with fallibility. Though all unread in ecclesiastical history, and innocent as a child of that Scripture knowledge which depends upon Greek and Hebrew, he would at no time have scrupled to engage single-handed a whole college of Oxford tractarians. He was, moreover, a divine who could turn every part of the Old and New Testaments to some account. No text came amiss to him. His eye could discern the clear rivulets of doctrinal truth in places where ordinary theologians beheld nothing but a desert wilderness. "A sea, and twelve oxen under the sea," was a specimen of those passages on which he would fluently expatiate to the wonder and admiration of his hearers. If this be deemed at variance with what has been said respecting his naturally sound judgment, it must be remembered that he was no disciple of Origen—not one to make an ingenious exposition of Scripture pass for the *direct* teaching of the Sacred Oracles. In fact, no man could be less of a visionary; but he delighted in shewing what could be *said* on texts which certainly to the less practised dialectician seemed to contain the very *minimum* of anything that could be called Gospel doctrine. The preparation of his sermons was, for the most part, a purely mental process, pen and ink being rather the objects of his aversion. As a scribe, indeed, he was always far in the background, his handwriting being none of the choicest, and his orthography not conformed to that of the best writers. Of the latter fact he was perfectly aware, and although not nice to a point in matters of familiar correspondence, he never ventured into the wide seas of literature without the guidance of those trustworthy pilots of whom Walker and Webster are the representatives. Long practice in mental sermonizing gave him such readiness in planning a discourse, that preachers who had

spent many years in the work were not regarded by him as giving full proof of their ministry if they required more than seven minutes to get up a new sermon. He generally labored hard in the pulpit, and after preaching in a close chapel to a crowded audience, would come into his house as ready for a thorough change of raiment as if he had been plunged into a river.

The time of the young pupil passed away pleasantly under the care of his relatives, to whom in some respects his advancing studies did good service, especially where the labors of a competent scribe were required in such matters as devolved on the superintendent of a Wesleyan circuit. One of the various departments of usefulness to which he was called was that of making a copy of the Circuit "plan," or the sheet which was issued every three months containing the appointments of the itinerant and local preachers at the different chapels in the district. Of this Plan it was every way desirable that the draught as it came from the hand of the Superintendent should be neatly copied to prepare it for the press. It was said that in the performance of this work the copyist sometimes exceeded his commission. Whether it was the result of carelessness, or a premature tampering with ecclesiastical matters, it was found that several of the appointments on the printed plan were sadly at variance with the capacities of the brethren to whom they were allotted. Old and venerable stagers, whose physical powers forbade their attending any but the nearest chapels, were called upon to gird up their loins and post away to the farthest limits of a large circuit, while preachers of the smallest mental calibre were in danger of being brought face to face with the largest and most intelligent congregations.

The departure of his relative to another sphere of ministerial labour was nearly contemporaneous with his own relinquishment of scholastic studies.

CHAPTER III.

FROM the time of his leaving school his principal occupation for several years was that of a writer at the mine. The selection of such an employment was not unnaturally the consequence of his father's business being mainly comprised in mining pursuits, with which from a boy he had been familiar. The latter, however, had been a practical miner, working for a long time as a common underground laborer, and acquiring by dint of industry and observation, the qualifications necessary for that higher sphere of agency which with less labor brought far better remuneration. For the former, nothing of this kind was thought of, the book-keeping department at the counting-house being his sole province. On these grounds it may be a question as to the soundness of the policy which, in the case of a youth who at that period must have given indication of more than ordinary intelligence, chooses for him a line of business in which the mind can do nothing more than work out the principles of arithmetic. Whatever work was thus done could be done with equal success by others on whom nature had bestowed no gifts for a higher vocation; and although the hours devoted to such labor leave in most cases abundant leisure for reading and study, the fact that no mental exertion is necessitated by the calling itself, leaves it to youthful discretion whether the time which literature can command shall be devoted to what is substantial or frivolous. Nor is it the least unfortunate characteristic of such an employment, that it entirely lacks that disciplinary system which attends the *same* kind of occupation in great mercantile and similar establishments. The mine clerk had a certain

quantum of accounts to be posted up by a certain day; provided that were done, he was pretty much his own master as to what hours or days he thought proper to attend the counting-house. Even as to this employment, it was destitute of that stimulus which generally in others calls forth industry and energy—the hope of rising to higher and more lucrative position. *Some* progress in this direction was certainly allowed, for the wages with which the young clerk commenced his labors were not unfrequently such as could not be expressed by any metallic or paper currency of the realm, and which, in sheer compassion to the reader's gravity, had better not be mentioned at all. As his labor became more valuable his wages would begin to assume a natural name, but not much time was required to reach the point at which all further expectation was at an end. For the best that circumstances could require was now done; the accounts had nothing of that complex character which demanded book-keeping of a high order and with high wages.

Nor could it be said that what was wanting in such advantages was compensated by anything favorable to higher considerations. In the matter alluded to a very considerable change has taken place from the period now under notice; but, at that time, to a young man with the world before him, the scenes and associations connected with a mine clerkship were not very favorable to the development of the best qualities. It was a most undesirable school for any who wished to acquire habits of Spartan temperance or wise economy. There were frequently-recurring periodical seasons of high festivity and exuberant mirth; more especially on the days when the bi-monthly dividends were declared, and when the fortunate gentlemen who attended in the capacity of shareholders might occasionally be seen on their way homeward in a state of exhilaration which made it very difficult for

them to distinguish the four points of the compass. The mishaps and strange adventures to which such parties were now and then subjected, would, if the mining traditions were investigated, furnish many a fact of the most ridiculous description. But, with some very serious drawbacks, there was much in the whole system generative of what was kindly and social; and there were certain seasons when persons of both sexes met for a gala day on the spot where all business was for the time held in abeyance. It brings to remembrance an occasion when the writer, then a lad, was present at a gathering, when at a certain hour of the day all the parties, with the exception of his brother and himself, had quitted the scene. We lingered for some time, not aware that a heavy storm was impending and that a fearful night was coming on. The rain, which soon came down and gradually increased in violence, made it impossible to stir from the place; and as the night rapidly fell we were obliged to resolve ourselves into a committee of ways and means as to the best method of passing the time in our present quarters. A workman from the mine was called in, and he speedily commenced operations. Selecting for our apartment a large upper room generally used as a changing room, an immense fire was soon kindled, and every preparation effected by which a condition that at first threatened to be disagreeable yielded every comfort that could well be desired. Elegances there were none; it was not just the place for them. Neither was there a bed to be had,—nothing, at least, which generally goes by that name. But there was a well-stocked cupboard, and a noble fire in the grate, and in a corner of the clerk's desk were a few books, among which were Hogg's Winter Evening Tales. It could never have entered into the imagination of the Ettrick Shepherd that his wild stories would be devoured with greater gusto than they were that

night by the three parties whose chairs were drawn around the blazing hearth, and who had all the pleasure of contrasting the snugness of their cosy domicile with the wild elemental uproar that was raging without. I have said that there were three parties to this entertainment, for, considering the eminent services which the workman had rendered, and the especial value of additional company on such an occasion, it was thought every way expedient that for the time he should be placed on an equal footing with more select company; and, being of a very chatty and jocose turn, he entered freely into the spirit of the hour, and was not at all backward in expressing his sense of Mr. Hogg's literary merit.

The general reading of those days was not without its share of that intellectual entertainment the supply of which at the present time is so copious that it baffles all calculation as to what effect it will have on the public mind. In the monthly parcel which found its way to Cambridge for the especial use of T. Garland, Jun.,—for the elder had nothing to do with monthly book-parcels,—were two or three periodicals which at that time enjoyed a good share of popularity, though long since gone to the land of forgetfulness. Whatever the merits of these periodicals might be, they could at least only make their appearance twelve times in the year. The railway was still a thing of the future, and the weekly press which now pours its effusions into every corner of the land was neither known nor imagined. The difference in the travelling system of that period, as compared with the day of locomotives, may be illustrated by the circumstance that the bookseller who supplied the young reader at Cambridge had the pleasure at one time of informing his customers that, in consequence of some very successful business arrangements, he could now depend on receiving the London monthly parcel not later than the *fourteenth* day of the month.

The serials, such as they were, divided the time with some standard English authors. One disadvantage, however, was connected with his literary pursuits at home: he had no one who could read or study with him. As far as this deficiency could be met, it was met by his intimacy with a young man, a relative, about his own age, and living at a short distance from him. They became in every sense of the word attached companions, and cherished a confidential intercourse in which everything relating to their secular or intellectual affairs was unreservedly discussed. In all the general qualities which form a character of more than average promise and excellence, his young friend was exemplary; manly, intelligent, keenly alive to all that gives dignity and respectability to outward deportment, and ardently devoted to mental cultivation. The ties of this early and close friendship were suddenly and rudely severed by one of those mysterious dispensations of Him who "giveth no account of His matters." They were both passing through a village in which a malignant fever was raging, and both, soon after reaching their respective homes, were attacked by the distemper. On his young relative the disease fastened at once with such a power that he expressed himself as death-struck, and hardly indulging a single hope of recovery, took to his bed, from which in a few days he was carried to his grave. It was an affecting instance of a youth of high hopes and promise smitten in the midst of his brightest expectations; and to those who had been associated with him it was the recording of a solemn testimony as to the necessity of something greater than natural gifts or mental acquirements to sustain the spirit when the final change is approaching. In that hour of trial he found that life's real business was comprised in a work which had been comparatively overlooked amid the fascinating pursuits his time had been given to, and that among the many

books that lay on his shelves there was one, and only one, which held all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. On Thomas Garland the effect of the epidemic was but partial. He was confined to his room for a short time, and on a bright Sabbath morning, when he had yet scarcely risen from a feverish bed, the sounding of the distant church bell told him that he from whom he had lately parted not again to meet on earth, was then borne to his last resting-place.*

With recovered health and spirits, matters very soon resumed their usual course, though a loss had been sustained which nothing but the lapse of years could remedy. He turned again to his books—the books on which his pen was employed, and which, in the language of one of his favorite authors, contained writings of great importance, great interest, and great durability, even though the writers themselves are not known to the world as authors. We allude to those bulky folios where the accounts are kept, and which, whatever else in literature is neglected, must be attended to with the strictest punctuality. But at this time several efforts had been made in the way of composition of a different sort. He had attempted poetry, and what he had done in that direction gave him the impression that he was capable of rising to some considerable altitude on the mount of song. Among his monthly journals previously referred to was a publication which at that day made some figure in the literary world, ———'s

* "At Portreath, in Illogan, on Wednesday last (March 9, 1825), in his 26th year, Mr. John Phillips, Jun. Placed in the middle station of life, he possessed virtues which would have adorned the highest; and in the discharge of his duties he was exemplary for diligence, ability, and inflexible integrity. The gentleness of his disposition and suavity of his manners endeared him to everyone; and the few who were favored with his friendship have been bereaved of an inestimable pleasure. He suffered a short but severe illness with Christian fortitude, and breathed his last with a pious resignation to the will of the Almighty."—*Cornwall Gazette.*

Pocket Magazine. It was issued at sixpence a number, and furnished its readers with articles in prose and poetry, chiefly original, though occasionally selected from other works. It had tales, essays, anecdotes, epigrams, jeux d'esprit, poems pathetic and humorous; and the fly-sheet was the vehicle of a mass of editorial correspondence such as the proudest magazines of this day do not pretend to equal. The staff of contributors were a rather motley company, some of whom, though fully alive to the great talent they possessed, did not object, when their own inspiration was at a low ebb, to append their names to the compositions of others. The editor was troubled by these plagiarisms, for as his own extent of reading was not sufficient for detecting the delinquent, his being indebted to other parties for the discovery was humbling both to himself and his magazine. One young gentleman, signing himself "J. D. H.," had the coolness to send for insertion as an original poem the fine verses of Herbert Knowles, written in a churchyard, and beginning with, "Methinks it is good to be here." These were accordingly printed, and all that could be done when the borrowed plumes were discovered was to give the offender a severe castigation the following month, compelling him, of course, to retire into the shades.* The magazine, with many defects, had

* The subject of plagiarism brings to remembrance an awkward affair in which T. G. himself was concerned. About the period under notice he had accidentally met with Southey's poem of "The Battle of Blenheim," and struck with its simple beauty sent a copy of it to the *Youth's Instructor*, a London Wesleyan periodical, recommending it to the editor as very suitable for his pages. By a curious inadvertence the name, *T. Garland, Jun.*, with which the letter was signed, was affixed to the poem itself, and when the magazine duly appeared, the writer, to his no small astonishment, saw that he was brought before the public as the professed author of "The Battle of Blenheim." Of course no time was lost in setting himself right with the editor, but it was sufficiently mortifying to find that another month must necessarily elapse before the readers of the periodical—many of whom might have detected the seemingly daring plagiarism—could be apprised of the error.

a good deal of pleasant reading, and it was marked by one attractive feature hardly to be expected at such a period. Every number had an engraving of great excellence from the burine of an eminent artist, designed to illustrate some select passage from the works of the most popular English poets. In saying that *every* number had this embellishment, we must not be understood too literally; it will be nearer the mark to state that every number was *expected* to have it. The editorial pen had frequently to be employed in furnishing the public with ingenious reasons for the absence of the plates; there were so many lets and hindrances in the way of their punctual delivery; the engraver himself was pressed by so much other business, and had not the time requisite to give them the highest degree of finish,—and so forth. These excuses went down with the good-natured and sympathising part of his readers; but there were not wanting many whispering and meddlesome tongues so void of delicacy as to insinuate that there would be no difficulty at all in getting the engravings if certain considerations of commercial importance were on a more satisfactory footing between the publisher and the engraver. The magazine under notice was, it is believed, the first that bore the name of T. Garland, Jun., Illogan, Cornwall, attached to sundry poetical contributions, many of which were also printed in one of the county newspapers. A glance at some of these, which will shortly be given for the reader's edfication, will shew that whatever indication they give of immature poetical thought, their rhythm and musical cadence are quite in keeping with that finish of language by which his later compositions, whether precomposed or extemporaneous, were invariably marked. They have few uncouth expressions or bad rhymes; the flow of the versification being generally smooth and easy. I do not pretend to explain the fact that for several years, while

serials of higher mark were successively making their appearance, there seemed to be no attempt at making a literary acquaintance with them, until about the year 1826 it struck him that a poem entitled "My Birthday," and which was thought to be far ahead of anything with which the Muses had hitherto inspired him, might not be altogether unworthy the pages of—Blackwood! It must certainly have been after many careful balancings of the chances for and against insertion that it was eventually decided to forward this poem for the inspection of Christopher North. Blackwood was at that time approaching the zenith of its power and popularity, with no rival to dispute its supremacy in the world of magazines. Its columns being filled by the smartest writers of the day, there was not much probability that a Pocket Magazine contributor would find favor with it. The editor held no communication with any correspondents but those who were expressly engaged for his periodical, and the Birthday Poem after its despatch through the Redruth post-office, was heard of no more. The author, however, was at this time very much disposed to insist upon it that his productions in this line should occupy a tolerably high position in the world of literature, if the public were to get them at all. Another experiment was to be tried. There appeared by the winter fireside on the setting in of the dark November nights, some of those fairy and delicate creations, the *Annuals;* so beautiful as they emerged from the tasteful envelopes in their dresses of silk and gold, that it seemed as if none but angel hands were worthy to touch them. The poet's mind was in due time made up,—he would send some stanzas to the *Literary Souvenir*, then under the editorship of Alaric Watts. In truth, the ambition of appearing in one of the Annuals was far from unpardonable; for though at first it seemed very natural to suppose that

their external splendor was a mere index to the intellectual material within, it was soon discovered that this conclusion was by no means a safe one. The most costly and brilliant of these books had sometimes hardly anything to recommend them but the consummate artistic beauty with which they were got up; their literary contents being mainly furnished by writers of title rather than talent,—grand lords and ladies, of whose prose and poetry the general reading world had never heard before, and probably never wished to hear again. The *Souvenir* was one of the best of its class, the name of its conductor being a guarantee that it should not be altogether unworthy of public favor. Another poem, then, was duly concocted and forwarded to head quarters, but, alas—

> * * * * even Peri's hopes are vain;
> Again the Fates forbade; again
> The immortal barrier closed. "Not yet,"
> The angel said, as with regret
> He shut her from the glimpse of glory, —

The letter, with the poetry inclosed in it, was returned by the Editor, probably with thanks,—those thanks which, under such circumstances, are seldom much relished.

Of the two poetical performances which thus brought disappointment to their author, the general merit of the one which was rejected by the northern magazine, was quite equal to that of many poems which had found their way into its pages. But the quoting of the first stanza will explain any mystery attaching to this subject:

> "Let others hail their day of birth
> With festal glee, and dance, and song;
> And dedicate its hours to mirth—
> To me, far other thoughts belong:
> To me it tells of pleasures gone;
> Of hopes that only bloomed to die;
> And one more year swept wave like on
> To thy dark shores, Eternity!"

The unfortunate third line in this verse—an insipid repetition of what is expressed in the first and second—would be quite enough to seal the fate of the whole. As to the other—the unsuccessful candidate for Annual honors, its subject was that of a pathetic expostulation with a young man for devoting himself to the cultivation of poetry.

"And wilt thou twine the Minstrel's wreath,
And bind it round thy honoured brow?
Beware! * * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

Twine not the wreath; for, like the bow
That glitters in the vaulted sky,
Its brilliant colors only show
That dark and withering storms are nigh."

The reasons for giving this young man—whether a real or imaginary personage—a friendly warning to beware of studying the poetic art, might be manifold. It would take up too much of his time, unfit him for his business, excite passionate desires of a fame not, after all, to be obtained, expose him to the mortification of returned letters, &c. Still, there was something rather incongruous in adopting poetry as the medium for conveying such a warning. Nor can much be said for the concluding lines, in which the rainbow is held up as the *precursor* of storms,—a doctrine so glaringly opposed to all recognized principles of meteorology, that not the highest poetic license can make it pass muster. It was too much a kin to another poem which was not destined to appear in print, and which commenced with

"Dark was the night; the moon shone bright,
When the lovers bade farewell;"

and which, though well enough for the columns of an Hibernian magazine, would only offend the orthodoxy of English readers.

Among the youthful writers who are accustomed to enrich the pages of the cheap monthlies with their compositions, there are probably but few to whom it has not at some time occurred to try their hand at a tale. Our young contributor to the Pocket Magazine appears to have made an essay in this line, from some manuscript sheets which turned up many years ago. The work, however, was either left incomplete, or some portion of the manuscript was wanting. There is no reason to suppose that it ever appeared in print. The tale was intended to be a pathetic love story, of which the hero's name is forgotten, but the heroine was a certain Miss Williams. They were both English, but of what town or county cannot now be decided. She was, as were all young ladies who figured in love stories, incomparably beautiful in person, highly endowed and accomplished in mind, and a pattern of all the virtues. He, was all that the reader should reasonably expect in a young man destined to become this lady's accepted lover. They had both arrived at adult years before they fell in each other's way, and it was highly expedient that when this momentous circumstance occured it should have an interest worthy of the two parties and of their after fortunes. In present times, authors manage to bring about an introduction in a much more prosy and unsentimental manner; but the reader hardly needs to be informed that half a century ago, or even at a date considerably later, it was the general rule that no hero of a tale should meet the future lady of his affections except as her deliverer from some dreadful peril. So it was in the case before us. The fair one was walking out with her father on a fine spring morning, enjoying the natural beauties of the scenery around them, and especially pleased with some early flowers that were growing near the edge of a deep river, whose steep banks should have cautioned her against any attempt to gather them. But

the perilous experiment was made, and in endeavouring to grasp one flower of peculiar beauty, this paragon of loveliness and virtue had the misfortune to lose her balance and go plump into the river. Now was the time for our hero, who had all this while been approaching from the opposite point of the compass, and who, without a moment's hesitation, sprang forward and plunged into the wave. The lady was rescued; and as to all the rest, —who needs to be told that an acquaintance thus commenced must find them virtually pledged to each other at the very outset? Days, weeks, months, passed away in the enjoyment of all that the present could give or the future promise, when some time before the nuptual ceremonies could take place, it was necessary that the lover should take a journey by sea,—probably to look after some property in the West Indies. The expedition was most disastrous. The ship in which he sailed was chased by an Algerine corsair, the captain, crew, and passengers, himself included, were all made prisoners, all taken on shore, all put under strong guard, and all subjected to an apparently hopeless captivity. Here it is that the manuscript leaves him. How, and under what circumstances his liberation was effected, or whether he ever got out at all,—though for the credit of the tale, we cannot suppose otherwise,—is a matter which the reader's imagination must settle for himself.

The following poems, selected from a number mostly written between the age of sixteen and twenty-four, will be sufficient for the reader's entertainment, and will enable him to judge as to what degree of excellence in the poetic art the writer might probably have attained.

STANZAS.

Oh! no, lovely Sylvia, I cannot forget thee,—
Oft memory recalls the endearments of love,
When with rapturous gazes of joy I first met thee,
More fair than the shades from the bowers above.

More sweet than the breezes that waft o'er yon mountains,
From the trees of whose tops they steal spicy perfumes;
More pure than the waters that flow from yon fountains,
Refreshed by whose streamlets the love flower blooms.

More beauteous than May, when the skies are unclouded,
You caused in my heart such a thrill of delight,
As heaven's bright queen when from darkness unshrouded,
In splendor breaks forth and illumines the night.

How oft have we seen the soft dews of the morning
Exhaled by the orb of Effulgence divine;
Just so, to the nymph who her sex was adorning,
My heart in an instant was forced to resign.

Oh! the misery I felt—oh! the depth of my anguish,
When my Sylvia I saw on a bed of disease;
When in death's cold embrace my pale eyes saw her languish,
And the tide of mortality flowing apace.

But I will not again tell the tragical story,
I'll open the floodgates of sorrow no more;
She's gone, and her spirit has mounted to glory,
Has gently been wafted to Heaven's bright shore.

Adieu, lovely maid!—but we part not for ever;
Our spirits shall meet in the mansion above;
Where no more shall the storms of Adversity sever
The peace of those hearts that were faithful to love.

(1820)

MONODY.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD VIVIAN, OF CAMBORNE, WHO WAS DROWNED ON THE 22ND OF MAY, 1820.

Spirit of Truth! inspire my mournful strain:
Now no fictitious woe adorns my tale;
But death's dread sting, and his triumphant pain,
Has caused the sorrow which pervades my wail.
For he has cross'd that drear and darksome vale,
Where Life's dim taper wastes in horrid gloom,
Beneath the fatal influence of the gale
Where nothing that inherits life can bloom,
Save the dark cypress that entwines the silent tomb.

But he who pours these strains of sorrow knew
His friendly heart, his open, generous mind,
Where wisdom's early buds with vigour grew,
By virtue chastened and by love refined.
Alas! that heart is now to death resigned,
And mouldering lies in earth's unconscious womb;
And o'er him nightly moans the hollow wind,
Whilst weeping friends lament his awful doom:
For still his memory's dear, and blossoms in the tomb.

The hours of youth had gaily flown away,
And manhood's prime had graced his opening years,
But transitory was his fleeting day,
And short his journey through this vale of tears;
No more his tuneful voice the mourner hears,
No more the diamond brightens in his eye;
His name upon the funeral urn appears,
His form's remembered only with a sigh;
For oh! his spirit's fled, his soul is lodged on high.

How distant from his mind that fatal morn,
That, while bright health was pictured on his face,
His corpse would on the angry surge be borne,
Before the sun had run his noontide race!
That he so soon the cup of death should taste,
So soon be wafted to immortal joy,
With everlasting happiness be blest,
And drink of love and peace without alloy,
And taste of heavenly bliss which time can never cloy.

But thus our dearest friends shall pass away,
And all our earthly pleasures have an end:
Shall sink like bubbles on the brook that play,
And to our breasts the darts of anguish send.
Fountain of Love! assuage the pangs that rend
The cherished friends who to his heart were dear;
Be thou to them a father, brother, friend,
Heal up their wounds, and wipe off every tear,
Till all again shall meet in Heaven's eternal year.

TO DELIA.

There is a maid—divinely fair,
And blooming as yon flowery heath;
And chaste as robes which cherubs wear,
And sweet as e'er was angel's breath.

There is a maid—whose rosy face
Excels the ruby's fadeless glow:
Whose features of alluring grace
Are purer than the polar snow.

There is a maid—of guileless mind,
To Virtue's heavenly dictates true;
In Love's seraphic flame refined,
And stainless as the orient dew.

Thou, lovely Delia! art the maid,—
Oh! let my strains thy pity move;
In virgin innocence arrayed,
Be thou, enchanting girl! my love.

(1800)

THE BOWER OF LOVE.

The mists of the morning still hung on the hill,
And floated o'er woodland and plain;
The shadowy vapors were flitting and chill,
And the owlet had ceased his wild strain.
Each silvery pine which arose from the dale
Was arrayed in a dew-spangled shroud,
And the streams that meandered adown the green vale
Had lost the bright beams of the night-orb, which, pale
Had her light in the western-most cloud.

O'er mountain and valley I carelessly strayed,
Admiring the beauty of morn;
For the carpet of nature was richly inlaid
With whatever could please or adorn.
The breezes which wantonly played round my head,
With a fragrance delicious were fraught;
And the face of Creation was cheerful and glad,
Whilst in robes of diversified charms she was clad,
That discovered no semblance of fault.

Tranquility reigned through the flowery grove,
Not a sound or a whisper was heard,
Save the music of zephyrs which wafted above,
And the murmuring each rivulet stirred;
The jessamines flung their sweet odours around,
Their tresses the mignonettes wove;
The roses of Eden grew wild on each mound,
And the boughs of the willow-tree dropped to the ground,
And shaded the flowrets of love.

When an amaranth bower attracted my sight,
In which, on an emerald throne
Sat a maiden celestial in vestments of white,
Whose countenance beamed like the sun.
The ringlets which sportively played on her face,
Entwined the fresh roses of morn;
Her looks were expressive of holiest peace,
And each feature displayed such a magical grace
As well might an angel adorn.

The lightly-winged Sylphs who were fluttering around,
Were culling the sweets of the grove;
And the rosy-faced Cupids, reclined on the ground,
Were pointing the arrows of love;
But each eye to the throne would continually rove,
By such beauty divine I was awed,
She seemed like a seraph just fled from above—
With wonder I gazed,—'twas the Angel of Love—
And in deep adoration I bowed.

My spirits were bathed in celestial repose,
By the heaven which appeared in her look;
She ineffably smiled—with that smile I arose—
Whilst a harp from a rose-bud she took;
She bent her sweet form o'er each tremulous wire,
And flung her white fingers along;
The Cupids and Sylphs formed an elegant choir,
And to music more sweet than the Orphean lyre,
They chanted the following song:

Mortal, listen to our tale;
Listen to our dulcet strains;
While the soft ambrosial gale
Floats along the dewy plains.

Where the flowery knolls unite—
Where the streamlets wind their way,
There our fairy bands alight,
Revel till the dawning day.

Oft our sylphs by moonlight steal,
Where the blooming fair reposes;
Breathe into her ear a tale
Sweeter than the breath of roses.

Softly as the shades of even
Stealing on the smiling glade,
Or the gleams of opening Heaven
On the Saint's departing shade;

Love upon the youthful heart
Opens all her honied treasures;
Draws it to her priceless mart,
Bids it taste immortal pleasures.

Hark! the chanticleer of morn
Sounds his wakening notes so shrill;
Hark! the shepherd's rustic horn
Echoes to the distant hill.

Fairies, Cupids, Sylphs, and Elves,
Mount upon the morning mist;
Leave these woods and fields, and dells,
Fly to scenes of brighter bliss.

They ceased; but the music still rung in my ears,
Till it died on the ether away;
And the visions ascended their heavenly spheres
Illum'd by the monarch of day.
The valley was suddenly turned to a plain,
And fled was the hyacinth grove:
But whenever afflicted with sadness or pain,
The fond recollections dispel all their train,
When I think on the Bower of Love.

(1820)

THE STAR OF HOPE.

As with life's dark immantling glooms
The weary pilgrim has to cope,
What glimmering light his path illumes?
The Star of Hope.

When horrid tempests rend the skies,
His heart in cheerless woe repines—
The Star of Hope their power defies,
And brighter shines.

When silent sorrow swells his breast,
Whene'er his languid spirits droop,
What gives his mind serenest rest?
The Star of Hope.

On life's tempestuous billows tost,
Despair has seized his shrinking soul;
Amidst the storm he'll soon be lost
When mountains roll.

No—still his guardian star can save ;
See—o'er the sea her lustre glides—
His bark upon the glassy wave
Triumphant rides.

When o'er the bosom of the deep
The spangled heavens serenely smile,
The seas in sweetest silence keep,
Tranquil and mild.

With joy he sees, without a cloud,
Among the moonbeams trembling far,
Encircled with a radiant shroud,
His lovely star.

When feeble are his arms become,
And weak with age resign the fight,
It gilds the precincts of the tomb
With hallowed light.

See—Angels bear his soul on high ;
There mounts his buoyant spirit up—
Flames through the passage of the sky—
Adieu, sweet Star of Hope !

SONNET.*

There's a language that's mute—there's a silence that speaks,
  There is something that cannot be told ;
There are words that can only be read on the cheek,
  And thoughts but the eyes can unfold.

There's a look so expressive, so timid, so kind,
  So conscious, so quick to impart ;
Though dumb, in an instant it speaks out the mind,
  And strikes in an instant the heart.

This eloquent silence—this converse of soul,
  In vain we attempt to suppress ;
More prompt it appears from the wish to control,
  More apt the fond truth to express.

And oh, the delights in the features that shine,
  The raptures the bosom that melt ;
When, blest with each other, this converse divine
  Is mutually spoken and felt. (1820)

* "Sonnet" seems to have been regarded as a short poem,—not adverting to the exact number of lines it is expected to contain.

TO A LADY

PLAYING ON A PIANO, AND ACCOMPANYING THE MUSIC WITH HER VOICE.

Lady, is this a mortal strain
That bursts upon my ravished ears,
And thrills my breast with pleasing pain,
And drowns my eyes with mystic tears?

The loftiest strains of "witching song"
To these enchanting tones must yield,
That from thy lily fingers flung
Float softly o'er the ethereal field.

Where music wakes the soul to bliss,
Or lulls her in repose divine,
The halcyon rays of happiness
With brighter, lovelier lustre shine.

But when each tuneful magic wire
To Beauty's power harmonious move,
The heart receives seraphic fire,
And glows with sweet celestial love.

(1820)

TO THE GREEKS.

Strike—strike, Sons of Freedom! redouble the blow;
And bury your swords in the infidel foe:—
From a conflict so noble, O deign not to fly;
In Liberty's struggle 'tis glorious to die.

By the manes of your warriors who battled and won,
In ages past by, and the days that are gone;
Repulse the fell tyrant—his fetters—his faith,
Oh, burst from your bondage, or triumph in death.

On Marathon's plains let the war-trumpet sound,
And the dust of the mighty will wake from the ground;
Let the straits of Thermopylæ redden with blood,
And their spirits with rapture will gaze on the flood.

The land of the Hero, the Poet, the Sage;
The fairest and brightest in History's page;
Shall her temples and shrines be for ever disgraced,
And her beauty by Moslem infernals defaced?

No—the sun of their glory in darkness has set,
But the beams of his splendor shall roll round them yet;
Already they shine through the swift-flying gloom,
And spread o'er the nations like light from the tomb.

Strike—strike, Sons of Freedom! redouble the blow,
And lay the proud banners of tyranny low;
Arise from your thraldom, triumphant o'er all,
And sweet be the sleep of the warriors who fall.

(1821)

THE RESTING-PLACE.

The world hath one sweet resting-place
Where mourners find repose,
And sorrow's children cease to weep,
Regardless of their woes;
Where never was an eye impearled
With one unbidden tear,
Or strain of grief, or tale of woe,
Assailed the listless ear.

And monarchs quit their regal state
For its unbroken peace,
And Beauty's blooming daughters in
Its hallowed garments dress;
And saints in glorious hope repose
Within its beamless shade,
And sinners cease from troubling, where
They rest each weary head.

It bids all human sorrow cease,
And every storm be calm,
And heals up every bleeding heart
With an unearthly balm;
And when each tender tie that bound
The soul to earth, is riven,
It shines along life's wilderness,
The vestibule of heaven.

And silent is its solitude,
And voiceless are its bowers,
Where the cypress sheds its thickest gloom
Upon the springing flowers;
And there the voice of song thrills not
Through one responding breast;
Like harps upon the willows, they
Are silent and at rest.

And Time's vast family must dwell
Within that lone retreat,
And every beating pulse will there
Its genial warmth forget;

When life's last sparks shall fade away,
  Like sunbeams from the wave ;
For this dwelling is,—*The Sepulchre ;*
  This resting-place,—*The Grave.*

(1823)

STANZAS.

* * * * *

Yes, 'tis sweet to wake the strains
Of those we loved in former years,
Who shared our pleasure, soothed our pains,
And shed a lustre o'er our tears.
Whose smiles beguiled the evil hour,
As on our arms they fondly hung,
And woke each bud of hope to flower,
And charmed our sorrows into song.

Then, while the bliss-inspiring notes
Our souls with holy rapture fill,
Each fairy form before us floats—
We hear each voice divinely thrill.
They rise, in mockery of death !
Recalling all that's past and dear,
As though they lived in music's breath,
And revelled in that hallowed sphere.

* * * * * (1823)

FROM A MS. POEM.

* * * * *

In heaven the stars
Were mounted on their golden cars,
And coursing the empyreal height,
Like sunny barks on seas of light !
Oh ! who of mortal birth can see
  The flaming phalanx of the skies—
Its march of solemn majesty,—
Its twinkling beams,—its thousand eyes—
But on imagination's wings,
He soars above all earthly things,
And, in sublimest visions lost,
Ascends among the starry host,
Their tracks of shadowy glory trace,
And runs with them their radiant race.

In that blue depth there is a voice
Which whispers to his inmost soul,
He hears the morning stars rejoice
As round the solar blaze they roll;
And gazing on the enchanted scene—
All thoughts of Earth indignant spurning,—
The Omnipotent thus dimly seen—
And Heaven's own lamps around him burning,
He inly pants to be away,
And, lost in its immensity.
'Tis then that life seems dearly bought,
And death in such an hour were nought.
For who, when from such trance divine—
While yet its visions dimly shine—
His thoughts come tingling back again
To Earth, with all its care and pain,
Feels not his prison's fettering wall,
And all its bars grate on his soul!

Were heaven a bright, unreal dream,
And all that saints and sages tell,
Of glories o'er its fields that stream,
And voices through its arch that swell,
Delusion, and an idle tale,
Oh! 'twere enough for us to know
That when Mortality's thick veil
Drops, the freed spirit forth shall go,
In light and liberty, and high
On seraph plume shall swiftly soar,
And find in the illumined sky
A resting-place for evermore!
Shall think on Earth, and Time, and Space,
As of some dull, evanished things,
Which memory can but faintly trace;
And, rising on undrooping wings,
Wander sublimely through the maze
By forms celestial only trod,
And deem that scarce more glorious rays
Could sparkle round the throne of God! (1824)

SPRING.

'Tis Spring—I know by the softened breeze,
And the freshening balm 'tis bringing;
By the buds that are opening among the green trees,
And the birds on their branches singing.

By the flowers around me thickly blooming,
And the silver voices through heaven that ring,
And the sun drawing nearer to herald her coming,
'Tis the glad approach of Spring.

She has breathed on the woods, and their blossoming boughs
Are to life and beauty waking,
She has loosed the floods, and the tinkling rill flows,
From its fetters gaily breaking.
The violet and hedge-rose are silently quaffing
Her richest showers of clustering dew,
And through the flying clouds she is laughing
With eyes of sunny blue.

The hare o'er the brushwood nimbly flies,
The stag through the copse is glancing,
The lark's sweet melody swells in the skies,
And light on her plumage is dancing;
The eyes on earth and the stars in heaven
Are shining out more vividly bright,
And the season's warm glow to the day is given,
And her placid smile to the night.

The earth has felt in its sylvan recesses
Her gladdening influence breathing,
And the moonlight groves are with sparkling tresses
Her rosy coronal wreathing;
And Ocean from every shore he laves
Has caught up the circling story,
Borrowed her brilliance, and lit up his waves
In a living tide of glory!

But there is a spot where flowers are springing,
Where never I wish to see them spring,
And there is a spot where birds are singing,
Where music should never its wild notes fling;
'Tis over the graves of those who last year
Were in health and beauty blooming,
But faded away like visions of air,
And are in the dark tomb consuming.

The flowers that wave 'midst the stillness of death,
Lend but a deeper gloom to sorrow;
Nor will melody charm the poor sleepers beneath,
Till they wake to a glorious morrow;
In a land where the hours will eternally bring
Pleasures which no rude winter can sever,
There is no renewal of Summer or Spring,
For they'll last for ever and ever. (1824)

TO ————

And would'st thou wake the minstrel's lyre,
And pour its swelling notes along,
And gather from each trembling wire
The moody revelry of song?
Beware—it hath a fatal power,
That round it like a serpent clings,
And desolates the fairy bower
Whose blossoms shade its warbling strings.

Its sounds are first all pure and deep,
And whisper love, and breathe of heaven,
But reckless if its chords thou sweep,
Thy dust may slumber unforgiven!
And Pleasure's sweet, alluring strain,
And Passion's wild, voluptuous tone,
May give thee that undying pain
Which is not felt on earth alone.

The Poet's wreath, of hues divine,
Is from the fairest flowers that blow,
Would'st thou the glittering chaplet twine,
And bind it round thy honored brow?
Beware—its colors oft deceive,
And when their beauty most adorns,
The blooming flowers may fade, and leave
A circlet of the sharpest thorns.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. GEORGE REYNOLDS.*

(DIED JULY 26, 1824.)

Farewell—thy memory mingles now
With distant things, and days gone by;
The throbbing pulse, the burning brow,
No more shall bid thee die.

* "At Portreath, in Illogan, on Monday last, Mr. George Reynolds, Jun., aged 22; a young man of an amiable disposition and sincerely beloved by all who knew him. There are few situations in which death is not an object of terror; but when it rushes in upon youth and gaiety, chilling the warm recollection of the past and darkening the bright visions of the future, then is it indeed an object of fearful anxiety. But to him the prospect of dissolution was made happy by the consolations of religion. He suffered a long and painful illness with most Christian fortitude, and rejoicing in the hope of a glorious immortality. The gentleness of his manners, the fervency of his piety, his resignation in sickness, and happiness in death, will long be embalmed in the recollection of his friends."—*Provincial Paper.*

Waked to new life—a thing divine—
  From cold mortality thou'rt riven,
And burst thro Death's thick gloom to shine
  A star in heaven.

Yes, it was painful to behold
  Thy wasted form, thy languid limb;
The heart of friendship waxing cold,
  The eye of manhood dim:
To see Life's latest blushes play
  On thy pale cheek, tho' calm as even,
And placid as its hues, when they
  Are fading into Heaven.

And who, that knows how earthly bliss
  Dies like a summer cloud away,—
How every flower of happiness
  But blossoms to decay,—
How wildly through this mortal round
  We are by sin and sorrow driven,
Will mourn to think that thou hast found
  A home in heaven!

No—I would rather sleep with thee,
  In the cold grave, and be forgot,
Than thou, if such a thing could be,
  Should'st back to earth be brought;
For where thou art supernal joy
  In richest plenitude is given;
Nor pain nor death can e'er destroy
  Thy rest in Heaven.

Farewell, pure spirit, thou art now
  A form of light before the throne;
To God's all-wise decree we bow,
  And say, "His will be done."
And though thou'rt early passed away,
  One hope shall still our gloom enliven,—
That we may shortly be with thee
  At rest in Heaven!

TO ISABELLE.

Yes, years have darkly stolen by,
  Since on thy neck I fondly hung,
And drank the fragrance of thy sigh,
  And caught the music of thy tongue;

But many a coming year must roll
Its weight of grief upon my soul,
Ere Time can steal away from me
One relic memory keeps of thee,
My gentle Isabelle!

I've mingled with the festive throng,
And drained the sparkling wine-cup dry,
While the ripe thrilling voice of song
In echoing volume rose on high;
A voice was stealing on the lay—
A voice unheard by all but me;
Upon the faintest note it hung,
Amid the loudest peal it rung—
The voice of Isabelle.

I've been where beauty charmed the soul
With her full starry eyes revealing;
And love's divinest languor stole
Upon the latent chords of feeling;
Even there I saw another stand
And beckon me with bloodless hand;
And other eyes were on me then,—
When will those eyes be bright again,
My long-lost Isabelle!

'Tis vain that thou should'st thus recall
The passion nought but death can sever;
Would we had never loved at all,
Or, having loved, had loved for ever!
But vain the wish; within the tomb
Thy beauty has forgot its bloom;
Thy faithful heart has long been cold
Within the earth-worm's slimy fold,
Ill-fated Isabelle!

Then cease to haunt my tortured breast,
With pangs which Time can ne'er remove;
Or in the grave I fain would rest
With thee, whom yet I only love.
There is for every wound a balm—
The fiercest storms must end in calm—
And woes, however quick they come,
But sooner speed me to the tomb
With thee, my Isabelle.

(1825)

MY BIRTHDAY.

Let others hail their day of birth
With festal glee, and dance, and song;
And dedicate its hours to mirth,
To me far other thoughts belong:
To me it tells of pleasures gone,
Of hopes that only bloomed to die,
And one more year swept wavelike on
To thy dark shores, Eternity!

It asks if o'er my youthful brow,
No self-accusing thoughts can rise;
If I have sojourned here below,
As one whose home is in the skies!
If I to Heaven can lift mine eye,
And smile at death's unconscious sleep?
My quivering lips yield no reply,
I only bow my head, and weep.

Lord, I have wandered far from thee,
And though thy Word sublimely showed
Like Israel's pillar'd flame, my way,
In paths of dark delusion trod;
Have strayed while Truth's eternal beams
Around me shone divinely clear,
And thirsted while the gushing streams
Of living waters murmured near.

But now, if like the bird that o'er
The billowy waste of waters sped,
Nor saw to its wild waves a shore,
Nor found, where'er she vainly sped,
One bright, green resting spot of earth,
Back to the ark again I wing—
O wilt thou not thy hand stretch forth
And take the weary wanderer in?

Thou wilt—thou wilt—even now I feel,
While bending at thy pitying throne,
That half the darkness of the veil
Which hid my soul from thee, is flown!
And from thy presence shadowing forth,
A glimpse of love divine is given,
Eclipsing every charm of earth
With light that only springs from Heaven!

Oh! breathe thy voice into my heart,
And let it ever whisper there;
That when from thee my steps depart
Its deep low-tone I still may hear
In all my wanderings, like the shell
That, torn from Ocean's coral caves,
Retains, wherever it may dwell,
The music of the murmuring waves.

The traveller on the mountain's height,
Walks on beneath a cloudless sky,
While lightnings flash beneath his feet,
And in the vale harsh thunders die.
Such is the Christian's path; below
He sees the world's wild tempests driven,
But heeds them not; and smiles to know
They cannot harm, so near to Heaven!

(1826)

In respect of these poems, it will hardly be necessary to observe that the major part of them are not inserted for the sake of their poetical merit,—of which, indeed, they possess but a very small portion. They are just what youths emerging from their teens are generally—when they do write—in the habit of writing. Poetry, with them, is in the main, a collection of common-places. They have at their command clouds, breezes, starlight, and sunbeams, streams, valleys, and landscapes of every variety, to which they can always help themselves *ad libitum*. Any due quantum of these, blended with a just proportion of romantic sentiment, will, with the aid of rhyme and metre, make such a poem as young swains have for many generations been accustomed to resort to as a suitable vent for their feelings. The records of these early attempts at song become interesting in the case of those who, in mature years, can look back upon them and wonder by what power of imagination they were ever induced to regard them as genuine poetry. Unfortunately,

this kind of retrospection is not so common as it ought to be; and so we have a host of would-be poets inditing at forty the same magnificent dullness which they perpetrated at sixteen. With pinions that never bear them but a few feet beyond the level of the sea, they soar, as they think, to loftiest elevations. In the instance before us, we have just the reverse of all this. More poems appear to have been written in 1820, than in any following year; and after 1826, it is not apparent that he wrote anything of this kind for publication. An increasing acquaintance with poets of the highest class seems to have given a distaste for those original productions which could only find their way into newspapers, or magazines "of low degree." There was certainly no just reason to suppose that perseverance would not have been crowned with much greater success; for the transition from the poetry of common sentimentalism to poetry of a far higher order will, in the specimens we have given, be obvious to everyone. Five years elapsed between the compositions addressed to "Delia" and "Sylvia," and that entitled "To Isabelle"; and a comparison of these productions will show how fast the youth of poetry was ripening into manhood. Of Delia and Sylvia, all that can be said is that they are very good sort of personages, and as fair and virtuous as can be reasonably wished; they belong, however, to a class of commodities with which the market is at all times well stocked, and the loss of a few of them, though in a premature way, does not much disturb the happiness of mankind. But "Isabelle" is, in the main, an exquisite conception. The lines addressed to her are more than good; they are so truly beautiful that few poets of high mark would be ashamed to own them as their offspring. They have the body of poetry, and the living soul as well; and they are marked with that high characteristic of true song—the apparent absence of any

effort in the composition,—as if the words were merely the drapery in which passion had naturally and spontaneously clothed itself. As far as can now be remembered, the poem entitled "My Birthday" was regarded by himself as the most meritorious; an opinion with which we think that others will hardly coincide. It is true that it contains one stanza which probably is not equalled by any other, viz., that beginning with "O breathe thy voice into my heart"; in which the voice of the Spirit, as ever present to the heart, is resembled to the murmur of the waves, with which the sea-shell is always vocal. But this stanza loses much of its value from the thought itself not being strictly original. The murmuring of the shell was too happy a thing to escape the notice of poets till the nineteenth century, and among others, we have the beautiful words of Walter Savage Landor, previously well known to the readers of classic poetry:

> "Pleased, they remember their august abodes,
> And murmur as the ocean murmurs there."

The Lines to the memory of Mr. George Reynolds, and which, in point of merit, occupy a medium position between his first and latest poetical efforts, may call for a passing notice. George Reynolds was one of his youthful associates, and at the age of twenty-two was cut down by a rapid consumption, the progress of which exhibited one of the most striking manifestations of the triumph which the Christian's faith can achieve over the terrors of death and the grave. While yet in seemingly vigorous health, and surrounded by all that gave enjoyment to the present and promise to the future, the affairs of another life had been lightly dealt with; but on his bed of languishing, he sought and found mercy and acceptance with Heaven. It has been truly observed, in the extract already given, that "there are few situations in which death is not an

object of terror, but when it rushes in upon youth and gayety, chilling the warm recollections of the past and darkening the bright visions of the future, then is it indeed an object of fearful anxiety." This is nature; but grace had so thoroughly overcome such feelings, that death not only ceased to be "an object of fearful anxiety," but was hailed with unspeakable pleasure. The fact of his becoming the subject of so gracious a change was the more remarkable from the very unfavorable tendency of the associations connected with his early training. These had been everyway unfriendly to the spiritual life, and when his earthly career was drawing to its close, there were few of those immediately around him who could either weep with him in his sorrow, or rejoice with him in his joy. But there—in a secluded part of a house devoted to public business, and surrounded by much that was painfully contrasted with the solemnity of a dying chamber—he lay, one of the happiest of God's creatures, waiting his summons to the skies.

It was about eight months after the death of George Reynolds, that Thomas Garland was called to part with that other friend and still closer companion of his youth, the circumstances of whose death have been previously noticed. Of three young men, blest with equally fair prospects of life and happiness, two were thus quickly removed from the earthly scene; and the incidents of this period bring us to the year 1827, when a far more important change occurred in his own family circle. It was on the evening of the fifteenth of September, when his father, who had left his house in the morning in excellent health and spirits, did not return at his accustomed hour, and much surprise and conjecture were occasioned by his unusually long absence. While all was wonder and doubt as to what might have happened, his son was summoned away by a messenger, and returned

early on the following morning, with the tidings that he, who had left us the day before, was no longer an inhabitant of earth. He had been returning home after the day's engagements, and, on calling at the house of an old acquaintance, was, while there, seized with apoplexy. Prompt medical aid was at hand, but he spoke no more, and in about three hours breathed his last. He had been a man loved and honoured above many, and the news of his sudden removal affected thousands with the sincerest sorrow. Upright in life, kindly in temper, and of great usefulness in his Christian sphere of action, it is not saying too much to state that his departure left a blank in that neighbourhood which has never been filled up, though forty years have passed since the time of his decease. *

* "At Illogan, of apoplexy, on Saturday last, aged 57, Capt. Thomas Garland. Seldom have our columns recorded the death of one more generally esteemed or deservedly lamented. As a father and a friend, he will long be mourned by many bereaved hearts. Nearly thirty years he was a highly acceptable and useful Local Preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists, and it was while discharging an office of Christian charity in visiting a sick person, that the melancholy event occurred." —*Cornwall Gazette, September 22nd*, 1827.

CHAPTER IV.

In the *Wesleyan Magazine* for June, 1829, there appeared an article entitled "Memoir of Thomas Garland, of Illogan, Cornwall: by his son, Mr. Thomas Garland." In this memoir it was very justly observed by the writer, that "the life of a Christian whose sphere of action extends but a few miles from his residence does not often supply very stirring incidents to claim the pen of a biographer; his excellence consists chiefly in the uniformity of a life hidden with Christ in God; in humility and the patient labor of love, and in the constant maturing of the graces which sustain and adorn the Christian character. The eye of friendship, as it glances over the life of such a one, sees many bright features on which it loves to repose, while in its records there may be little to arrest the attention of a stranger." To few persons were these remarks more appropriate than to his deceased father,—a man whose biography as contained in half-a-dozen pages of a religious periodical could do nothing in the way of presenting his real image and superscription. To strangers, therefore, such a memoir would have comparatively little interest. It states that he was born at Bridge, in Illogan, Cornwall, in 1771, and proceeds to notice the following circumstances in his life.—He was impressed with deep religious feelings in childhood, and was benefited by the instructions of some pious relatives, though his own parents were strangers to the power of godliness. Compelled by circumstances to be early employed in the labor of the mines, he knew nothing of the advantages of a liberal education or of opportunities for much mental improvement, but found his chief pleasure in poring over

the pages of his connexional magazine, which he would take with him in his private walks or into the solitude of an adjacent wood. When seventeen years old he removed with his parents to the Dartmoor mines in Devonshire, where the perilous nature of his employment very frequently brought before him the misery of dying in an unprepared state. He had been up to this period destitute of that vital change which alone fits for happiness in this world and the next, though restraining grace had done much for him in his earlier days. Five years afterwards he returned to his native place, and under the ministry of the Rev. W. Thoresby came to the resolution that he would be altogether a Christian. From this period his character was uniformly in accordance with his profession. As his temporal circumstances prospered he relinquished his employment as a laborer and became the manager of a small copper mine about two miles from his residence. This mine was contiguous to Porth Towan, a little village on the sea coast. The people were very ill supplied with spiritual pastors, and he was impelled by an earnest love to their souls to commence public meetings for prayer and exhortation. Much good was done, several persons became the subjects of a gracious change of life, and over the small but gradually increasing band of spiritual worshippers he watched with affectionate zeal and devotion upwards of twenty years. Fifteen of the little flock had during that time joined the Church triumphant, and some of them had left glorious testimonies to the power of that religion which supported them in life and in death. A small chapel, with Sunday-school, has since been erected, there being about seventy church members in the village at the time of his decease. He had commenced his labors as a local preacher when at the age of twenty-five, and being gifted with talents of a very useful order, was highly acceptable to the numerous congregations he was called

from time to time to address in what was then a very large Wesleyan circuit, reaching from St. Agnes to Falmouth. His zeal in this work was not weakened by length of journeys or by bodily fatigue, and he had the happiness of knowing that by his instrumentality the feet of many were turned into the ways of righteousness. Like others whose aggressions against the kingdom of Satan have made them the subjects of the foulest calumnies, he had at one time to endure a most slanderous imputation on his moral character, and on going to preach at a certain place was warned by a friendly voice that his attempting to do so might probably endanger his life. He proceeded to the chapel, commenced the service, and in his prayer alluded to the crime with which the public rumor had charged him. He prayed that if he were guilty of the sin the Divine displeasure might at once be manifested in taking his life, and that if innocent some sinner might be converted by his preaching. There was a deep silence throughout the rest of the service, until it was broken by the cries of a man on whose conscience the word had taken hold, and who did not leave the place till he had become a new creature.

After his marriage in 1803, he became increasingly prosperous in his worldly affairs, but was scrupulously careful to use wisely the substance with which Providence had blessed him, faithfully discharging the active duties of life, and at all times holding himself free for the fulfilment of his religious engagements. In 1814 a great accession to the church took place, and the little chapel at Bridge became too strait for the worshippers. An opportunity was now offered to gratify his wish for seeing a commodious place of worship erected in his native village. He applied himself most assiduously to the work; subscriptions flowed in liberally; and a very neat chapel, capable of containing 700 persons, was completed at an expense of about £800.

With the exception of a brief notice of that depressing ailment with which his last years were troubled, and of the general circumstances of his death, the incidents here mentioned form the substance of the Memoir. But the lapse of nearly forty years since these brief notices were written has gathered around them associations of a character not altogether uninteresting. It was stated that in the erection of the Bridge chapel he had seen the accomplishment of one of the dearest wishes of his heart. That day was unquestionably among the proudest of his life, when this building was opened for public worship. It is noticed here as capable of accommodating 700 people, but the Memoir gives the number as 1000. Of this estimate the incorrectness will be obvious to every one who knows the place. But the very mention of a number so far exceeding its actual capacity, shews the effect of impressions existing from early boyhood. This was our family chapel, which we had long been accustomed to regard as the model of sanctuaries both for size and elegance. The man who could mount that pulpit, and confront that congregation, and acquit himself creditably in so doing, was held fully equal to all demands that were likely to be made on him in his ministerial work. Men of Connexional mark had honored its services by their preaching, and on one very memorable occasion a celebrated minister had occupied the pulpit night after night for nearly a whole week in succession. The preacher alluded to was the Rev. Josiah Hill, well known for many years in this county, to one of whose distinguished families he was related by marriage. At the period referred to he was leaving Cornwall for Bristol, to which place he had engaged a passage in a trading vessel from Portreath. But the wind was dead against him, and the good Wesleyans of the neighbourhood finding in the midst of them an evangelist of such repute, prevailed on

him to preach in the Bridge chapel every evening until his departure. The old proverb which tells us that a wind must be bad if it blows good to nobody, was fairly exemplified as again and again the delighted audience sat under the sound of this fascinating preacher, at the conclusion of whose several discourses it was regularly announced that Mr. Hill would preach there again on the following evening, "should the wind permit."

The chapel however had small claims to architectural merit. Its exterior and interior were marked by an almost Quaker-like simplicity, and with the exception of a small painting hung on the panel of the front gallery, no ornament met the eye in any direction. Severe taste would not even allow that painting to be an ornament. It was just the production of a house and sign painter, and exhibited the arms of his Britannic Majesty. The gallery, which passed round three sides of the building, was commodious, but not much can be said for the accommodation in the body of the chapel, the stone floor of which was miserably cold in winter, while a large proportion of the seats were only bare forms without even back supports for the sitters. So fully was the principle of utility rather than show attended to, that some twelve years elapsed since the so-called completion of the house before a painter's brush was laid upon the wood work; the pulpit, the gallery, the pews, and the forms having received no other finish than that for which they were indebted to the carpenter's plane. Yet, if on the one hand it must be granted that the beauties of this edifice were things of the imagination to us who could only compare it with itself, it was far otherwise to those who had worshipped in what was called the "old chapel." Compared with *that*—of which no further description will be needed—the new temple was, beyond all dispute, a spacious and noble structure.

The chapels of those days were marked by one feature which is now rapidly disappearing, and will probably in a few years be altogether a thing of the past. In front of the pulpit, from which it was generally separated by the singers' pews, was a railed enclosure some eight or nine feet wide, and extending in length across the space between the side aisles. This was known by the name of the leaders' seat. It was occupied by men who, in the Wesleyan economy, filled the office of class-leader; a kind of subordinate pastors, having the oversight of classes, or select companies of church members. It may be doubted whether the sacrifice of the "leaders' seat" to modern taste, is not on the whole very much for the worse. There was often a great deal of what was touching and affecting in the sight of those venerable elders of the church, who thus formed the visibly connecting link between the minister and the flock. The recollection, at this distance of years, of the men who occupied this place and position at Bridge, suggests the question whether in societies and communities of every kind there are not cycles, or distinct periods, when men of a certain stamp appear on the scene, to whom the next generation will bring no successors. The first ten years which followed the opening of the new chapel may be called the palmy season of spiritual vigor and prosperity in that neighbourhood. From the district of Porth Towan, the place where the writer of the Memoir speaks of his father having raised the first Wesleyan Society, there came to mingle with the worshippers at Bridge a band of Christian men whose fervent piety, integrity, and zeal would have adorned the church in any age. These, with others who might be seen near them in the public service, were such living epistles as were known and read of all. There was A., the bold uncompromising champion of the faith, who feared the face of no one in whatever direction

duty might call him to speak or act; calm and deliberate, inflexible and faithful, and frequently possessed of wonderful power when in prayer he became a voice for the congregation. There were S. and R., men of fewer years, in the prime of their manhood, with less of individual character, but of good report with all the brethren, so that when an accident at the mine hurried them both into eternity at a moment's notice, no slightest doubt was felt as to their destiny; for they were men who walked the world with their lamps trimmed and their lights burning. And there was J., a man of singularly simple and child-like piety, living in the very atmosphere of religious joy and confidence, seldom troubled with doubt or depression, but rather like one who by some happy chance had got into the land of Beulah almost in the first days of his pilgrimage. This joyous trust in God was not shaken under family afflictions of the most terrible character. And when during weary months his heart and flesh were failing through lingering disease, no cloud darkened his sky. He observed that sometimes when reading of the triumphant deaths of departed Christians, he had thought their exulting language had gone beyond the bounds of sobriety; that in this he had been altogether mistaken, for that no words could express the manifestations that were now made to his soul. As the moment of his dissolution approached, like one who could hardly believe in the full measure of his joy, he had a looking-glass brought to his bedside and gazed with rapture on the hues of death that were unmistakably stealing over his features. "It is so," he said, "sure enough it is so; blessed be God, I am dying!"

As a place of some importance in respect of its claims on the labors of the regular ministers, the Bridge chapel had for the most part one sermon from the "travelling preacher" every Sunday. The evening discourse was

generally furnished by one of the "local" preachers, of whom some twenty or thirty were more or less engaged on the Sabbath in supplying the various smaller chapels in the circuit. It remains to the present day a problem of some intricacy as to how far this peculiar department of the Wesleyan economy is qualified to answer the ends designed by it. That such an agency is absolutely required in the great majority of the circuits, is unquestionable; the rural populations scattered over large and thinly peopled districts would have no chance of getting the ministry of their choice if this provision were not at hand. It has, however, been the occasion of severe animadversion on the part of other religious communities. They have said, How are these numerous congregations to be instructed in divine things by men who must every day be working for their daily bread? How are simple and unlettered men, who have in general neither time nor capacity for biblical and theological studies,—how are they to become expositors of the Word and teachers of Christian truth? Does it follow that because common laborers are suitable for building a chapel, they are just the persons to build up a congregation in the faith? In answer to this, it is said that those Wesleyan preachers do not affect to represent a regular ministry; they neither baptize, nor administer the Lord's Supper, nor discharge any ministerial functions but that of preaching. Though in the main they are uneducated and have slight knowledge of books, their prayerful study of the Bible has made them, in thousands of cases, instruments of great power and usefulness; and inasmuch as the congregations dependent on them must have their services or be very much as sheep without shepherds, it must be every way desirable that such talents as these persons possess should be employed in the way that will most benefit their fellow-men. The rejoinder is, that, admitting many of them to be

not only useful but of very respectable abilities, a large proportion are—whatever may be said of their piety—so entirely destitute of elementary knowledge, that as public speakers they must expose themselves to the contempt of any hearer who has had a tolerable education, and that men who cannot speak a half-a-dozen sentences without ridiculously violating all grammar and pronunciation, ought not, under any pretence, to assume the office of public teachers. Such is the argument; and considering that the present march of education has put it in the power of all who aim at usefulness in the Church, to acquire such rudiments of learning as will at least free them from *this* reproach, it is not easy to reply to it; nor can it be questioned that the whole subject is deserving of far greater attention than it has yet received.

In the case before us, and at the period we now speak of, it would have puzzled the profoundest metaphysician to explain the principles on which many of those occasional preachers could do honor to their vocation. Some of them were not only void of all educational accomplishment, but had such strange eccentricities of manner and matter that their exhibitions were regarded as something like a raree show. Some enjoyed in an eminent degree the gift of hesitation, leaving the audience in wonder, when one sentence was accomplished, whether another would be forthcoming. Others were at the very antipodes of all this,—starting at full speed and running on to the close with undiminished velocity, too rapidly by far to allow the most attentive hearer the power of separating thoughts and ideas. Yet there were some who were well fitted to command both attention and respect; workmen that in no sense needed to be ashamed, rightly dividing and powerfully enforcing the word of truth. Moreover, the humblest of them were, for the most part, ornaments to their Christian profession; pious,

laborious, zealous for the glory of God and the good of men, and cheerfully encountering, for no earthly recompense, the toils to which their long journeys subjected them in the heat of summer and the storms of winter.

The Sunday morning service at the Bridge chapel commenced at half-past nine; an hour that seems somewhat strange to modern perceptions, but just in accordance with the position which, in this county at least, Wesleyanism and the Established Church occupied towards each other half a century ago. It is well known that in the infancy of Methodism a separate church was no object of Mr. Wesley's intentions or of his desires. But the difficulty, if not the absolute impossibility, of keeping so large and increasing a body of people on any other footing but that of connexional independency was always looking him in the face; and while ever anxious that his people should retain communion with the Church of England, his far-seeing wisdom led him instinctively so to shape his measures for their conduct and discipline, that, when taken from them, he should leave with them all the essential principles of a true church government. Yet he not only regarded the adherence of Methodists to the Establishment as a thing in itself desirable, but thought it highly necessary to the maintenance of their own prosperity. It was only in places where no different arrangement could be made that he would sanction Methodist preaching during the hours of church service; and many years after his death the members of his societies regularly received the Lord's Supper in the parish church, not dreaming that this ordinance could be validly administered in any other place of worship. On such points the Bridge congregation was, at the time we speak of, in something like a transition state. Those members who had been gathered in from the profane multitude, and who before

their conversion had cared but little to attend any place of worship whatever, were quite satisfied to sit at the Lord's table in their own chapel and there only. The more aristocratic portion of the assembly, and those who had been church-goers for many a day previously, without forsaking the ordinance as given by their own ministers, thought it right to communicate in the church as well. So as to the time of public service; the major part of the company wanted nothing more than to praise, and pray, and hear the Word read and expounded, in their own sanctuary. But there was another class for whom this would not do; and accordingly as soon as the Sunday morning *sermon*—not *service*—was concluded, there was a general stir and uprising, in the gallery especially, with those who were hurrying away from the chapel to attend the service at the church. Absurd and unseemly as such a practice certainly was, it held on its way for a long time. The morning repast at the chapel was apparently regarded by many grave and devout Christians as only preliminary to the more extended banquet that awaited them a mile distant; and when the preacher was indiscreet enough to lengthen his discourse beyond the accustomed limits, the enquiring looks, and half wistful faces, and rapid glances at the watch, would all indicate the uneasiness that was working within.

Apart, however, from any purely religious considerations, there was a veneration for the Established Church common to all classes. It was the Church of their land. There they had been baptized: there they were wedded; there, beneath the shadow of its elms and sycamores their families and kindred had year after year, and generation after generation, retired from the toils of life to rest with the congregation of the dead. So strong was the genuine old English feeling towards this house of their fathers, that had the pulpits of our parish churches been in that

day distinguished by a sound and heart-searching ministry, neither Methodism nor Dissent would have stood much chance of making its way in their neigbourhood. In Cornwall the parson's name had too often been connected with associations not very creditable to the order, although the clergymen who officiated at Illogan had generally been men of unblemished moral character. The gentleman who at this time served that church was what is called "high" in his principles, and could not consistently with his views countenance anything which had the semblance of nonconformity; yet was tolerant and courteous to all. He was, perhaps, exceeded in his church views by his coadjutor the clerk, a swarthy son of Vulcan, who after sweating at the anvil six days in the week guided the responses of the congregation on the Sabbath. The encroachments which Methodism had gradually made in the district were so little to his taste that he would probably have been far from displeased at seeing a revival of the good old days when the Illogan churchwardens had entered on their books a charge of seven shillings and sixpence for expenses incurred in "driving the Methodists out of the parish." He knew but of one form of religion—the National Church. Of Apostolical Succession he had never heard, but were he living in these more enlightened days he would have embraced that doctrine in a moment. Neither marriages nor burials had as yet been know to him in connection with Wesleyan places of worship, but after some time the news broke upon his startled ear that a child had actually been baptized in a neigbouring chapel. On his questioning the parents respecting this matter, and finding that they had really entrusted the baptism of their child to the hands of a Wesleyan preacher, he smiled at their ignorance, and gravely assured them that "all that work must be done over again."

It is due to the very estimable clergymen who for many years have had the oversight of this parish, to acknowledge that whatever opinions they may have cherished as to the validity or efficiency of the Methodist ministry, there has been nothing contrary to amicable intercourse between themselves and the parishioners, whether of the church-going or chapel-going classes. It is true that the curate has sometimes shared in the prejudices of the old clerk. Young men fresh from college, and in the full-blown vigor of their ecclesiastical dignity, have on entering the scene of their labors stood aghast at the state of things before them, and wondered by what terrible dispensation of Providence so large a proportion of the people had been given up to such a sad delusion. But the superior pastors have sometimes thought differently, and have frankly admitted that the Wesleyans have not only done the parish no injury, but have effected therein an incalculable amount of good.

CHAPTER V.

It was about three years after the decease of the elder Mr. Thomas Garland, that his son, then twenty-six years of age, became connected with an undertaking which for the first time brought him fairly before the public in his literary character. With the exception of the biographical memoir noticed in the last chapter, and which for many reasons could afford no estimate of his actual powers as a writer, nothing but some fugitive poems had appeared under his professed authorship. From an authority quoted elsewhere, we are told that during the time in which he was occasionally inditing verses for the provincial newspaper he frequently supplied its columns with "racy and amusing matter" on some of the political topics of the day. What these contributions were cannot now, in the absence of any guiding signature, be certainly known; but there is no doubt that for some years previous to the period now before us (1830) he had taken a keen interest in politics, and had principally employed his pen in the discussion of public questions. He appears also to have had a growing conviction that his strength lay in this department of composition, far more than in the cultivation of poetry, of which pursuit the attraction seemed to be steadily diminishing as his taste for the higher class of poets was becoming matured. It must indeed be obvious that nothing but considerable experience in political writing can account for the general character of those articles which he now gave to the public as the acknowledged editor of a new Cornish newspaper, published at Falmouth, and entitled *The Cornubian.*

At that time there were three newspapers which had a respectable circulation in the county.—the *West Briton*, the *Cornwall Gazette*, and the *Falmouth Packet*; the last a journal of not many years standing. A recent candidate for the public favor—the *Guardian*, published at Truro, and conducted by a gentleman of some literary celebrity—had just become defunct, expiring after a sickly existence of a few months' duration. Indeed it is not very easy to say what was the public opinion at that time with respect to the policy or necessity of introducing another Cornish newspaper. For some thirty years the *West Briton* and *Gazette*, both published at Truro, had held undisputed sovereignty over the Whig and Tory politics of Cornwall, and until the announcement of the forthcoming *Falmouth Packet*, a new political journal had been as little thought of as a new comet. The times have wonderfully changed since that period. At present every considerable town must have its free and independent weekly newspaper, and the facility and cheapness with which even the daily county news is transmitted from the Tamar to the Land's End has become one of the marvels of the age.

At the time when the *Cornubian* was projected, two experiments had been made in the way of competition with the established newspapers. Of these, one, as already mentioned, had utterly and hopelessly failed; but the other had at least so far succeeded as to become a promising speculation. The sails of the *Packet* were swelled with a fair gale of popular favor, and the question now to be determined was, whether there were reasonable grounds for adding another newspaper to the three already existing. It is probable that the projectors of the *Cornubian* had little doubt that as far as number was concerned the supply was sufficient. The third Truro paper had failed, but a second Falmouth paper might—virtually put its predecessor out of the field, for on the score of

editorial ability the latter would have no great pretensions when compared with its rival. The politics of the two journals would not sufficiently differ to make any opposition on that ground warrantable; whereas the Truro journals, advocating widely different sentiments and not unfrequently coming into deadly collision, maintained a healthy political excitement, and kept public opinion from stagnating. It may therefore be fairly conjectured that in the view of its proprietors the *Cornubian* was to become *the* Falmouth newspaper.

There were those among the selectest portion of what the newspaper calls an enlightened public, who thought very badly of the whole concern, as a thing decidedly uncalled for. One gentleman in particular, well known to the editor elect, and otherwise on very friendly terms with him, was loud in his denunciation of the project, and devoutly hoped that it would never pay. His reason was, that it would be a needless tax upon the county, as compelling advertisers to incur additional expenses to insure for their advertisements the necessary publicity. How very small these additional expenses actually became, how very slightly the *Cornubian* increased this burden upon the advertising community, is a circumstance which, if known at that time, would have considerably delayed the publication of the journal. But as this fact was one of a thousand secrets then resting in the bosom of the future, it was not deemed expedient to throw aside the undertaking even in deference to the vigorous protest we have alluded to. The prospectus was accordingly drawn up, and the public were informed, as nearly as might be, of the day and hour when the new luminary would make its appearance.

As far as the prospectus was concerned there could be no reasonable doubt that the *Cornubian* was eminently entitled to the support of every thinking man in the

county. Its sentiments on all affairs—national and domestic, as well as on all individuals—public or private, were to be marked by the soundest philosophy and the strictest impartiality. The hackneyed and much abused motto of "measures, not men," was now to become a living watchword. Firmly attached as its conductors might be to certain political tenets, whiggery itself would be held as nothing in comparison with truth. As a political journal, it would be free from that bane of newspaper morality, party spirit. As an organ of domestic and foreign intelligence, it would give the earliest and most authentic news of whatever was transpiring in the world. As a family newspaper, it would so blend the useful with the entertaining as to make it a welcome guest in every well-regulated establishment. It would also keep a watchful eye on the literature of the day; bring all deserving publications under its favoring regards; expose the hollow, the unsound, and unprincipled; wage deadly war against false doctrine; and defend those "pure and illuminating truths" which concern the future well-being of mankind. What more could be promised? What could the loftiest morality and the severest taste require in addition to such performances?

So on Friday morning, Oct. 1, 1830 the first number of the *Cornubian* came before the public, to whom it made its obeisance in the following terms:—

"In offering to the county of Cornwall a fourth weekly Journal, it will naturally be expected that we should state upon what principles it will be conducted. Without further prelude we pass at once to their exposition."

"Our political creed is based upon that sound constitutional maxim, that *the Crown is held in trust for the benefit of the People.* The Kingly office is one which commands our highest respect and veneration. No other is more visibly of divine appointment. The world cannot present a scene of sublimer interest than the people of a

nation solemnly setting apart one of their number as a supreme minister of justice. Still we regard sovereignty as a pure delegation, and denounce the doctrine that any man possesses an inherent right of dominion over his fellow-creatures. We surrender a portion of our abstract rights in exchange for the advantages of civil union. The individual to whom this surrender is made is entitled to our fealty so long as he is faithful to the liberties which he swears to defend. But if he compromise them for personal aggrandisement, and violate the rights of his people for the acquisition of irresponsible power, he is no longer their king, but a usurper. The prince who impoverishes one class of his subjects to enrich another, or wastes their blood in unnecessary wars, renounces his title to supremacy. We are aware that these are old truths, but like wine they improve by age, and cannot be kept too fresh in the national mind. The doctrine of the divine right of kings, or as it has been facetiously expressed—

> "*jure divino,*
> That is, a right to yours, and mine,
> And every body's goods and rhino,"

though exploded centuries ago, is not without its adherents in the present day, in which—as the Edinburgh Review says—it has returned to us like a thief from transportation, under the title of Legitimacy. We believe the passion for arbitrary ascendancy one of the guiltiest of our common nature. Its sway in ambitious minds has turned men into fiends, and drenched the earth with blood. The next greatest crime has been, in whole nations weakly and wickedly stooping to despotism. We doubt not that as the world advances in virtue and intelligence, this disposition to usurp unnatural power will be more vigilantly resisted, and be held in unmingled detestation. Custom and habit will be inefficient sanctions for tyranny,

and crime will cease to deceive by the illusions of romance. A rising conqueror will be lost to history by making a premature exit as a robber; and the axe, avenging an initiative murder, will deprive the world of an incipient hero. There is nothing in the records of our race more astonishing than the facility with which lawless men have risen to empire over millions who have sacrificed liberty and life in becoming the instruments of their own shame. The path to such victory has ever been through the dying and the dead,—amid ruin, and tears, and blood. Yet have the multitude followed the victor to his fatal conquest, wreathed the guilty laurels round his brow, and hymned the triumph purchased with their freedom!"

"The legitimate office of human government is to protect the lives and liberties of the subjects; and happy had it been for the world if its power had been confined to this duty. But not content in this sphere of action, nor with subjecting mankind to its violence in unlawful warfare, it has in all ages usurped dominion in a province beyond its authority—the human mind. Here its sins have been deep and deadly. Its influence has mostly been unfavorable to mental progress. The spirit of inquiry it has met with malign passions and inveterate prejudices. It has warred with thought, and applied brute force to the subjugation of spiritual energies. It has seized upon the meek spirit of Religion, and with her pure truths the rulers of states have blended the maxims of their iniquitous policy, and made her a minister of evil. It is impossible to estimate the injury thus inflicted upon mankind. Kingdoms which are now the habitations of cruelty might but for these oppressions be rich in wisdom and virtue. Sciences now in their birth might have shot up into maturity. Generous principles, which seem now to involve the risk of experiments, might have passed into axioms. The impulses which great minds would have given

to society, but for the resistance of harsh governments, might have forced it onward to attainments beyond our conception. The evil of this mental tyranny is measureless. In its desolating track it has at intervals been met by the remonstrances of patriots and reformers, and they have found their answer in the cord or the stake. It has occasionally stung to fury the spirit of a people, and their wrath has been quenched in their blood. Against the dearest rights of humanity it has warred with bitter hostility, and has left a debt of burning indignation to be paid back from the hearts of the wise and good unto the end of time."

"Let it not be thought that we undervalue the utility of governments. We are rendering them our best services, and strengthening their true interests by placing their claims upon an intelligible basis. The government which maintains its power by arbitrary authority is weak and worthless, compared with that which rests its claims upon the principles of common justice, and finds the first supported by the universal influence of the last. It is wise to make friends of the free energies of the human mind—to seek in Reason and Conscience obedient ministers. Is he the most enviable monarch, whose laws are written in the hearts of his people, and whose throne is in their affections; or another, whose sway is maintained by the roar of artillery and the bristling of bayonets? Is that government the most durable, whose power is drawn from an abridgement of the liberty of its subjects; or that, which like the divine law it typifies, perfects its authority by communicating 'perfect freedom?' The highest purpose of the self-directing energy of government is to guard and increase that of the people. They are its worst foes, who would unduly extend its prerogative, divorce it from its natural alliance with the people's will, and erect its throne upon the ruins of a nation's rights."

"In confirmation of these principles, we cannot but advert to the splendid illustration of their truth lately afforded by France. We have no parallel to that volcanic explosion of indignant feeling. Her infatuated ministers had no sooner woven the net than they were meshed in its toils. On one day the deluded monarch lifted his hand against the people,—the next, he was an exile in his own land. One hour beheld him invested with regal dignity—the next he was

"a mark for scorn
To point her slowly moving finger at.

Long live Charles the Tenth, formerly of France, and now of Lulworth; for while *he* lives there remains a solemn warning to Princes against tampering with the rights of their people, and to the people he tells how truly such outrages are avenged. He may thus console himself that having betrayed Freedom in his rise he can serve her in his fall; that having once fought against her he now preaches her doctrines with greater eloquence than her chosen disciples. In this capacity, he can be her effective though silent minister, and when he dies, may bequeath his mantle, a joint legacy, to the Dey of Algiers and the Duke of Brunswick."

"We live on the eve of eventful times. A solemn crisis in the history of mankind is approaching. Europe is waking as from a dream. France has sprung to liberty. Greece is free. Spain, Portugal, Italy, Belgium, and the German Principalities, are giving note of preparation. The chaos of moral ruin is heaving with life. Elements of more than human power are performing in a day the work of ages. It rejoices us that the conflict is more between principles than passions—that opinions are clashing instead of arms. If the Continent is to be regenerated, we trust the process will bear more of this distinctive character—that the result may be the peaceful triumph of moral victory."

"From these remarks our readers will infer that we desire to regulate our course, not so much by the creeds of conflicting parties as by the everlasting obligations of Truth and Justice,—to escape from the trammels which political power has woven around mankind, and aid them in accomplishing their freedom by the might of their own moral energies,—to advance public happiness less by the imposition of outward restraints and punishments than by assisting the internal expansion of those sacred principles and affections which have their root in every human heart. That national virtue will produce national prosperity—that public freedom will create the most devoted loyalty—and that under their united influence man will rise to superior moral dignity, are maxims which we feel interwoven with our intellectual being. They are attested by universal experience, we find them inculcated by the patriots and philanthropists of past ages, and we hear them in the voices of all nations rising in sublime recognition of their eternal truth."

"Among the meliorating influences which have latterly improved the spirit of society at home, and exalted the character of our national intellect, a high rank must be assigned to the increased energy and unexampled diffusion of popular literature. The power of intellect has a sway never before known. It is felt throughout the chain of systems and opinions which encircles the human family. Men from whose minds the light of new truths has dawned upon the world, have risen to a moral elevation which overlooks all other distinctions. Hidden in their closets, they become through their writings 'a universal presence.' Speaking from solitude, their voices are echoed back in tones of gladness from new springs of feeling which they have opened in the hearts of thousands. To them is transferred the homage which once waited upon legalized dignity and hereditary wisdom. External pomp dwindles

to a shadow before intellectual majesty; and the highest interests of society are advanced by according this pre-eminence to mental power. Every new revelation of the treasures and energies of our spiritual natures, promotes virtuous independence of action by discovering to us the unsuspected worth—and consequently, the solemn responsibility—of an individual mind. We cannot too highly venerate the men who are the medium of communicating to their race sublime and invigorating truths. They are the best preservatives of the civil liberties of a State, and still more of that free expansion of thought, and inward self-dominion, from which outward liberty derives its only value."

"We aim at making this journal a faithful representative of the spirit of the times. In so doing, our attention must frequently be directed to those powerful springs of moral action which determine its character. Amongst these we are happy in discerning an increased force of religious principle. It has given a coloring to the national mind. Legislation is prompted by more generous feelings. The great solemn rights of humanity are more distinctly recognized. The barriers of sectarian distinction, by which men restrained their sympathies, are breaking down. There is a great and growing community who are united by firmer ties than those of an exclusionary party, or a union of secular interests. Theirs is an alliance of intellectual and moral feeling,—a relationship the purest upon earth, that of mind to mind. No friendship is closer than that by which strangers become brethren through affinity of spirit. We attribute much of this connection between men of various parties, to a more just appreciation of the value of Christian charity,—of that self-subduing principle of brotherly love which is the essence and vitality of our holy faith. We would refer, in confirmation, to the first-fruits of this catholic spirit, in the union of such

men in advocating those benevolent Institutions which have for their objects the highest interests of mankind. We see another proof of its divine character in the pervasion of our current literature with a purity of thought, and sanctity of feeling, which we believe it has never before evinced. We hail these and other similar manifestations, as evidences that not only the intellect but the heart of our country, if we may so speak, is progressing in moral strength. It is only by an habitual reference to the sublime connexion subsisting between our mortal and immortal existence, that the loftiest mental energies are brought into vigorous action. The mind that refuses to recognize its immortality, withdraws itself from the highest objects of thought. It shuts out the light without which life is a mystery, and its changes the random volitions of a dream. Its thoughts, and hopes, and aspirations, are all 'of the earth, earthy.' It is therefore of the first importance, even to literature, that its dependencies upon religious truth should be distinctly understood. If human life be initiatory to a higher existence, then all views of it from which this prime truth is excluded are formed upon a false estimate of the nature of man. If substantial happiness can be enjoyed only when Conscience and the Will are in perfect harmony of action, then, all theories which represent it as otherwise attainable are mischievous deceptions. It is consequently impossible that literature when severed from religion can worthily fulfil her office. We rejoice that, instead of such a disjunction, we behold them in closer alliance, and trust they will strike their roots still deeper in the human mind, where, as an elegant writer remarks, 'they should grow up and flourish together like the twin trees of Life and Knowledge in the garden of Paradise, affording shelter and shade with their intermingling branches, and yielding in their season the flowers of genius and the fruits of holiness.'"

"In thus stating the principles on which the *Cornubian* will be conducted, we have aimed at giving expression to truths which are daily placing themselves in more striking manifestations, and are exerting great power upon society. The force of native intellect is more directly applied to the promotion of liberty and virtue. We glory in our country, and feel honored by the humblest ministration to her welfare. To furnish the slightest aid in advancing her chief interests—to assist in giving freer and more generous impulses to public feeling—to be enrolled among the band of devoted spirits whose highest aim is to leave their country better than they find it—these are distinctions not to be equalled by any external honors. With such convictions we start as candidates for public favor, and are content to rest upon their truth the decision of our claims."

From the introductory address we turn to the leading articles; the first on Slavery:—

"There is a considerable increase in the excitement of public feeling upon the Slavery Question. The labors of the Anti-Slavery Society, with a periodical devoted exclusively to its service—the public meetings in our principal cities and towns—the scrutiny which candidates for our open boroughs underwent at the late election—and the solemn protest against the continuance of the system, made by large and influential Christian Societies, are evidences that the national mind is in powerful action, and that the subject must speedily be forced upon the attention of the Legislature. To mitigate the force of popular opinion, the agents of the West India body are busy in circulating statements in its favor. We will briefly glance at the arguments to which they attach the greatest importance."

"We are told that slavery in the West Indies bears a milder character than the representations of it in England —that the slaves are more comfortably maintained than

the poor of this country—and that our abhorrence of the system is a delusion arising from the fictitious horrors with which the abolitionists have invested it. All this we disbelieve; but, granting its truth, and that all the individual atrocities upon record are fabulous, is there not enough in the general character and the avowed regulations of slavery, to justify our repugnance towards it? Are not the slaves refused any day but the Sabbath to support themselves and sell the produce of their labor? Are they not denied the rights of marriage, of giving evidence in courts of law, and of purchasing their freedom at any price? Are not families separated — fathers, mothers, and children torn from each other, and sold into heartless and hopeless bondage? Is not the whip used in forcing them to labor; and is not the flogging of women still continued? We are aware that in some of the colonies there are exceptions to these enormities; but in the greatest number they are still in existence."

"It is contended that emancipation, if granted, will not benefit the slave population; that they are not prepared for liberty, and that its sudden acquisition will plunge them into licentiousness and rebellion. We must remember whence this argument comes,—from those who first make the slave the degraded being that he is, and then complain that he wants the qualities of a good subject. But there are already 90,000 free people of color in the colonies—a greater number than the whole of the whites, and in some islands possessing half the property. What is the unfortunate distinction that prevents the slave from becoming, when emancipated, capable of conducting himself like the free man of his own blood? We admire too this amiable horror of rebellion in the Colonists, and especially in its connexion with a loyal hint of theirs, that if England interfere with the slave system, they will transfer their allegiance to the United States!"

"Again, we are told that if a reformation must take place, it should be by the laws of the Colonial authorities; that the complicated interests of the West India trade will be fatally deranged by any home legislation upon which the Colonists have not a veto. But cruel experience has proved the folly of leaving a question of humanity to the decision of the planters. 'Their laws,' said the late Mr. Canning, 'can never reach, can never cure the evil.' 'There is something,' continued that gifted man, in words all animate with the spirit of truth, 'in the nature of absolute authority, in the relation between master and slave, which makes despotism in all cases and under all circumstances, an incompetent and unsure executor, even of its own provisions in favor of the object of its power.'"

"But it is upon other and higher ground that we challenge the defenders of slavery. We take our stand upon the solemn, inviolable rights of human nature. It is here that the question *must* be met. It may be hedged in by private interests, and commercial policy, and corrupt laws; but the freedom of thought and volition which God has given to every rational creature is not to be 'written off the record' by mercenaries and infidels. That man is essentially a free being, is a truth which must ring, trumpet-tongued, through every isle in the Western Archipelago. We should dishonor the sacred cause of liberty by descending to parley about 'damages' and 'compensations,' while the great principle of self-dominion remained unrecognized. The Slave Question!—it is deplorable that the worst passions of our nature have been strong enough to make slavery a question. It is to raise a question where common sense and feeling would reject it, that, besides the derision poured upon the African's form and color, attempts have been made to invalidate his possession of a soul. So widely has this notion spread, that thousands of amiable and well-meaning persons, who

are not alive to the evil of such a delusion, allow the image of their sable brother to rise habitually to the mind as a being of a distinct and inferior race. It cannot be thus. 'The Missionary,' said an eloquent speaker the other day at one of our benevolent anniversaries, 'has sounded the negro mind, and from its depths has brought up a gem flashing with the rays of immortality.' This is after all the most affecting consideration. The chain of slavery not only enthralls the body, but fetters the energies of an immortal spirit. Its infliction of physical suffering is horrible enough, but the subdued conscience—the crushed will—the martyred affections—how they rise in their agony, and shriek for vengeance!"

"Why do not our Bishops oppose themselves with more spirit, both in Parliament and out, against this abomination? We do not ask the question reproachfully, but because their influence and energies if rightly exerted must be of great service. The Friends—always full of benevolent feeling—have publicly recorded their abhorrence of the system. The Wesleyan Methodists are unanimous in seeking its melioration, and their last Conference recommended that a petition to Parliament should be forwarded from every congregation. Are the dignitaries of the Establishment to slumber while the Sectarians are in generous action? We want their talents, their learning, their piety, to invigorate the cause. A copy of the *Cornubian* of this day goes to every episcopal palace in England, that our prelates may judge of the public feeling by finding that even from the shores of Cornwall a voice calls for their assistance."

This is followed by an article on the premiership of the Duke of Wellington:—

"There seems but little probability of any effective opposition being made against the present Administration in the ensuing session of Parliament. Although it be

evident that the late elections have diminished the thick-and-thin supporters of the Ministry, it is equally clear that the members who fill their places, though actuated by liberal and independent principles, are not cemented by any one common interest of sufficient strength to marshal them into a vigorous Opposition. We believe also that his Grace of Wellington is preparing to neutralize the force of whatever accession of strength the House of Commons may exhibit against him, by such modifications of popular grievances as will ensure the support of a requisite number of independent members to give him a majority in that House. The journals which are reputed to be most in ministerial confidence speak pretty distinctly of a considerable reduction in expenditure, and consequently of taxes; and of some amendment in the existing state of the Representation."

"If the ministry begin zealously to economise the resources of the State, and to remedy those moral evils, in their views of which the people have outgrown their governors, what benefit can result from convulsing the Cabinet by a derangement of its members? We have no undue partiality in favor of the Duke or his colleagues, but we give our unflinching support to men who promise fairly, without having by any past act betrayed the public interests. We are told that the present Cabinet is composed of men notoriously incapacitated for their duties. We ask for the proof. That we have had Ministers of more popular talents, more able to adjust a metaphor, and build a climax, and balance an antithesis—to play off sarcasms and shadow forth abstractions—to defend a bad cause and prejudice a good one—all this we admit. But our sole test of greatness is—in the language of an eminent moralist—'He is the greatest man, who does most good to his country and to his kind.' By this, and

by no other standard, shall we judge of the Administration. We believe its members are honest in their intentions to advance the national interest; and believing this, dare not withhold our support."

"It is amusing to witness the sway which party feeling gives even to the most influential of the daily journals; when, for instance, the accession of the Duke of Wellington to the Premiership was first proposed, the *Times* declared in the eloquence of its wrath that 'any goose upon Wandsworth common' was as fit to conduct the affairs of the nation as his Grace. When the Duke became snugly seated, the *Times*,—always the soul of independence—made the happy discovery that he possessed extraordinary prudence, sagacity, and other high qualifications. The *Standard*, on the contrary, having previously spoken of his ducal talents with unbounded admiration, refuses now, in its ultra-toriness, to allow him a solitary merit. He is represented as an incurable sumph—a man absolutely impracticable, and obsolete! A pamphlet, recently put forth upon the elections, in echoing the tone of the ultra prints, says, 'civil experience he has hardly any; political knowledge, none: his talents lay in war, and with the peace they have ceased to be of any more use than an old matchlock, or a battering ram!' All this, be it remembered, is in reference to his native talent, abstractedly from its political action. And yet, mindless as he is, we are told that he has superhuman energies for mischief. He plots in secrecy the ruin of the empire. His head is full, as Mrs. Malaprop says, of diabolical knowledge.' He is, in fact, a human bomb, full of moral combustibles, waiting but for a favorable moment to explode and blow our social system to atoms!"

"This is truly disgraceful. There are among the public prints honorable exceptions to such unprincipled conduct;

but we regret that those which are most distinguished by knowledge and talent are equally so by their perversion. And such must be the unenviable celebrity of every journal which allies itself with the fluctuating interests of a party, instead of the permanent principles of moral rectitude."

The *Cornubian* commenced its career at a time when there certainly was no reason to complain of anything like a dearth of interesting subjects, whether on matters domestic or foreign. In France, Louis Phillippe had recently taken possession of the throne from which Charles the Tenth had been driven with ignominy. The Belgians were in arms against their Sovereign. The Duke of Brunswick had been 'literally burnt out of his Duchy,' peace being restored under the sway of Prince William. The Dey of Algiers had gone off to Naples. The Turks had been occupied with an insurrection in Albania. In Portugal Don Miguel was getting everything ready for a start. All over the Continent the fear of change was 'perplexing monarchs.' At home the struggle for Parliamentary Reform was just beginning to acquire strength; and a speech of Mr. Brougham at the Leeds Anti-slavery Meeting, had fired the zeal of the electoral body for exacting from their Representatives the most unqualified pledges that they would use their influence for suppressing the abomination of Slavery. The funeral of Mr. Huskisson, whose death by the lamentable railway accident had just occurred; and the decease of that original and powerful writer William Hazlitt, who had in the preceding week closed his unhappy career in wretchedness and poverty, were subjects not barren in interest. And in Falmouth itself a case had transpired which gave to the *Cornubian's* first Provincial Intelligence a peculiar as well as mournful character. This was the loss of two young gentlemen—one a native of the town and

the other his relative from Bridgewater—who by the upsetting of their boat in a squall were both drowned in Falmouth Harbour, in returning from a vain attempt to reach Helford.

The Reviewing department in the first number embraced Sir Walter Scott's Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, then published in Mr. Murray's Family Library; also "The Important Means of a National Literature" by Dr. Channing, of America. With these about three columns were occupied, mainly in the way of extracts, the critical remarks being few. The Poets' Corner was graced by a poem called "The Royal Bride," and which was introduced to the reader as having been composed on the death of the Princess Charlotte, but probably new at that time to the public, by its having had a limited circulation. For a similar reason, though the proceeding be somewhat out of order, we shall transcribe it here. "It is founded upon a tradition in the Western Isles, that a spirit named Flora sings upon the death of a young and royal bride, and is supposed to have been heard on the night preceding the decease of the lamented Princess:—

A Spirit said from the silver sea,
"Wo to thee, green isle,—wo to thee!
The warden from his watch-tower bent,
But land, and wave, and firmament
So calmly slept, he might have heard
The swift wing of the mountain bird;
Yet from the unfathomed caves below
Thrice came that drear, death-boding word,
And the long echoes answered, "Wo."

The warden from his tower looks round,
And now he hears the slow waves bringing
Each to the shore a silver sound—
The spirit of the isle is singing
In depths that man has never found.

When she sits in the pomp of her ocean bed,
With her scarf of light around her spread,
The mariner thinks, on the misty tide
He sees the moon's soft rainbow glide;
Her song in the noon of night he hears,
And trembles as his bark he steers."

(FLORA'S SONG.)

I come in the morn—I come in the hour
When the blossoms of beauty rise;
I gather the fairest, the richest flower
Where heaven's dew purest lies:
Then rest thee, bride,
In thy beauty's pride;
To-night thou shalt sleep by Flora's side.

The eye I touch must be soft and blue
As the sky when the stars are gleaming;
The bosom as white as the fleecy clouds
Where the angels of bliss lie dreaming;
And the spirit within as pure and bright,
As the stream that leaps among tufts of roses,
Which sparkles along, all life and light,
Then calm on its open bed reposes.
Then rest thee, bride,
By thy true love's side;
To-morrow a shroud his hope shall hide.

I saw them wreathing a crown for thee,
With the riches of empires in it;
But thy bridal robe was a winding sheet,
And the Loves that crowned thee sat to spin it:
They heaped with garlands thy purple bed,
And every flower on earth they found thee,
But every flower in the wreath shall fade,
Save those thy bounty scattered round thee;
Then sweetly sleep,
While my hour I keep;
For angels to-night shall watch and weep.

O green isle! wo to thy boast and pride!
To-day thy rose was bright and glowing,
The bud was full, the root was wide,
And the stream of love around it flowing;
To-morrow thy tower shall stand alone;
Thy hoary oak shall round it flourish,
But the dove from its branches shall be gone—
The rose that deck'd its stem shall perish!

CHAPTER VI.

THE transition from the state of a newspaper correspondent to the dignities and responsibilities of editorship, was a matter of some consequence to one who had hitherto no official connection with the press. In such a position the new power with which he becomes suddenly invested, gives to the incipient "conductor" an excitement of a very pleasurable character; especially as contrasted with his former subjection to the tastes or caprices of others. As a contributor, he must take his chance of being cordially accepted, or "declined with thanks." His articles may be inserted in all their fair proportions, or so clipped and mangled that when he looks at them in the printed sheet he hardly knows his own offspring. Or, if duly received and marked for insertion, press of other matter may delay them one week and crowd them out at another, till the hope so long deferred has made him too sick to enjoy them when they actually appear. What a change comes over all this when he is once enthroned in editorial majesty! No longer humbly suing for a corner in "your valuable and widely-circulated paper," but himself the sovereign dictator—the lord of a thousand submissive pens. It may not be unedifying to look for a moment at the manner in which the sceptre was swayed at Falmouth —at some of the responses emanating from the *sanctum sanctorum*, and waited for with trembling alternations of hope and fear by many an aspirant to the honor of being in print. Thus, the author of "Lines written at Sea" is told that his composition should have remained where it was written,—it would not do for the dry land.—"Zeta" was asked if he could not trace up his pedigree to the

man of whom Dr. Johnson said that he had only one idea in his head, and that a wrong one.—The juvenile author of an "Ode to Despair"—only sixteen—was told that his production created surprise at his being so old as that. —"Dick" was cut short as being "really very stupid;" and "Julius" was "a dunce."—The author of "Stanzas to Winter" must have had his imagination chilled by the season,—was advised to wait for the thawing influences of the Spring.—Could not answer B. E's letter about the horse-medicine, no farrier being kept at the *Cornubian* Office.—"Moonlight Meditations" were not adapted for reading by day.—"Cannot undertake to revise the "Elegiac Stanzas;" they belong to that exalted class of compositions which no revision can improve."—"Junius," who had undergone the double misery of being jilted and sneered at, and who had sought relief for his sorrows in a short poem, was cruelly recommended to a taste of the horse-whip as a specific more suited to his complaint.—The "Ode to Charles the Tenth" was declined, it being doubtful whether the *Cornubian* was taken in at Holyrood. —The writer on the Theory of Vision would not have supposed his article adapted to the *Cornubian*, unless his own vision had been very obscure.—"Cannot refuse to R. our cordial concurrence in the truth of his remarks on the progress of crime; and will cheerfully open our columns to him in checking its 'small beginnings,' one of which is, perhaps, the non-payment of postages to newspaper offices."—The paper on Tobacco was thought very good —and "given to a friend to light his pipe with."

But with power comes responsibility; extending from the articles professedly editorial to the smallest paragraphs of general intelligence, and not to be absolutely got rid of even in communications for the orthodoxy of which all vouchers on the part of every one but the writer is solemnly disclaimed. One article betrays too much animus in a

certain direction,—is needlessly severe, or personal. Another is not up to the mark in its advocacy or condemnation of certain opinions. Here, sentiments are misrepresented; there, facts have been grievously distorted. Careless correspondents involve the journal in the consequences of their inattention, by marrying those who are still single, and burying those who are still living. Angry controversialists are yet more exasperated at finding that beyond a limited extent the paper refuses to be the vehicle of their accusations and recriminations,—they have been deprived of that fair play which is the sacred right of mankind. The efforts of aspiring but timid genius have met with mortifying discouragement from a quarter where better treatment was not unreasonably hoped for; and young ladies and gentlemen of the most amiable description have had the genial current of their soul frozen by the summary rejection of poems which, if somewhat mediocre to begin with, might have led to others of a character as exalted as the language could furnish. To front these charges, and many others of a kindred nature,—to withstand the obloquy, disaffection, or loss of patronage which they not unfrequently induce—is no slight drawback on that divinity with which an editor 'doth hedge himself.' In the case before us there were some extra difficulties. The editor was a non-resident, and could only be at Falmouth—some twelve miles distant from his own locality—at certain times in the week. The arrangement and distribution of the general material which filled the columns of the paper must therefore, of necessity, devolve on another official. This, which is well known as a matter of course in journals which can only be conducted by a formal division of editorial labor, may be a serious obstacle to a weekly provincial print just started into existence. As matters were actually managed, the *Cornubian* exhibited no failure from this cause. It was

very creditably turned out of hand, neatly and correctly printed, and in its general getting-up was considerably a-head of any of its Cornish cotemporaries.

There appeared in the fifth number of this journal the first of a series of papers under the title of "The Investigator," communicated by a gentleman of considerable ability and intellectual research, at that time residing in Penzance. The subjects embraced by these papers were "Excellence in Science and the Arts;" "Missionary Bazaars;" "Courage;" "Passive qualities of Fortitude and Magnanimity;" "Delicacy of Speech;" "Christmas," &c. At the close of the ninth paper an editorial note informs the reader that "by an arrangement which has been made since the above article was written, we shall discontinue the papers under the title of "The Investigator;" a regular series of philosophical subjects being better calculated for a magazine than for the columns of a newspaper, which are read rather for relaxation than abstruse thought." Nothing, we apprehend, can meet with more general concurrence than the closing observation in this note; and the puzzle is to imagine by what strange hallucination on the part of the contributor or the editor a country newspaper was made the vehicle of a series of philosophical essays on subjects only to be handled by "abstruse thinking,"—which would have suited very well the pages of the Imperial Magazine or some kindred production, but can by no sort of dexterity be made naturally to blend with the politics and news of the passing day. It is true that a sweet and sentimental poem has not much natural relation to politics, and that the affinity between the London Markets and a column of jokes is not easily made out. But a certain portion of light material, as an agreeable variety in a family journal, has fully secured the approba-

tion of a multitudinous class who will on no account suffer their intellectual powers to be taxed by deep philosophy in journals taken up for news and entertainment. There are indeed two subjects in the category furnished by the "Investigator," which can hardly be said to involve much of what is profound in thinking,—those on "Missionary Bazaars" and "Christmas." The former of these was a topic of the day, at least in the immediate neighbourhood, and gave rise to some angry correspondence to which editorial authority was speedily compelled to put a stop. The latter was also by no means out of keeping with the time and circumstances under which it was written, and an extract from it will shew that if the author loved to expatiate on themes deeply and dryly philosophical, he was no stranger to another vein of composition. He is speaking of the general fondness for creature comforts of a superior order, at the Christmas season.—"The Englishman is proverbial for his love of the 'creature comforts.'" And truly, as Providence has thought fit to connect pleasure with advantage in the means of self-preservation, we have no right to despise that favor. The enjoyment arising from eating, to a hungry man, would not have been allowed if such a feeling from such a source were wrong. But it is the moderate use of sensual gratification that occasions pleasure. Gluttony, or drunkenness, at Christmas, or any other period of the year, is disgraceful to human beings. Either of these would lower even a brute in our estimation. For the stomach, crammed with a portion of every dish, becomes

"A tomb of boiled and roast, of flesh and fish."

or, with wine and brandy, rum and porter, it resembles—

"A tub of filthy wash, for beastly swine."

"Sir Thomas More says of the inhabitants of his

imaginary island of Utopia, that 'they believe the pleasure of eating and drinking, and all the other delights of sense, are only so far desirable as they give or maintain health.' We would add to this, that they are desirable as far as they contribute to the advantage of man by increasing the sum-total of his happiness. Eating and drinking are with Englishmen the bond of good fellowship. A friend is not invited except the wherewithal to please the palate is set before him. How hungry and dry do even intellectual conversations appear after a few hours, except there has been something introduced for the corporeal man. Even scandal cannot work smoothly except, like the axles of a carriage, there be something to lubricate the parts exposed to friction. Some small or large portions, as may be necessary, of Souchong or Twankay, and we should not wonder if sometimes there were a little Gunpowder, for the effects are occasionally murderous. A political meeting possesses little patriotism except there be roast beef and pudding as a foundation for the feeling, and a cheerful glass to occasion effervescence. Whatever excites the pleasing interest of an Englishman—and it is so with the whole world in a greater or less degree—makes him think about eating and drinking. Consequently, victory or peace, and the anniversary of anything, must be celebrated by a dinner. Literary and religious bodies hold public breakfasts, and dinners also if need be, or teas or suppers. It is eating and drinking all through; and yet these ought not to be loved for their immediate good, but for their usual consequences. What Archimides said of the lever might almost be realized by a rib of roast beef; and no artillery would batter more effectually the ramparts of an enemy than a plum-pudding, well directed, would the prejudices of a friend."

The lapse of three months from the starting of the

Cornubian terminated the year, and this naturally paved the way for another editorial address:—

"As this number of our journal appears on the last day of 1830, we embrace the opportunity which it presents of glancing at the general occurrences of the year. If such a retrospect forms in ordinary seasons part of the duty of a journalist, much more does it claim his attention at the termination of a year which constitutes an epoch in the history of the civilized world.

"We have recently become so familiarised with extraordinary events, that our minds are in some danger of growing insensible to their magnitude, from the frequency of recurrence. But though the scenes which Europe has this year exhibited may glide through our memories like the pageantry of a dream, yet, had they been foretold at its commencement even credulity would have shrunk from the startling prediction. Whoever dispassionately reviews them must perceive that such momentous changes in the destinies of the Continental States were never before effected within so short a period. Yet, great as they are, they have been accomplished with but little of the physical conflict which blends with the ordinary routine of political revolution. They attract our attention less by the means through which they have been wrought than by the effects which they have produced, and are not so much the result of martial combat as of an elemental war kindled in the moral world. We believe that the impulse which they have given to the cause of freedom marks the beginning of a warfare between moral and arbitrary dominion, which will end but with the destruction of tyrannical governments throughout Europe. The human mind is every where revolting against the monstrous assumption that the destinies of millions are to be swayed by the unlimited and irresponsible power of a single individual. There is also a spreading conviction

that such systems of government compel obedience more by their menacing attitude than by real strength; and as they successively explode, men are startled at beholding of what weak and discordant elements despotism is composed. Against their lawless rule the cries of nations are rising, as the voice of one man. Every day are their defences becoming weaker. Their cumbrous machinery of evil is inapplicable to the spirit of the times and the nature of the contest. The progress of knowledge cannot be arrested by a military order—Truth walks unmoved through the thunders of artillery—and Thought rives like gossamer the fetters that would impede its action. The thrones of despots are tottering before the silent but mighty energy of moral power, and ruin can be avoided only by submission. Napoleon attributed his fall to his having warred against liberal opinions; and those who follow him in the inglorious conflict must either learn by his example or experience his fate.

"In England, the triumph of opinion, though less violent, has been equally signal. So long as the late Ministry acted in accordance with the wishes of the people, and pursued the path into which the voice of the nation directed them, so long were they secure of their elevation. But the moment in which the Premier announced that the progress of reformation was terminated—that the Constitution should receive no further improvement—in that moment his fate was sealed, and a torrent of public indignation swept him from his position. To that memorable declaration is it owing that the present year concludes with so cheering a prospect to the friends of freedom—that the conservators of public abuses are every where sliding from their posts—and that the object of their panegyric, the redoubtable Borough system, petitions, through the mouth of the Duke of Newcastle, for a temporary prolongation of its miserable existence."

"We rejoice in the impulse thus given to the cause of liberty, from a conviction that it is the only element of the growth of public virtue. It involves the pure administration of justice, the equal participation of civil rights, and the free expression and interchange of opinion. Without freedom to this extent, the moral energies of a people cannot be fully developed, and their happiness must be proportionally retarded. It aids the expansion of social feeling, the unfolding of national intellect, and the advancement of all the great, solemn purposes of existence. Well, therefore, may we congratulate our readers at the conclusion of a year in which it has made a visible progression, and won enduring trophies."

"But while offering our congratulations upon the promotion of the general interests of humanity, the public are questioning us whether our own particular interests keep pace with them. 'How,' asks the reader, 'is the *Cornubian* itself getting on?' Now, we protest against such a question as this, as a most unwarrantable interference with our business concerns. Yet, being at this moment warmed by the festivities of the season, we will just whisper into the reader's ear—in the strictest confidence—that we are getting on wonderfully. It is, we assure him, an act of no small condescension on our part to state thus much, and we merely hint it under the rose, because we should be, of all persons, the last to trumpet our own fame. Indeed, in such particulars an editor cannot be too circumspect. There are reasons for a prudent reserve, which the public do not perceive. We beseech them to recollect that there are many other editors in the West of England besides ourselves. Suppose the extent of our fame were made known to them in its multitudinous reality—what would be the consequences? Chagrin, mortification, hopeless despair,—producing bile, jaundice, and broken hearts—and these

again, pecuniary losses, melancholy bereavements, and the throwing of helpless families upon the world. Dare we lend ourselves to such atrocities? We repeat it, that a journalist should be full of modesty, from his toe-nails to his finger-tips. How ill would it become us to parade before curious eyes our budget of laudatory testimonials, from the sheet of vellum with its seal blushing in armorial dignity, to the triangular note of whity-brown, cemented with friendship and bees-wax! Would it, we ask, be delicate in us to state how our journal traverses not only the streams and valleys of England, but the banks of the Tweed and the Shannon?—how a tourist, in exploring one of the innermost caverns of the Derbyshire Peak, found a man reading the *Cornubian;* and how Thady O'Shane, the post-boy, got drubbed the other day by mine host of the 'Shamrock,' near the Giant's Causeway, for losing a weekly number of this print—the said number being found in his hat after the tickling was over? Would it be proper to reveal the extent of our circulation in the French, Portuguese, and Belgic capitals—through the United States, West Indies, and South America—to say nothing of Van Diemen's Land, and Tongataboo? Ought we to admit the eulogies of our friends for what was indeed but an act of justice—our providing for the orphans of a waterman whose boat swamped in our own harbour from being unfortunately overloaded with a week's impression, to save the sailing of the Lisbon Packet? Again, with respect to the influence which we are said to exert. Could we with any propriety make public the encomiums of a warm-hearted correspondent who tells us that the noble stand which the Belgians made against the Dutch was chiefly owing to our encouraging tone?—of another, who says that the Duke of Wellington's shadow is shortened two inches since we opposed ourselves to his projects?—or of a third, who writes from Ross

Island in the Lake of Killarney, that O'Connell's influence is visibly decreased in Ireland since—as he elegantly expresses himself—we 'touched up' that demagogue? But these things we suspect, are mere jokes. We cannot seriously believe that such consequences have resulted from our humble efforts. That our labors have been instrumental in ousting the old Cabinet, and bringing in the new,—that we have accelerated the progress of Parliamentary Reform—that our influence is sensibly felt in the strong-holds of arbitrary power and political corruption—these are circumstances which, when forced upon our notice by ardent admirers, we can only answer with our blushes. But over the affairs of other nations we distinctly disavow our having any control. Painful as it is, on all occasions, to have our own popularity made a theme of discussion, it is doubly so when it is grossly exaggerated, because the inevitable re-action must cause it to fall proportionably below a fair estimate. We trust that this explanation, thus wrung from us, will convince the world that upon such a topic we are justified in being silent."

"Allow us to glance at an objection started against our politics—that they are too revolutionary. This we deny, *in toto*. Had our reign commenced before that of Charles the Tenth terminated, we should most certainly have been the eulogists of the men of July. When we began our career we found Belgium struggling for liberty, and we applauded her. And now that the Poles are rising against their oppressors, we rejoice in the prospect of their deliverance. But it is only from a defect in language, that these movements are termed revolutions. When the Belgians saw their rights gradually withdrawn, their national charter openly violated, their patriots banished, the press silenced, and the public voice subdued by Dutch mercenaries, had they allowed these atrocities to continue till every vestige

of liberty had disappeared, such a result might well be called a revolution. Had Charles been able to impose his tyrannical ordinances upon the French, and thus at a blow have swept away the public freedom, that would indeed have been a revolution. But the so-called revolutionary proceedings have been in reality the preventives of revolution. In Poland the reign of despotism has long been triumphant, though its power has frequently been disputed. There have not in any period of her history been wanting brave and devoted spirits, who, if circumstances were favorable to their wishes, would have proved themselves redeemers from an age of shame. Can anything exhibit more strikingly the fierceness of arbitrary sway in Poland, than the circumstance, that the immediate cause of the insurrection at Warsaw was an order from the Grand Duke Constantine, that twelve students of the military school should be shot for singing the Marsellois Hymn? Let not resistance against such oppression as this be termed 'revolution,' if by that word is meant anything inimical to public good or universal happiness."

"A word respecting the general arrangement of our journal. A letter bearing the Stratton post-mark, and signed 'Giles Stubbs,' complains of our appropriating a page to poetry and literary notices, and wishes us to be more copious upon agricultural matters. Now we assure the agriculturists that their interests are deep in our hearts. We pass over the circumstances of our possessing in ourselves a decided taste for rural affairs—of our having written several of the most valuable articles in the *Farmers' Magazine*, especially one upon the advantages of drill husbandry—and of our hitting upon two inventions now in embryo, one for milking cows by steam, and the other for distilling brandy from turnip-tops. But with all deference to our friend Stubbs, and while we assure him that the agricultural reports, together with much miscel-

laneous information on farming matters, will in future appear regularly in this journal, we would submit to him that the literary notices and extracts of which he complains are not, to use his own expressive language, 'all nonsense.' Will he be good enough to recollect that in most families there are, besides the father and sons, a wife and daughters, and that while all feel a general interest in our literary varieties, they especially minister to the gratification of the latter. Perhaps at this moment some graceful girl is giving forth in tones of richest melody the sentences of this very article, and tired of its dreariness, is anxious to see the venerable listener at her elbow fall asleep, that she may escape into the tempting columns of our literary page. Pitiful apostates should we be, if for a moment we could forget the claims which the amiable sex have upon our attention. We dreamt one night that we were the editor of a journal expressly for the use of young ladies. An elegant little sheet we remember it was, of rose-colored paper, and printed in gold, with types of, if possible, superior clearness and beauty to those of the *Cornubian*. The advertisements were all of the Fine Arts, Literature, and the Fashions. The Foreign and Domestic Intelligence related chiefly to love affairs, and the literary department was a galaxy of gems. The contributions were numerous, and eminent for taste and talent. We recollect being seated in our editorial capacity at a table covered with wines and confectionary, flourishing a silver pen through a leading article which consisted of a parallel between the genius of L. E. L. and Miss Jewsbury. Never shall we forgive the twinge of the cramp which awoke us from that delightful vision."

"All the newspapers in England are telling us how much they are improving, and what wonderful things they are going to say and sing in the course of the ensuing year. 'New arrangements'—'contributors of acknowledged

talent—'great exertions'—'exclusive intelligence'—'extensive correspondence,' &c., &c.—Now to us, who know a thing or two, it is great amusement to observe how these baits are swallowed. Mind—not a syllable against their veracity, for much of the work is already done. The dreadful-accident men have several weeks been engaged upon some signal horrors for the beginning of January; a series of elopements and abductions, many of them under circumstances of peculiar interest, are in manuscript; and the bites of mad dogs, for next summer, are wrought up with great spirit. The 'exclusive intelligence' will be highly attractive. The gentleman who furnished the *Court Journal* a few weeks since, with the Convention of the Allied Powers respecting Belgium, has several ingenious conspiracies in preparation; one of them a plot which will go hard with Don Miguel, and another of the darkest description, which will require the aid of the Carbonari. The bulletins are in a state of great forwardness for the Polish War; and a foreign correspondent has engaged to furnish the proceedings of the Carlist faction in Spain through the twopenny post. An eruption of Vesuvius, and several shocks of an earthquake in Sicily, have been determined upon. Much interesting information respecting affairs in the East may be expected from an 'arrangement' to that effect with one Mr. Ibn Ben Mustapha, who occupies a high official station as market inspector of weights and measures, at Smyrna. From the extreme remoteness of China, the news from that country can best be prepared at home;—the Police Reporters do it very decently. It will be seen from this, that with our own comparatively imperfect means of information, it will require all our diligence to cope with such rivals. What are the common-place qualities of industry, honesty, and independence, when measured against the extent of their resources? What is an accurate report of the Cornish

Markets, compared with the discovery of a state intrigue in Barbary? or the communications of an intelligent correspondent at Callington, contrasted with the recent despatches of a moustachoed spy, writing in hieroglyphics from the Pyramids?"

"But even while we write, thoughts of deeper and graver interest are forcing themselves upon us. A few hours—and eighteen-hundred-and-thirty will be gone for ever! How intensely solemn is the moment in which a year expires!—in which we gaze with 'lingering look' till imagination turns it even to shape, and we seem to behold it gathering up its mantle—giving a last glance at earth—delivering up its awful record—and passing with silent step into the deep of eternity? With the lively anticipations of the future, what fond regrets mingle from the past, as the heart recalls its vanished treasures, and the 'graves of memory' give up their dead. We have been briefly attempting a political retrospect, but how wretchedly insignificant are its objects in comparison with that moral retrospect which fills a contemplative mind as a new year rises upon the world. But we are close upon our limits, and the train of thought thus opened to the eye we leave to be finished in the meditations of the heart."

"We conclude by expressing our grateful acknowledgments for the cordial support and co-operation with which we have been favored; by tendering our congratulations upon the advancement of those deep and permanent interests which lie at the root of national prosperity; and with a solemn recognition of that superintending Providence which controls and disposes all human affairs. To our readers, friends, and correspondents; to our contemporaries, and the public at large; and, above all, to that chosen band, THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE CORNUBIAN, each and all—we cordially wish a happy new year."

CHAPTER VII.

WITH such agreeable contemplations of its doings in the past brief period of its existence, and with such bright anticipations of what would be done in the future, the *Cornubian* entered on the year 1831. There was, as we have said, no dearth of subjects for newspaper discussion, but the question of the day, whether for journals young, old, or middle-aged, was that of REFORM. To the merits of this question, no man was more keenly alive than the editor of the *Cornubian*. He entered into it with heart and soul, no theologian setting a higher value on a point of faith as the *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ*, than the estimation in which he held this measure as inseparably bound up with the peace and prosperity of the country. His enthusiasm, however, on this subject, was tinctured but very slightly with romance; and if on the one hand he indignantly reprobated the policy which under an unmeaning reverence for ancestral wisdom resists all interference with established good or evil, he denounced in equally unsparing terms the pretensions of men who played upon the popular passions by exalting Reform into a panacea for all human ills, and who would place the franchise in the hands of every beggar in the community. "Freedom," he observes, "like Falstaff, has her ragged regiments, and at a time when her veteran forces are moving onward to victory, it is necessary to guard against the clumsy evolutions of undisciplined troops. In reference to the contemplated extension of our civil liberties we regret to perceive some auxiliaries to the cause, whose assistance will be found rather an incumbrance than an aid.

Our friends in short are becoming too numerous; and finding some of them rather disagreeable company, we are prepared not only to give them the *cut direct*, but to apprise the public of their character."

This expression of feeling was occasioned by the efforts then making in some quarters to revive the scheme of universal suffrage, and had especial reference to a journal just started in Manchester, modestly calling itself '*The Voice of the People*,' and established on the avowed principle of giving the franchise an indiscriminate extension. "Our own theory of Reform," says the *Cornubian*, "is short and simple. We maintain that the Commons House of Parliament should represent the virtue and intelligence of the nation. But in the present constitution of society, the elements of good and evil are so closely intermingled, that these qualities cannot be brought into direct representation. We are compelled therefore to adopt some conventional test by which they can be elicited in the greatest purity. Such a test is to be found only on PROPERTY. Whatever amount of property shall be adjudged to denote in its possessor a sufficient degree of knowledge to estimate the merits of a candidate, and of independence to reject corrupt influence, constitutes an electoral qualification in any subject under the British Crown."

The 23rd day of March, 1831, had been appointed for the holding of a county meeting at Bodmin, for the purpose of testifying to the king the gratitude of the Cornish people for the Bill then before Parliament, as also their entire confidence in his Ministers; and moreover of petitioning to the two Houses of Parliament that the proposed measure might pass into a law. This meeting was appointed in answer to a requisition which the High Sheriff had received, signed with about 1200 signatures—including between thirty and forty magistrates and clergy-

men—in three days. The *Cornubian* hailed the meeting as one which would result in a high day for the reformers of Cornwall. "Many years," it says, "have they through evil and through good report zealously pursued their course, and the strength of their mutual congratulations on the approaching day will be the earnest of an abundant recompense. The Reform Bill will withdraw a greater number of members from Cornwall than from any other county. But as we know little of these gentlemen beyond seeing their names in the County Almanack, our feelings will not be martyred by the bereavement. It is well, however, that, being subject to a greater excision than any county else, we should express our acquiesence in its justice, for if *we* are satisfied, no other part of the kingdom can have a right to complain!"

As to the ultimate fate of the Bill, our authority held it unpardonable scepticism to have any doubts at all upon the matter. The destiny of the Reform Bill it declared to be written as with light from heaven; and to be as distinctly perceptible in the annals of the future, as the danger of refusing such concessions had been seen in the history of the past. But as to the manner in which it would work its way through Parliament—and especially, what kind of handling it would for a long time get in the Upper House, this was a question fraught with grave suspicions. On the second moving of the Bill in the Commons, it became evident that the question would be forced to a division, and this might result in a *small* majority against the Bill. Parliament would then be dissolved, and the "moral feeling" of the country being brought into full play, a new House of Commons would carry every thing before them. For how could it be otherwise? "That the regular traders in the people's liberties should clamour against a measure which compels them to relinquish their unhallowed traffic, is not a matter

of astonishment, nor is it surprising that a few men of purer principles, but mistaken zeal, should defend the existing system; but that the joint efforts of the King, the Cabinet, seven-eighths of the independent members of the Legislature, and ninety-nine hundredths of the people, should be successfully repelled by any possible combination of such antagonists, is too degrading an hypothesis to be indulged for a moment."

The Reformers had met at Bodmin, and the attendance was respectable, although a great number of the agriculturalists who wished well to the new electoral system were seduced by the fine spring weather to remain at home and look after their crops. In the meantime they were given to understand that another voice was to reach the ears of Parliament. An Anti-reform petition, signed by a highly respectable list of magistrates, and of members of the Corporation of Truro, with others of the clergy, freeholders, and inhabitants of the county, prayed the Commons of the United Kingdom to pause before they gave their sanction to a measure which was fraught with the greatest danger to the land. The petition deprecated "all hasty and theoretical experiments on a system which has been found by experience so consonant to the genius, so conducive to the interests and the welfare of all ranks of society in this favored country." The *Cornubian* gave the petition credit for respectability in point of names, but demurred to its logic, especially in the matter of interference with existing systems. It remarked that "as *hasty* is a term of comparison, the petition should have stated the length of time necessary for the gestation of the measure. About fifty years have elapsed since it became a question of great public interest. One generation expected it, but passed away without seeing it accomplished. The greatest part of another has followed, and still we are warned to avoid a hasty experiment.

Times without number it has been discussed in the Senate,—literary men have canvassed it in an infinity of shapes,—and the national mind has more frequently been exercised upon it than any other topic. Still, the Legislature is cautioned against rushing into such a change merely upon fifty years' reflection! How long, then, is the measure to be deferred? Is it to be anti or post-millennial?! Again, *theoretical experiments* are condemned. We are at a loss to understand this. Is not every experiment in its own nature essentially theoretical? An experiment is a theory put into action to try its effect. It may be said that this is mere verbal criticism, but the House of Commons should at least be approached with intelligible language."

On the 29th of April, the *Cornubian* announced to its readers the dissolution of Parliament. The Anti-reformers had defeated the Ministerial forces. Ministers had tendered their resignation, but his Majesty had determined that the country should now have the opportunity of giving an opinion on the great measure. This again threw the opponents of Reform into terrible consternation, and they made a "dead set" at the King, "representing their own loyalty, the seditious designs of the Reformers, the purity of the rotten boroughs, and the danger of his rebelling against himself;" to all which his Majesty had said, "*I will never desert the people.*" A general election was therefore at hand, and our journalist deemed it right to give the Cornish electors a stirring homily on their duty at such a crisis; concluding a vigorous protest against the baseness of bribery, corruption, and intimidation, with the following appeal:—"Electors of Cornwall, our respect for your collective judgment, and pride in the proverbial good sense of our native county, alike prevent us from dictating the course you should pursue in the coming election. The triumph of Reform or

of Anti-Reform is with us but of little moment compared with the triumph of your own purity and independence. *You* are our only party; the advancement of *your* interests is our highest aim. The candidates are before you. In your own minds is the knowledge which will discriminate their merits,—in your own hearts is the zeal which will give that knowledge effect. Inflammatory appeals to your passions would be as insulting to you as degrading to ourselves. We have unbounded confidence in your wisdom and integrity, and find in them the best guarantees for your faithful discharge of the sacred duty which you owe to yourselves, your country, and your King."

The election proceeded; and although Sir Robert Peel had declared that the national mind had undergone a re-action in respect to the Reform Bill, the returns from different parts of the kingdom did not tally with this declaration. Victory for the Reformers was certain, but "in the elation of victory the vanquished must be spared." In its issue of May 13, the *Cornubian* calculated that as matters then stood the Bill must have a majority of a hundred in its favor. Its success in the Lower House was therefore undoubted, but what were its prospects in the higher Assembly? There had been an "unpleasant rumour" that the Bishops had almost to a man resolved to make a stand against it; but their lordships were warned that "ages would not repair the injury which they would inflict on the Church of England by putting themselves in opposition to the virtue and intelligence of the community, if they thus repelled the intellectual and moral sympathies of the nation." Other opponents, to whose persons there attached much less of what was sacred, were handled somewhat more freely. "A cold dinner was eaten, in defence of Anti-Reform principles, by the Ultra-Tories of Essex, on Tuesday se'nnight; and

we perceive that in several [illegible] cherishing their [illegible] There is some sense in this. [illegible] who recovered from a fright [illegible] of pork chops; and nothing is more [illegible] Tories from their game than an [illegible] hilarating odds and ends.'

The opening of Parliament [illegible] security attended the Bill in the [illegible] indeed great uncertainty as to its late [illegible] Ultra section of Anti-Reformers [illegible] lukewarm speech which Sir Robert Peel made in the Lower House, and on this affair we have an [illegible] comment, the justness of which has been [illegible] cated by the subsequent career of this statesman. 'We fear,' it says, 'that the Ex-Secretary has not committed himself with party in private as [illegible] with respect to his own action in the case it must be remembered that there is an amazing difference between heading an army in hopes of victory, and leading them on to certain defeat. Last session he knew nothing of the sound of 'flutes and soft recorders' now they reach only to the melancholy music of muffled drums. Besides, Sir Robert has always professed a deference to public opinion, and however much he has occasionally misled his own theories, has ever paid homage to the *vox populi*. The late elections must have convinced him that he stood in opposition to the sense of the country; and with this conviction, although he may still be in the field against the Bill, it will be without that acerbity of tone which he possessed in the late parliament.'

Such was the criticism on Sir Robert Peel's proceedings; and as the name of this distinguished man will naturally become prominent in the succeeding pages of these memoirs, we may state, once for all, that by no one were

Sir Robert's abilities and conduct as a statesman more warmly admired and defended—*during the latter years of his statesmanship*—than by the writer of the above extract. In a conversation on the Corn Laws, about the time when their abolition was virtually accomplished, he expressed himself to this effect,—"Sir Robert is a noble fellow; I should like him to be the perpetual Minister, and the *Times* to be his perpetual exponent." Time however works wonders; for concerning the same Minister it was written by the same authority, many years before, that he had been tried by every party—had been trusted by all—had tricked them all—had betrayed them all. It is certain that at the period in question nothing was further from his thoughts than making Sir Robert an object of political idolatry. He regarded that Minister as the very type and *beau ideal* of the time-serving, slippery statesman, who had too much love to certain political theories not to battle for them with all his might as long as there was a chance of their being triumphant; and who had too much fondness for standing well with the people, not to sacrifice his most distinguished hobbies if they could do nothing but make him unpopular. It would surely require a wise head to shew us in what respect Sir Robert deviated from this policy in the general course of his eccentric career. He was the very apostle and high-priest of expediency; and if it be asked how we are to account for the honor in which he was finally held by the people, and the praise with which from every quarter he was so plentifully bespattered, the answer is by no means difficult. Nothing is easier than to forgive the political errors of those whose repentance turns them in the direction of our own views. The man who for many years has sworn by our creed, and has now got into a different way of thinking,—no matter how sincere his convictions,—he is the renegade, the apostate, the traitor

to his principles; while another, who from the opposite extremity has just reached the point from which the former started—is a worthy and meritorious character, who is not ashamed to lay himself open to the influences of advancing light and intelligence; one, in fact, who should be held in peculiar honor, as having risked a great deal of obloquy in showing how much more he loves Truth than what is called Consistency.

As to this Consistency—a word on which so many changes have been rung—some sentiments will be found elsewhere which are unquestionably just, the subject being regarded from one point of view. It is contended, and reasonably enough, that consistency, as some would have it, will forbid the Jew to become a Christian, or the Catholic to become a Protestant. It forbids a man to embrace any system in religion, or politics, or science, but that which he first adopted. With him, of course, there can be no progress but in one way, and should he happen to be in the dark nothing lies before him but still deeper darkness. It must be granted that the parties who have made the most noise about political consistency have clamoured for they knew not what; inasmuch as no statesman can justly be called inconsistent while his practice is in harmony with his avowed principles, — how different soever those principles may be from the opinions advocated at some other period. It must, however, be equally obvious that when every kind of tergiversation may shelter itself under the plea of present convictions, the circumstances in which such changed convictions are produced will settle to a great extent their moral value; and also that the oftener a man changes his opinions, though in every such mutation he is bound to act upon them, he must be content to have his intellectual reputation proportionately diminished, even if the virtue of sincerity is fully allowed him. It must further be remem-

bered that whatever changes may come on a man's views on many subjects through a course of many years, there is a certain time of life when he is expected to have thought out various important questions, and to have some principles about him that may be regarded as fixed and settled,—principles that will give way to no "pressure from without" — that will command and secure his allegiance through every ebb and flow of popular favor. If Sir Robert had any principles of this kind, it will be an interesting work for some future historian to tell the public what they were. There was something more than wit in the declaration of Col. Sibthorpe, when the Maynooth Bill was under discussion,—that he expected to see the day when the right honorable baronet would be changed into a Turk and sit cross-legged. It is hard, however, as already observed, to be very quarrelsome with a man whose shifts and slidings have done such excellent service to our own cause. In Sir Robert's case it was peculiarly difficult, for on the question which made him the idol of the people,—the Corn Laws—he had not only given the Free-traders the satisfaction of seeing him abandon his past professions, but had afforded them the still more exquisite pleasure of witnessing the confusion, mortification, and dismay of the protectionist landholders, who had trusted to him as the bulwark of their hopes, and had then to look on and see their strongholds broken down by the very arm which they had strengthened to support and establish them.

We return to the *Cornubian* and the Reform Bill. A majority of 136 carried the second reading in the House of Commons. But the House of Lords, again—aye, there's the rub. Editorial congratulations were mingled with tones of sorrow as it was stated that "notwithstanding the triumphant success of the Reform Bill in the Commons, there is still reason to fear its rejection by the

Lords. A calculation which we fear is too accurate, makes it appear that it will be defeated in the Upper House by a small majority;—a majority, we grieve to add, composed of Spiritual Lords. We can scarcely imagine a deeper humiliation of the national character, than that a system so replete with iniquity—so rankly luxuriant with the fruits of vice—should be upheld by men who are bound by the most sacred pledges to assist in its extirpation. The moral feeling of the nation—a tribunal superior to either Lords or Commons—has passed sentence on its abuses, and that sentence must soon or late be confirmed by the Legislature. Are the Heads of the Church openly to proclaim that their own morality is behind that of the age? Instead of exciting the people by their own example, to the practice of severer virtue, are they only to retard the efforts which they should promote? The public will use short arguments with the Bishops. We cannot hear from *them* of the beneficial working of bad systems;—we cannot admit *their* advocacy of the hollow doctrine of expediency. They stand on other ground, and our appeal goes at once to the Law and to the Testimony; and if the abuses of the Representation do not stand condemned by the whole tenor of revealed Truth, we will cheerfully submit to their continuance. We do not hesitate to assert that every vote which the Spiritual Lords record against Reform, will be a disgrace to the Establishment, an insult to the nation, and a libel on the Christian faith."

Amid the perplexities into which the editorial mind was thus occasionally thrown by the conduct of obedient Commons and refractory Bishops, the never-failing watch-word was always at hand—"Success is certain!" and with this the *Cornubian* closed up the first year of its labors. "Yes, the Bill MUST pass; and from it, as from a fountain of strength and purity, will flow blessings of incalculable

benefit to our country. It will purify the temple of Justice, extend the triumphs of freedom, and remove the unacceptable offerings heaped on the altars of Religion. It will break down the artificial distinctions which give wealth an ascendancy over wisdom, and enable worth and talent, wherever found, to exercise their legitimate influence on Society."

The next issue of the Journal had a long leader of two columns headed, somewhat prematurely, "The Fall of Toryism," but mainly dealing with the merits of the general question. The Bill had been read a third time in the House of Commons, and carried by a majority of 109. "Every thing," says the *Cornubian*, "that could be urged against the Bill, was offered by Sir Robert Peel, in his very best style. The hon. baronet's arguments were all based on the principle that a system under which the country has prospered well ought not to be altered. That the country has prospered *under* the borough system, we all know;—the question is, whether its prosperity is *in consequence* of that system; and this he did not find it convenient to dwell upon. But why is he not true to his own principles? The country prospered under the criminal laws which he recently swept away with his own sacrilegious hand. It prospered under the civil disabilities of the Catholics—why did he consent to their removal? Sir Robert's father did not use this logic when that great mechanical invention was offered him which so rapidly improved the manufacture of cotton. He did not object, that as the trade had prospered so well under the old manufacture, there was no occasion for a change, but adopted the invention, and realized the fortune which enables his son to declaim in Parliament against a departure from old systems."

A fortnight after the article headed "The Fall of Toryism" came another headed "Defeat of the Reform

Bill."—"With feelings in which we are at a loss to say whether shame, sorrow, or indignation predominates, we record the mournful intelligence that the Reform Bill was rejected by the Peers, on Saturday last, by a majority of forty-one."

Sad result of the new and triumphant election! Deplorable issue of Royal patriotism! Melancholy turn-up after all the solemn expostulation with the Lords Spiritual! Not that the measure could ultimately fail; but there must be a needless interim in which no blessings would be flowing from "this fountain of strength and purity"—in which the temple of Justice would be still unpurged—in which the triumphs of Freedom would remain stationary—in which a great number of unacceptable offerings would be again "heaped upon the altar of Religion." But there was strong consolation in the cup of sorrow. "The Ministry will not desert the King nor the People. We trust they will not be slow in adopting the only constitutional means of carrying the Bill through the Upper House. What have they to fear? the offended dignity of a few Tory lords, and the outcry of a few slanderous journals? And how soon will their murmurs be quelled by the grateful acclamations of a united people! Can any man soberly contemplate the present state of the country, smarting under a sense of insult and oppression,—the position of the House of Commons, standing self-convicted in the eyes of the nation, and severed from the House of Peers—and the consequences which must result from such a disordered state of things,—and believe that any constitutional means, however unusual, should not be resorted to, rather than permit its continuance? Their lordships appear to be extremely sensitive on the score of intimidation, but, as Lord Brougham happily observed, the most unworthy fear is that of being thought afraid. We have somewhere read of an old

gentleman who was accustomed to do the most extravagant things because people should not think he was ruled by his wife; and the jealousy which the Peers display respecting the control of public opinion seems to act on them much in the same manner. But at this awful crisis such fears should be flung to the winds, instead of being interposed between a nation and its rights. It is probable that the intentions of Ministers will be disclosed before the publication of our next number. We wait with intense anxiety, in which the whole country participates, for the result of their councils, and in the interim console ourselves with a firm belief that they are DETERMINED TO CARRY THE BILL."

In the early part of December, the Parliament was again opened, and the Royal Speech announced that his Majesty felt it his duty in the first place to recommend to the most careful consideration of the Commons the measures to be proposed for a reform in the Commons House of Parliament. "A speedy and satisfactory settlement of this question becomes daily of more pressing importance to the security of the State, and to the contentment and welfare of my people." Lord John Russell brought his new Bill in the House, the second reading of which stood over for the 16th. The *Cornubian* of this date observes:—"The RE-ACTION is come, and in the right quarter. We congratulate our readers on the altered tone of the House of Lords respecting the Reform question. On the first day of the session, Lord Eldon, the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl Harrowby—the only speakers on the Opposition side — distinctly pledged themselves to a consideration of the new bill, on its own proper merits, without reference to the discussion of last session, and with due regard to the feelings of the people. We may be too sanguine, but the admissions made by these noblemen—the recantations of some

of the Bishops—the influence which the continued high tone of popular feeling, and strength of public opinion must surely, though silently, have exerted on the minds of the Peers since last session, inspire us with a cheering hope that the Parliament now assembled will consummate the triumph of the healing measure." Favorably, however, as matters were progressing, a voice from Falmouth was heard rousing the somewhat languid energies of the Parliament, and assuring the Commons that nothing but a still more vigorous course of action would meet the exigencies of the case. There was too much small talk, too much accusatory and recriminatory palaver; and they were assured that "the people of England witness these factious delays with inexpressible disgust. They are tired of the eternal repetitions of Sir Robert Peel's magnificent common-place, of Sir Harlequin Wetherell's abortive humour, of Mr. Croker's captious conceits, and the servile echoes of their followers, from the ludicrous choler of Col. Sibthorpe down to the idiot gabble of the hero of Peterloo." No wonder that after such an objurgation as this, there was a more steady attention to business. A majority of 116 again carried the Bill through the Commons, and again the attention of the country was "directed with distressing anxiety to the House of Lords." It was believed that the Tories were as sour as ever, hating the Ministers and the Bill with all their might. Dr. Phillpotts, the Bishop of Exeter, had taken up the subject "with an acrimony of personal feeling that was truly disgraceful." In short, "all hopes of conciliating the Peers are at an end, and the Bill—may we not add, the country—has no chance of salvation but in the prompt and vigorous measures on the part of the Cabinet to prevent a collison between the two Houses, and the consequent disruption of the Government."

At length the Bill passed its second reading in the

Lords by a majority of 9, which as compared with an opposing majority of 41 in the last session, gave no small cause for triumph. There was, however, as yet no security that the nation would get much more than a nominal Reform, unless everybody was wide awake. "The Peers" says the *Cornubian*, "will go into Committee on the Bill at their first meeting after the Easter recess, when it is to be feared"—and certainly the prospect was not a pleasant one—"that without an accession to their number, *they will expunge every clause to which any value can be attached.*" The only hope was that Earl Grey, by the exercise of the power with which there was no doubt the King had invested him, would take care that the Bill should be safe.

Fresh sorrows were awaiting the unhappy Reform Bill. On May 15, it was announced that EARL GREY'S MINISTRY WAS DISSOLVED. The Bill had been roughly handled, the King had been advised to increase the Peerage, and could not consent. Ministers had resigned.

They were not long, however, in being re-instated. Lord Lyndhurst had been commissioned to construct a government, but nobody would join his administration. The task was then transferred to the Duke of Wellington, and this circumstance afforded the *Cornubian* a very pleasant subject for comment. "Great was the exultation of the Conservatives at the prospect of enlisting under the great military commander. True, it was, that his Majesty had clogged the offer of the Premiership with the condition that whoever accepted it must pledge himself to carry an extensive measure of Reform, and equally true it was that his Grace of Wellington had repeatedly and solemnly protested that he never could assent, not merely to an extensive but even to the most diminutive change in the representation. It was therefore said by

all plain-spoken, straightforward, thinking people that the Duke could not vault into the seat of power but by so prodigious a flying leap as they thought him incapable of performing. But his Grace is an adroit tactician. When Lord Lyndhurst waited on him, it was not, according to his own statement, the Reform measure, or his oft-repeated opinions thereon, that riveted his attention, but the forlorn condition of his Majesty! The King, he says, was left "all alone." This was touching. It was in vain that such trivial matters as the Reform Bill, or his own credit for political consistency, interposed to prevent the full flow of his generous affections. His Majesty was left "alone." This one mournful image was all he saw—and nobly disdaining all minor considerations, he rushed to the rescue of forsaken Royalty! While perusing his Grace's pathetic representation of the distressing state to which his Majesty was reduced, we could with difficulty think of the monarch as being still invested with kingly splendour, but rather as a broken down Tar, with scarcely a crust in his pocket or trousers on his legs. So entirely absorbed were the Duke's sympathies by the affecting circumstances of the King being thus left alone, that it never once occurred to him, amidst the enthusiasm of his pity, that when Earl Grey retired from office another party was left alone—the people of England,—and in a far gloomier solitude. But thus it is, that even the greatest spirits are sometimes completely overpowered by one master passion."

The Duke's sympathy, however, was to no purpose; he could do nothing in the way of forming an Administration. On the evening of the same day Earl Grey stated in the House of Lords that he had "received a communication from his Majesty." This was enough. It was seen at once that the Earl was again to take office,

and that as he would only do so on one condition, the Reform Bill was virtually settled. "We have just time," says the editor, "to congratulate our readers on the glorious prospect that now opens on the country. The Reform Bill is placed beyond all risk of danger, our civil institutions are purifying themselves from the corruptions of time, and in the amended shape in which we shall shortly behold them, they will form the proudest heritage of the present generation, and the noblest legacy we can bequeath to future ages." On the eve of the Bill receiving the Royal assent the same exulting note is taken up: "To-morrow then, will be a proud day for England! A day made sublime by the great measure which it will consummate, and the gratulations it will diffuse through the Empire! In the life of the most aged man, such a day can come but *once*. A light breaks in upon it from every past era of our liberties, and shines forward from it with a radiance which will grow brighter and brighter through succeeding ages. It requires no pomp of words to depict the grateful emotion which swells the breast of every lover of his country at the near prospect of this august measure. We content ourselves with the expression of our fervent gratitude to Divine Providence for strengthening our civil freedom by this invaluable gift, and of our solemn aspirations that it may accelerate the advancement of national prosperity, and the great interests of human life."

On Monday, June 4th, the third reading of the Bill was carried in the House of Lords by a majority of 106 against 22. It received the Royal sanction on the following Thursday, and another voice of congratulation announced that "it is now part and parcel of the British Constitution,—the inalienable inheritance of every Englishman. Henceforth the people and the Government

can have but one interest, and as the barrier that separated Whigs from Tories is now overthrown, we trust the nominal distinction will perish with it. England wants but one party—the party of Truth and Justice; and but one code of policy—the eternal laws of right and wrong. Our civil liberties are now established on an imperishable basis, and henceforward the Conservative motto shall be ours—*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare.*"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Reform Bill of 1832, as a matter of political history, requires no notice in these pages, and has been dwelt upon at no greater length than was necessary from its relation to the intellectual career of one who was at that time conducting a public journal in Cornwall. For the other subjects discussed in the columns of the *Cornubian* a passing glance must suffice. To the mind so jealous of the liberties of Englishmen there would naturally be the feeling of high indignation against all despots who stood chargeable with the wrongs of what have been elegantly termed "oppressed nationalities;" and accordingly, the cause of Poland, at that time struggling to throw off the yoke of Russia, had an ardent champion in the Falmouth organ. "The dismemberment of Poland," it said, "was an act which stands alone in the annals of crime. History records it as the most signal atrocity of unprovoked power. The day following that on which the Emperor of Germany, the Empress of Russia, and the King of Prussia, signed the articles which appropriated their shares of the spoils, *they should have ornamented the highest gallows in Europe, as land pirates of the first eminence.*"—"No law, human or divine, annexes Poland to the neighbouring powers. Obtained by plunder, and held by brute force, she can only be reconquered by similar iniquity—by an open avowal that might shall be superior to right, and that the happiness of a nation shall be sacrificed to ravenous ambition."

This is strong language, but was fully justified in the writer's opinion by the oppression and wrongs of a country where no individual was allowed to go out of his

house after 9 p.m., without a lantern; where not more than three persons were allowed to meet out of their own dwellings upon any pretence whatever, so that "four old women, detected over a cup of tea, might be arrested by the gensdarmes and have their tongues silenced in a state fortress." The Polish cause, however, was supposed to be in a very hopeful condition. The nobles, the clergy, and the common laborers, were joined together in making trenches and fortifications, and the Jews had suspended business for a time to take up arms. An army of 10,000 Lithuanians had swelled their forces, and as Nicholas had offered the Poles six weeks to consider what they would do, the offer was gladly accepted, as affording a very precious interval for the strengthening of all the resources they could command in the accomplishment of their object. It was high time for the Czar to look about him, for large bodies of his own subjects were copying Polish morals; no less than 120,000 of his troops having refused to act against Poland, while at Wilna there was the breaking out of an open insurrection. The Poles would certainly raise about 100,000 disciplined troops, and twice that number of the peasantry, armed with scythes and flaming with patriotic zeal, would cut their way to freedom with a power that Muscovy would resist to small purpose. The people had published a manifesto declaring that if Poland was to fall beneath the ruins of its towns and the bodies of its defenders, the enemy should reign only over deserts. The *Cornubian's* manifesto, two months afterwards, was as follows:—

"The Poles are still keeping their enemies at bay, and even occasionally venturing on the offensive. The Russian troops are evidently disordered, and some of them have retreated along the Volhynian frontiers. It is also reported that the Polish insurrection is becoming more general throughout the provinces. Though these events

are far from being decisive, they animate our hope for these brave people. Whether they will at present succeed in extricating themselves from the robber grasp of Russia, is still a fearful question; but it is gratifying to know that they have at least the power of deeply wounding the hand that fetters them."

"But though the struggles of Poland may be ineffectual for the time, they will not have been made in vain. The cause of freedom has received an impulse of incalculable energy, and the hearts of millions are cherishing a deeper sense of their country's wrongs. Noble efforts are never wholly lost. There is a divine power in the spirit of liberty, by which, even when it seems destroyed, it is only mingling with new elements of strength and preparing for sterner warfare. The haughty Russian shall yet know that a nation which wills its own freedom is a fearful antagonist. War may give him a temporary conquest, but Poland has all the means of salvation. Her literature, preserved through a night of bondage—burning indignation against her spoiler, bequeathed from sire to son through successive generations—the chivalrous spirit of her children, gathering strength from every conflict—and the voices of the dead, mightier than those of the living;—we are slow to believe that over all these despotism will ultimately triumph. The legions of the Czar present an imposing front, but we know of what discordant elements tyranny is composed. His deeds are registered in heaven, and the progress of retributive justice is not the less certain because indistinctly discernible. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera, and more than human power is enlisted on the side of the oppressed."

Gratifying intelligence was soon announced. The battle of Praga had given the Poles a most triumphant success. It could hardly be doubted that Polish independence

would soon be achieved. For several weeks subsequently, the Prussian armies were kept at bay, and the Emperor was said to be "sitting on the throne of his frozen Capital like a sorcerer bereft of his enchantments." Then we were told that "intelligence from Poland is less satisfactory than usual." There was a rumor that the Russians had crossed the Vistula and were advancing towards Warsaw; while, to make matters worse, the civil and military authorities at that place were quarrelling among themselves. Finally, under date, Oct. 21, 1831, we have among the "Notes of the Week" the news that "the remains of the Polish army are completely routed, and the independence of Poland destroyed."

The kindred question of Colonial Slavery had been treated with a stirring article in the first number of the journal. The subject was resumed a fortnight afterwards, in anticipation of a measure to be proposed in the ensuing Parliament. "We feel it necessary to recur to this question" (Oct. 15, 1830) "in consequence of the early period at which Parliament will assemble. Every day we receive new proofs of its having created fresh and vigorous excitement in the public mind. A glow of generous enthusiasm is kindling throughout the land. There is scarcely a town or village which is not lifting up its voice against a continuance of the system. Its iniquity seems to be felt as an individual as well as a national disgrace; and if ever the solemn remonstrance of a whole nation availed in removing a blot from its dishonoured brow, the ensuing session will spare all future parliaments the trouble of deciding whether the prime rights of man are immutable, or change with the color of the skin. There is also a deepening conviction that the only efficient remedy consists in specifying a day, after which all slave-born children born in British dominions shall be free; and another, on which Slavery shall become wholly extinct. Fatal experience has proved

the futility of grappling with its evils in detail. We have been long enough attempting to dove-tail its atrocities into rules of equity—to reconcile the interests of the slave and his holder by mingling the essential principles of good and evil—a combination as happy as that of the iron and clay in the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's image. The strength of the remedy must be measured by the magnitude of the vice. If Slavery were a system of doubtful character—if its horrors were occasionally relieved by signal benefits—if gleams of gladness sometimes lit up its frowning visage—we might pause in the adoption of any sweeping measure. But the history of Slavery is the history of crime, of foul injustice, of pitiless oppression. Its evils can be met by no practical redress. 'I cannot hear,' said Burke, 'of a mitigation of robbery—of an amelioration of murder.' There is no middle course. The slave must be restored to the full possession of his natural rights, or be avowed the victim of brute power. He must be placed upon the same moral elevation as ourselves, or be given over with the beasts that perish."

To settle the affairs of Poland and the West Indies was, however, a much easier matter than to untie the knot of Irish difficulties. The sister isle, that plague of statesmen, that poser of politicians of every creed, had only received the minimum portion of what she deemed to be "justice" in the concession of Catholic Emancipation. To put forth their strength against the Established Church in Ireland was the natural course to be taken by the Catholic section of the Commons, and whatever ostensible schemes for the welfare of Ireland were advocated by her mouthpiece, Daniel O'Connell, the overthrow of the Protestant Church in that land is generally admitted to have been the real object. Of O'Connell himself the *Cornubian's* opinion seems to have been about the only one which an impartial spectator could form,—that he was

the very bane and pest of that unhappy country, whose poor and deluded people were by thousands stinting themselves of daily bread to fill the pockets of an impostor who was fattening upon their alleged grievances. That he had done his country good service in the cause of Emancipation, was not denied; but the whole of his subsequent career was an evidence that agitation—and that for the most selfish purposes—was the element of his existence, and that consequently it mattered very little to him whether the thing for which he clamoured were substantial or chimerical,—it was enough if it kept him alive before the world, and brought a good stream of "rint" to his exchequer. "When" observes the *Cornubian*, "he first broached the Repeal of the Union, we thought it only a phantom of diseased ambition. It has since assumed a more substantial form, and he appears to be pursuing it with as much vigour as he formerly displayed in furthering Emancipation. He finds himself, however, very differently situated from the position in which he stood previously to the enactment of the Catholic Bill. He was there supported by much of the rank, wealth, and intelligence of the United Kingdom. Now, there are none but himself and 'the boys.' The Catholic aristocracy keep aloof from him; he is held cheap in the House of Commons, where, in his Repeal scheme he has not a single supporter; and he is rapidly losing whatever popularity he possessed among the educated classes in Ireland. He must himself be aware that the spirit of rebellion which he is now recklessly exciting among the ignorant peasantry, can only be a fatal recoil upon the poor victims of his folly."

Again, on the Repeal question, "There is one little matter connected with Dan's scheme, which he has somehow omitted to notice. He has not stated what solitary benefit can result to Ireland from such a measure. His

harangues have been loud about restoring the 'original independence of the country,'—that is, as the *Courier* says, to restore the times when Ireland had a king wearing a blanket and crowned with a hoop of feathers. If Mr. O'Connell will dispassionately look through the perspective of his future life, we fear he would perceive at its termination something bearing a strong resemblance to a twist of cord. For the plain staring fact is, that his designs do not stop short of the disjunction of Ireland from the British Crown, and the author of such a project the English language has but one word to designate. The ministers of revolution will tell the Irish people that all their miseries spring from the Union and may be relieved by its repeal. They will tell them that the great Mr. O'Connell can procure this repeal. Then the uproar will begin. Every toe from Raghlin Isle to Cape Clear will be capering at the prospect of being restored to 'original independence.' The dawn of an age in which every Pat will emerge from his cabin-smoke, and suddenly become great, glorious, and free, will be deemed worthy of some signal demonstrations of joy. Bon-fires will be lit up in a few farm-yards, and some ten or twelve magistrates and proctors will be picked off for the amusement of midnight shooting parties. Petitions for repeal will be got up throughout the island; every bog will send one. The debate in the House will be singularly short, and on a division the 'Noes' will be in the proportion of 100 to 1. The honourable member will then, as he tells us, make his bow to the House and return to Ireland. He will carry through the land the news of his defeat, and will appear everywhere in some appropriate costume as a persecuted patriot driven by a tyrannical parliament for seeking the redress of his country's wrongs."

It was not, however, deemed that the wrongs of Ireland were all imaginary; and the Irish Church, whatever claims

it might have under proper management, was regarded as a sore grievance, from the great abuses which had crept into it. "Is it possible," it was asked, "that men are still to be found who deny the existence of such abuses, and who would perpetuate the system with all its present imperfections? If so, we would ask such false friends to Ireland, why is it that the arm of the law is paralysed? why is the executive power unavailing in bringing the refractory tithe-payers to account? why is even the bayonet ineffective in enforcing the demands of the law? Is it not plainly, because these laws are without the sanction which laws derive from men's natural sense of justice? . . . . There are two classes of friends to the Irish Church who will volunteer their advice in the present crisis. One party will contend that she wants no reformation,—that things must be allowed to remain as they are, with the exception, perhaps, of giving the clergy further aid from the civil power to enforce their demands. They will oppose inquiry, deny that Parliament has any right to legislate for Church property, and will uphold the existence of every established abuse. It is for these men that the Church has already been jeopardized, and will perhaps be ultimately sacrificed. But the other and only true friends of the Establishment will aim to lay open every abuse with a view to its correction; will accommodate its discipline, as far as might be, without compromising its integrity, to the advanced intelligence of the times; will base its claims to universal support on the footing of revealed truth; and disdaining the aid of secular force, will perpetuate its power and glory by identifying them with the highest interests of the human race."

On the defeat of Lord Roden's motion on the state of Ireland (July 2, 1832), it is again observed, "We are compelled to make great allowances on the score of the

ignorance that prevails in Ireland respecting the utility of the Establishment. In this country its value is duly appreciated, but it is difficult to convince the Irish Catholic that it is incumbent upon him to support the ministrations of an opposite faith; and the difficulty is greatly enhanced in cases where the parish in which he resides containing neither a Protestant Church nor people —for half the parishes in Ireland have no churches—and where the money he pays goes into the pocket of a minister who resides in a distant part of the country, and has not even a personal knowledge of his flock. We are not now entering on the question whether such an ecclesiastical system is beneficial to the country or otherwise, but we maintain that the Irish tithe-payer cannot be convinced of its utility and his moral obligation to support it, but by such refined habits of speculative inquiry as he is totally unaccustomed to. Were he inducted into the abstruse philosophy by which it is proved that the benefit which a parish derives is in an inverse ratio to the distance of his personal residence, and that the established religion of a country should be that of a small minority instead of a great majority of the people, who knows but that, with his intellect thus illuminated, the Catholic tithe defaulter might confess his errors and hasten to lay his offerings on our altars?"

The same authority held it as essential to the just principles of religious liberty that no civil disabilities should exclude the Jews from public office or from the Parliament. In the session of 1830, Mr. Robert Grant had given notice that after the Christmas recess he would move in Parliament for a repeal of the civil restrictions upon the Jews. On this subject the *Cornubian* observes,—

"The great principle of religious liberty will not be fully recognized by the British Constitution until emancipatory measures are carried out in favor of these people.

When the Jewish Relief Bill was last before the House the arguments against it were not particularly calculated to raise the logical reputation of its opponents. One of the most prominent objections to the measure was, that the Jews have not a national identity with this country, but regard themselves merely as sojourners here, looking upon Palestine as their ultimate destination. Now, admitting the validity of this plea, it is at the best a very distant expectancy, and we are at a loss to know what practical effect it can have upon the civil economy of the present generation. Because their descendants, one or two thousand years hence, are to locate in another country, it is, to be sure, a most convincing proof that the now existing body should be debarred from civil privileges in this! We presume that the country in which a man is born, lives, and dies, is the only one with which he is really identified; and it would be just as reasonable for the Jews to retort upon us that we ought not to possess national rights, because in a hundred years we shall all be in another state of existence. Besides, we are not aware that their hopes of restoration to their ancient country have made them in the least indifferent to their interest in this; or that they have betrayed any moral incapacity to enter as ardently as ourselves upon the active pursuits of private or public life. If the call were now given for a general migration, we fancy there would be many 'longing, lingering looks behind,'—many a tender glance at the Bazaar, and the Stock-Exchange,—and perhaps a handful of Mexican Bonds, in present possession, would tempt even Baron Rothschild to part with all his reversionary interest in the Holy Land."

"By another class of objectors it has been argued with great vehemence that the Jews are destined by Divine prophecy to remain 'a bye-word and a reproach' among the nations, and that in removing the penal enactments

against them we shall attempt to frustrate the predictions of Holy Writ, and thus involve ourselves in the transgression through which they fell. Passing over the dishonoring implication, that *our* aid is necessary to accomplish the designs of the Deity, we would ask, where are our credentials for assuming this retributive power? In the absence of any express delegation of such authority, it seems a very questionable virtue to erect ourselves into avengers of spiritual guilt. We have but little sympathy with men who discover in themselves such sublime capacities of evil as convince them that they are peculiarly qualified to become the ministers of divine vengeance. It would be a safer course to become ministers of mercy, and to obey the Christian admonition for doing unto others as we would they should do unto us, and so allow the unfulfilled declarations of prophecy to remain among the inscrutable mysteries of futurity."

If the Jew—the denier of the Christian faith *in toto*—was to be thus liberally dealt with, it would naturally be expected that much tenderness would be shown to those sects which, though professedly Christian, are far removed from the orthodoxy of evangelical Christendom. At a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1831, an attempt was made to exclude the Unitarians from co-operation in its labors. For reasons which will be yet more evident in another part of these memoirs, the *Cornubian* indignantly denounced such an attempt:—

"Had Captain Gambier's motion been successful, we can scarcely estimate the amount of injury which would have been inflicted on that venerable institution, and on benevolent associations in general. The exertions of philanthrophy would have been narrowed to the base of a creed—the standard around which the energies of the Christian world are rallied would at once have been broken down, and the ground that should be held sacred

for offices of charity converted into an arena for angry controversialists. We neither admire the taste nor envy the intrepidity of one who voluntarily erects himself into a theological censorship. Himself incapable of producing any system invulnerable in all its parts, the changes which he levels against other denominations are certain of recoiling retributively upon himself. *Why* so many clashing creeds obtain among the members of the universal Church, and are permitted by Providence to retain their ascendancy from age to age, is a question which can only be answered on the other side the grave. But we believe that as virtue and intelligence increase, speculative errors will be less harshly condemned; of which it is a sufficient proof that the most gifted intellects have ever been found the most liberal. We cannot forget that the sect against which this illiberal attempt has been made, boast the illustrious names of Milton, Newton, and Locke; and that in the present day it includes Dr. Ellery Channing, of whom it may be fairly said that England contains not his superior in intellectual eminence. Unless Captain Gambier and his friends have an extreme predilection for catching Tartars, caution, at least, would be advisable in assailing a faith of which such men are the defenders. But we fear that the attempt to exclude Unitarians from the Bible Society was less the result of ability to combat their tenets, than of a desire which generally prevails to cry them down as a religious body. We have on many occasions been pained at witnessing a prevalence of hostile feeling in other communities against this particular religious sect. It would often appear that the sacrifice of the latter was a peace-offering by which the differences in the former might be reconciled; and such is the force of prejudice, that in public esteem the Unitarian certainly holds but a mid-way position between a Christian and a Jew. Such a tone of feeling is anything but creditable to

the Christian world. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' is a criterion of moral conduct superior to all the doctrinal tests that ever were invented; and while the disciples of Unitarianism, or any other *ism*, can abide its scrutiny, nothing but presumption of the most awful character can brand them with opprobrium."

"Placed in a state of existence where knowledge reaches us but in fragments, and where we are precluded, from the circumstances of our being, from the attainment of perfect truth, a catholic interpretation of adverse opinions seems above all things necessary to the harmony of social life. Doctrines apparently opposite in their tendencies may ultimately be found with a harmony of bearing which we now but little suspect. In the productions of mind, as in those of matter, objects of the greatest variety of character may be consistent with unity of design. The man who, because a certain creed suits his particular taste, should pass sentence of condemnation on all others, ought on the same principle, when finding in his garden the fruit most congenial to his palate, to cultivate that tree alone on which it grows, and root up all the others as heterodox cumberers of the soil. Such a man, when gazing on the rainbow, must regret that it is not all of that particular color on which his eye loves best to repose; heedless that to each of the prismatic hues are we equally indebted for its splendid illustration in lighting up the Arch of Promise. We conclude by expressing our gratification that this unworthy attempt at religious proscription was successfully repelled; and we trust that the annals of benevolence will not again be stained by the record of such anti-christian feeling. Of the sect in question, or of their distinctive opinions, we have but an imperfect knowledge; but the very circumstance of their being found in co-operation with our charitable institutions should of itself shield them from obloquy. We deem

it consistent with our duty as public journalists to comment on circumstances which so strikingly indicate the character of the age; and we rejoice that the strength of sound moral feeling has achieved another signal triumph over the spirit of sectarian intolerance."

About this period the Temperance Societies were beginning to make their claims on the public attention, and they were regarded by the *Cornubian* as eminently worthy of support. "Respecting the utility of these Societies," it says, "we presume there can scarcely be two opinions. The evil they would remove is too widely spread and too deeply felt to admit of denial. Every village furnishes its martyrs to intemperance. The domestic happiness of almost every family, either in its own members or close connexions, has been broken by it. If the victims of this single vice,—husbands and parents who have imbruted themselves and ruined their families—young men whose prospects have been blasted at the very entrance of life as by the cup of a sorcerer—wives who have been brought to penury or the grave—and children whose very recollection of their fathers has been a curse upon their memories—if all these could be numbered, what a frightful catalogue would they present of the miseries produced by one solitary evil! . . . . It seems abundantly evident that for this evil there is but one remedy—a combination amongst the sober-minded and influential part of the community to discountenance the use of ardent spirits. We are of opinion that intemperance is less prevalent in Cornwall than in many other parts of the kingdom, but this is not a sufficient plea in favor of supineness under its encroachments. What town or village even here does not furnish a victim to the poisonous draught? How rarely do we find a family which does not reckon among its members an individual whom drink has not enervated or brutalized?

But the time is gone by for questioning the utility of these institutions."

Another day, however, was at hand when the utility of these institutions would be more than called in question, —when they would be flatly denounced as an agency, not essentially wrong in itself, but ridiculously inadequate to the ends it was meant to accomplish. As far as the *Cornubian* went in its deprecation of intemperance, it would do well enough for Temperance men of every class either in that day or the present. But how truly it was then walking in the dim twilight of the faith, may be argued from the following preposterous heresies found in the very same article from which the above remarks were extracted. "There is nothing in the regulations of these Societies precluding the use of wines or malt liquors, precisely because *they are of beneficial tendency*, and can do no injury except when used to excess. But it would be difficult to make out *so good a case* for ardent spirits." Such was Temperance in 1831; a plan for putting a stop to drunkenness by doing away with dram-drinking. It was popular for a year or two, but the fact could not long be concealed, that to root up intemperance by discountenancing ardent spirits was just as hopeful a scheme as that of turning back the tide with a pitchfork. If drunkenness was to be grappled with by a system, total abstinence was obviously the only one that could meet the case; but when that fact became apparent, a large section of those who had advocated with some zeal the first Temperance principles, were obliged to tell the Progressionist party that they could follow them no further. The *Cornubian* had ceased to exist when Tee-totalism was the order of the day; but had the case been otherwise, it would have declined the adoption of the higher doctrines.

There is only one subject more which requires to be

noticed in connection with this journal,—the subject of Parliamentary Independence, or the liberty which should be enjoyed by gentlemen in the House of Commons for voting according to their own convictions. Why *this* should be a question at all, may not be exactly obvious at first sight, but it is just one of those problems which, though simple enough when reduced to their true elements, may lead to every kind of contradictory conclusion if otherwise handled. The electors of a Lancashire borough had made themselves ridiculous by proposing to their expectant representatives a long string of questions all of which were to be satisfactorily answered before they could be considered as proper men to represent that borough in Parliament; and in other places a similar eagerness had been displayed for fettering the members with pledges on particular questions. On which it is observed, "We more than doubt the propriety of these political catechisms. The reason alleged in their favor is drawn from the universality with which pledges were exacted in favor of the Reform Bill. But the cases are not parallel. The Reform Bill was an exception to the general course of legislation. It was the work of the People, not of the Parliament. They, for once, became legislators, and exerted all their energies in one mighty effort to overthrow the abuses by which they had been deprived of a free representation. But this object being accomplished, and the doors of Parliament being thrown open to the virtue, knowledge, and talent of the country, it only remains to select men who are most gifted with these qualities, to carry on the business of government; and such men do not require the watchful supervision which ought only to be exercised over a doubtful or slippery politician. The independence of Parliament cannot be maintained unless its freedom, when elected, is as unfettered as the choice of the people when electing it."

In another part of the journal a quotation is given from the *Edinburgh Review*, the sentiments of which may be regarded as endorsed by the editor: "Although it seems absurd to contend that the opinions of the candidate ought not to be frankly stated upon all the subjects in which his constituents feel interested, yet this explanation is anything rather than giving a pledge binding at all times and under all circumstances. There ought to be a general coincidence of opinion between the electors and their representatives; this seems to be implied in the very nature of representation. But when a member is deputed to act for his constituents, he is to judge on each case, and to exercise a discretion for their interest and that of the community at large. He may alter the opinion formerly held and declared by him to his constituents; and he may justly act upon that change, believing that if they were aware of all that he now knows and sees, they would also vary their opinion. To send a man into Parliament fettered by pledges, is neither more nor less than to prevent him from discharging his duty of consulting for the public good. It is utterly destructive of deliberation. It is in fact deciding beforehand how the decision of a question shall be given when it is discussed; and among other absurdities it involves this glaring one, that it renders the discussion wholly nugatory."

These are fair specimens of the manner in which this question—confessedly a very important one—has been dealt with, not only by the high Conservative politicians, but, singularly enough, by thinkers of the most Liberal school. It is difficult to say why, on such a matter, there should be any misconception whatever; and it is quite certain that the logic which has just been quoted can lead to nothing but endless confusion. Conclusions of the most opposite character are arrived at, according to

the point of view from which the question is examined. It must be evident that on a great number of measures which on different occasions occupy the attention of Parliament, a member may consult nothing but his own discretion in the giving of his vote. What the feeling of his constituents on such questions may be, or whether they have any feelings at all respecting them, is a point on which he is wholly ignorant, and needs not concern himself. He may here, as the *Review* says, act for the interests of the community at large,—that is, he is at liberty wholly and solely to represent *himself*. But in all great questions that stir the public mind, it is a grotesque absurdity to say that men are sent to Parliament to act at their own discretion; nor does it follow that by denying this we are driven to the other alternative of reducing a member of Parliament to the mere delegate of a constituency who have sent him there to do their bidding. His election as their fit and proper representative assumes that on some questions both parties are agreed, and that the course which he will adopt on a given subject is not a matter of doubt. We are told, however, that if all this matter is settled already, it makes the debate in the House nugatory, inasmuch as every man's vote has been determined beforehand. A startling dilemma, truly; but the fact is that hundreds of long debates in the House are all but useless as to any influence on the votes; these *have been* determined beforehand. Nor is this unreasonable, for there are great political questions which have occupied the public mind for years, have been discussed and canvassed in every shape and form through the length and breadth of the land, and which are felt by all classes to require no more debating in Parliament, however necessary it may be that the etiquette of the House should be carried through. The great national parliament has done the work already, and the "ayes" and "noes"

have been virtually recorded. It is possible, certainly, for an honorable member to find that in the last discussion of the subject his long cherished opinions have taken wings and fled away. He had thought himself a Free-Trader, an opponent of Popish Endowment, and a friend to Jewish Emancipation; but is convinced after all that Protection, Free Popery, and fettered Judaism, are the true gospel. He feels the awkwardness of such a change; he knows that these principles avowed at the hustings would have given him as much chance of a seat in the House of Commons as of a seat on the woolsack. Still, parliamentary independence is a sacred thing, and in turning right about he has the consolation of supposing that if his constituents had seen and heard what he has seen and heard, they would have shifted to the other points of the compass as rapidly as himself.

When the *Cornubian* had been about twelve months before the public, a remarkable contributor appeared in its columns. A gentleman styling himself PETER PRY, and professing to take a great interest in all matters political, literary, or social—a cosmopolitan, in fact, of a very high order—sent a communication to this journal of more than a column in length. He introduced himself to the editor as an elderly bachelor, living in a state of great quiet and retirement, but passionately fond of news, and intensely interested in all the passing topics of the day. The Fates having ordained that PETER should not be born in Athens, with whose inquisitive population he thought he should have been most at home, he had nothing to do but acquiesce in an arrangement which cast his lot in a small village in the West of England. Where that village was, and by what name it was distinguished, no one could tell; for on this matter Mr. PRY'S communications said nothing. How his letters found their way to the *Cornubian* Office might be matter for profound

conjecture, for no post-mark, or messenger, could give the slightest indication as to where this personage resided. Though keenly alive to public matters, his sympathies with such provincial journals as he had occasionally seen were not strong enough to induce him to give their pages the benefit of those talents which he possessed for enlightening his countrymen; but when the *Cornubian* flashed upon his vision he saw in it so complete a reflex of his own thoughts and feelings on all subjects which had ever made him think or feel, that after due consideration he determined to write for it. "It is needless to say," he tells the editor, "that in selecting a journal for my memoranda I have fixed on the *Cornubian*. In fact, it is almost the only one among the country papers for which I have any esteem." His great admiration, however, of the opinions and abilities of the *Cornubian* did not blind him to the fact that he himself was a little above mediocrity. He was displeased at having his first letter inserted in small type, and his wishes were so far deferred to, that his next communications were made to stand out as boldly as the leading articles,—of which indeed they sometimes took the place, the editor remarking, with wonderful condescension, that nothing of his own could, as he thought, be more suitable to the time or more acceptable to the public. This was perfectly true; for the public, though possessed of not half the sagacity which newspapers attribute to that body, could not be long in discovering that wherever the editor of the *Cornubian* was found, Mr. PRY would not be far off. The letters in fact served as a medium for pleasant talk on a number of lighter topics which could not be so well handled in another way; and as they form by no means the least interesting feature of the journal, they are here given at length.

CHAPTER IX.

First Letter of "Peter Pry."

Dear Editor,

I confess myself at once an Athenian—always hearing or telling some new thing. It is the very soul of me, and as I am now too old to mend—a great privilege, by the bye—there is no use in denying it. So I have chosen for my coat of arms an ear and a tongue, and hope to make good use of both as long as it shall please heaven to spare them to me. I devour news; it is the very element in which I live, move, and have my being. My existence depends on the newspapers—if they were discontinued I should not live a week. The first day I should be feverish; the next languid and irritable; with the third would go my appetite and animal spirits, and with the fourth all desire of life; the fifth would behold me in the last stage of debility; and on the sixth I should be ready for canonization. If an inquest were held on me, the verdict would be—as a friend humorously remarks—"Died for want of intelligence."

But next to the pleasure of learning news is that of retailing it. I cannot for my life imagine any thing more loathsome than a fellow who seeks information for his own exclusive possession—ferrets every cranny and pries into everybody's business—for the inhuman pleasure of gloating over his stores in secret. Yet such creatures there are. I have read of a man who on a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope never spoke but once, and that was when the man at the mast head sung out "*land.*"

"Curse the fellow," said he, "I have seen land this half an hour." Imagine the whole crew alive with expectation, and this misanthrope keeping the discovery to himself!—he ought instantly to have been thrown overboard. I would as lief be placed on the rack half an hour as be in possession of such a secret without the liberty of disclosing it. And this brings me to the source of all my sufferings. I live in a village where nobody but myself cares a fig for what happens beyond the boundary of the parish;—it is truly a heathenish place. The only two persons whom I can get to feel any sort of relish for general information are my neighbour Farmer Grogram, who is as deaf as a post, and a maiden lady, Miss Tibbs, who thinks I have what she calls "honorable intentions" towards her. But Grogram the other day fell asleep while I was bawling into his ear at the very pitch of my voice an account of the entrance of the Dutch forces into Belgium; and Miss Tibbs—like most old women, male and female,—is violently opposed to the Reform Bill, on which subject our arguments have been so acrid that I am compelled to beat a retreat from politics and confine our discussion to domestic matters. I am therefore reduced to a pitiable plight—the want of a medium for communicating my ideas. No beer-barrel was ever in a higher state of fermentation than I am at this moment; and I should anticipate alarming consequences but for a thought which has just struck me—that of committing to paper the remarks for which I have no oral medium, and sending them in the form of a diary to some provincial print.

It is needless to say that in selecting a journal for my memoranda I have fixed on the *Cornubian*. In fact it is the only one among the country papers for which I have any esteem. Most of them are paltry, servile imitators of the London journals; but there are some exceptions,

and of these the *Cornubian* is my favorite. It has an individuality of character, and a bold, honest, independent tone of politics which has won my regard from its commencement. I therefore dedicate to its columns the fruits of my leisure hours. I am glad also that you have begun publishing on Thursday evenings, as it enables me to get your paper by the market woman, whereas I had before been at an extra expense of nearly three-pence a week in procuring it by a messenger.

Perhaps I ought to apologize for the loose incoherent manner in which my notes are penned, but you must be aware that they are merely the random impulses of the moment, without pretensions to strict order or logical sequence. So here goes:—

August 19th.—Debate on laws relating to Blasphemy, in the House of Commons,—much needless sympathy for Taylor, displayed by Hume and O'Connell—Taylor's case is a clear one—he burlesqued and turned into hideous mockery a solemn ordinance of the established religion of the land. The question is not whether that ordinance be of divine institution, or if even the religion itself be true, but whether any man has a right wantonly to outrage the religious feelings of a community. Most assuredly he has not. There is no persecution in this case—Taylor has had no creed forced on his belief—no punishment inflicted for its rejection. All the outcry against religious tyranny is in his case a mere flam. Any man in England may believe if he likes that all creeds are fictions, all members of Parliament patriots, or all apple-women dragoons, and may attempt by argument to persuade others to believe the same. It is not for rejecting the faith of his neighbours, or embracing the greatest monstrosities himself that he would be punished; but for mocking, insulting, and wounding the feelings of

others, whose right to the quiet enjoyment of their creed is at least equally sacred with his own; and it is for this offence that Taylor is suffering the punishment which he richly deserves.

Manumission of the Crown slaves in the West Indies.—The slavery question generally goes off in mere talk, but this is *doing* something. These emancipated slaves will be an eye-sore to the Colonists, and the pioneers of freedom to their oppressed race. The measure is a great good, and full of promise.

22nd.—So the Dutch are retreating from Belgium—boasting of their heroism, too, at every step—like their kinsman in Knickerbocker, "brimfull of wrath and cabbage." But, joking apart, it was a savage attack, and I would have given my slippers to have seen the countenance of the Prince of Orange at the first sight of the French columns. What a rhodomontade address was that which he gave his soldiers on beating their retreat!—and how oddly does it conclude! After a pompous enumeration of their "victories" until Louis Phillippe's troops interrupted their sport, "But we depart," says his Highness, "in conformity to an arrangement to that effect with the King of France." How excessively delicate! Might not a felon with equal propriety address the crowd at his execution—give them a glowing account of his heroism—triumph in the recollection of his guilty exploits—and conclude by stating that notwithstanding his successes he submitted to be hung "in conformity to an arrangement to that effect with the Executive Power?"

26th.—Wreck of the *Rothsay Castle.*—One of those astounding calamities which go like a knell to the hearts of the whole nation. Albeit not much addicted to melancholy, the tidings of this mournful event saddened me even to tears. "At length," says the narrative, "after

little more than an hour's resistance, the vessel parted asunder, and the shriek which filled the air as the waves surged over her no tongue can describe." What a multitudinous rush of feelings crowded into that hour of agony!—the homes that were left for ever—the loved ones who had looked their last—the receding visions of this world and the tremendous realities of the next—all thronging upon hearts which were measuring life by pulsations! And then the dreaded moment—but I will not attempt what Byron has sung so well:—

> "And first, one universal shriek there rushed,
> Louder than the loud Ocean, like a crash
> Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
> Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
> Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
> Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
> A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
> Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

27th.—The papers state that the Emperor Nicholas is unable to carry on his murderous war against the Poles without the assistance of Henry Hase, Esq. To the honor of the British capitalists it is said that none of them will contract for the loan, and some rascally Dutch house has taken the job. What a picture does this present of the real weakness of arbitrary power. Here is the monarch of the greatest nation on the earth, soliciting aid of a few merchants in other countries, in attempting to recover a revolted province. I am glad to see his exchequer run so hard, and if the Dutch choose to lend him money I only hope they will lose it. The Poles have a righteous cause, and every honest man must wish them success.

But my letter is getting too long. Keep a column for me in your next, and believe me very truly yours,

PETER PRY.

SECOND LETTER.

Dear Sir,

Cowper tells a story of a poor woman at Olney to whom some benevolent persons gave in a severe winter a pair of blankets, and she was so elated at the possession of the treasure that she could not sleep between them until nearly dead from want of rest. Excuse the vanity of an old man when I tell you that the appearance of my random diary in the columns of the *Cornubian*, being my first display in print for the last twenty years, gave me a titillation of nerves somewhat similar to the blanket-charm, and I was really unable for a day or two to subdue myself to the meditative mood. However, here I am again, and having recovered from the trepidation attendant on my *debut*, I proceed with my stray memoranda. By the bye, the last and only former occasion of my writing for the press was rather an odd one. Our vicar, a very venerable and learned but rather eccentric man, got himself somehow into a warm controversy in one of the magazines—I think the *European*—on the immateriality of spirits. The question mooted was, "whether a spirit is as unsubstantial as space." My friend the vicar contended for the affirmative, and being an ultra in orthodoxy, inveighed with great indignation against what he termed the "alarming heresy" of his opponent, who contended that although spirits are incorporeal they are yet something more than vacuum. It would occupy too much of your space to enter into the details of the argument, which was protracted through a long and acrimonious warfare. At first I felt but little interested in the matter, but as the worthy divine was constantly talking to me about it, and being also naturally anxious for the controversy to end in his favor, I turned my thoughts to the subject and gradually became more alive to it. My friend, moreover, represented to me that

the sensation which it excited amongst literary men and theologians was prodigious; and moved by this quickening impulse I resolved to offer to the public my remarks on some points of the controversy which I thought had not been clearly illustrated. My simple-hearted friend applauded me as I went on, and my essay growing too long for insertion in a magazine, he urged me to seize so lucky an opportunity for acquiring literary fame, by a separate publication. Accordingly I bargained with a printer for striking off an impression, the effects of which on the public mind and on my own, may be guessed by the following copy of account which he sent me about four months after:—

Mr. Pry,

To BENJAMIN BREVIER, Dr.

1808.	To printing 500 copies of pamphlet, entitled "*Thoughts on the Existence of Ghosts in Vacuo*"	£12	0	0
	To sundry carriage and postage	0	6	4
		£12	6	4
	By sale of 2 copies of aforesaid	0	2	0
	Balance due	£12	4	4

You may guess that this was a cooler. An hour after I received it I would have challenged all England for a man less ambitious of literary renown. The day following I gave the remaining 498 copies to the village boys for a bonfire, and solemnly renounced the sin of authorship.—But enough of digression.

August 30th.—From the Parliamentary Report I extract the following :—

"Sir Charles Lemon presented a Petition from Cornwall, complaining of the operation of the Beer Bill. Among the signatures were those of 54 clergymen.

"Mr. Hume expressed a wish that the names of those clergymen might be printed, *to prove the warm interest they took in gin-shops.*"

If, instead of lavishing his silly sneers upon the clergy, Hume had made himself acquainted with the workings of the Beer-Bill in this county, and also with the fact that Cornwall is not very abundant in gin-shops, he would have treated the petitioners with less disrespect. Joseph is never at home but when dabbling with figures. On most other matters he is always at sea, and never more so than when dealing with questions of morality. The nonsense that he utters about the Beer-Bill whenever it comes under notice, is as indigestible as junk. And most uncalled-for and contemptible are his tirades against the Bishop of London. I am not one of Dr. Blomfield's warmest admirers, but his attention to the details of the Beer-Bill displays a watchful vigilance over public morals, such as becomes his high and responsible station. "But the Bishop," says the hon. member for Middlesex, "is a hypocrite, or why does he not go to the gambling-houses and the theatres—to Almack's and Crockford's—and declaim against the amusements and vices of the *rich?* Why single out the poor man's pot of beer, and his game at skittles, for legal prohibition, while the sins of the wealthy pass unnoticed?" There is an air of plausibility in this kind of logic, which easily traps the unwary. The fact seems to be this—that Legislation has no right to extend itself to the recreations of either the rich or the poor, any further than they trench on the peace of society. If some ten or twenty men choose to meet for the sake of getting drunk together, and do actually make themselves brutally and beastly drunk, and then sleep like swine till they get fresh again,—what follows? Why, the offence against morality is clearly a hideous one, but the peace of their neighbours is not broken, and consequently, *they*

have no right to inflict punishment. But if when inebriated these topers were to sally forth into a town or village, molest passengers, insult women, and finish their frolics with breaking open a house, or robbing a traveller, then the recreations from which such offences spring become fit subjects for Legislation. Now, we never hear of rioters issuing from Almacks, or of burglaries concocted at Crockford's. A reigning beauty may lose her bloom at the one, and a young heir be plucked of his fortune at the other,—there is nothing in these things to arouse the *vox populi*. But I imagine that the evils of beer-shops are not so strictly confined to the persons who assemble in them. In Cornwall, there may not be much to blame, but in the Metropolis and through a large district around it, the evils resulting from such shops are intolerable. The Police complain that the detection of thieves is next to impossible, by reason of the facilities thus afforded for concealnent. In Essex, Sussex, Kent, and Hampshire, they are complained against as being nurseries of crime—the resorts of the most suspicious and abandoned characters—the refuge of the poacher, the burglar, the rick-burner. There is, therefore, no doubt that they should be subjected to even minute legislation, and the Bishop of London is in the exact and proper discharge of his high functions when attending to such matters. Mr. Hume is a clever, diligent, and valuable man in his sphere, but that sphere is comparatively a low one, and he must not hope to see the day which will place Dr. Blomfield, as a moralist, on a level with the Greek Bonds—man.

Sept. 1st.—Introduction of the Poor-Laws into Ireland:—If Mr. Saddler wished his motion to succeed, why did he bring it forward at so unlucky a time? He must have been well aware that during the discussion on Reform the House would not enter heartily into

the subject, and knowing this, he incurred the odium of making the miseries of Ireland subservient to his petty animosity against the Bill. There is something inexplicable in all this, and inexplicable only to those who are reluctant to fix on Mr. Saddler the imputation of such meanness.—The debate, however, was skilfully conducted, and elicited speeches of remarkable talent from the mover, Col. Torrens, and Mr. Sheil. Sheil's genius is of a high order, but seems too imaginative and poetical for the routine of parliamentary business. But these qualities of his oratory occasionally tell with great power. For instance, in the speech before me, speaking of the misery inflicted on the tenantry who were lately ejected from the small farms, that they might be converted into larger, for the occupation of the wealthier agriculturists, he says—"The committee report that the ejected tenantry suffered affliction which it was not in the power of language to describe. But this they call a state of *transition*. Call it pestilence, famine, death, and men would tremble. But call it transition—envelope it in the technical vocabulary of fiscal science—and a directory of economists will speak of it with the tranquility with which a French philosopher would have expatiated on the 'process of regeneration' which his country was undergoing through the sanguinary celerity of the guillotine. But it is only justice to add, that at last men's eyes and hearts are opening. It is admitted that something must be done to alleviate these dreadful sufferings. Science had relented, political economy had been touched, algebra was giving way to pity, and theorists and speculators were no longer heard amidst the cries of a nation that stretches forth her hands for food!"

4th.—Petition from Protestants in Ireland against the grant to the Roman Catholic College at Maynooth.

Really this is "too bad." The Catholics of Ireland pay more than a *million* per annum for supporting the Protestant Establishment, and all *they* receive in return is this grant, of a few thousands, for their own College. Yet these generous Protestants—700 Sir Robert Inglis stated them to be, and sorry I am that Ireland contains 700 such pitiful creatures—begrudge their neighbours this trivial acknowledgment for the support they receive from them! Sir Robert Inglis did himself great discredit by presenting the House with so mean-spirited a petition. It was rejected with merited indignation. *

So Hunt is gone over to the Tories!—and a valuable acquisition he is—a mob in himself! He seems to have found his level, with a vengeance. The papers cry out that his apostacy has injured the cause of Reform, and therein pay him an honor which he does not deserve, for it implies the possession of power which does not belong to him. *He* injure the cause of Reform! —as well might a bat injure the science of optics.

5th.—We are told every day that the nation is growing more intellectual. I hope it is true. We are told also that the country is as full of poverty as of intellect; and I fear this is true. But it is enough to make one doubt the truth of either statement, on looking at the purposes for which the public squander their money. There is this Italian fiddler, Paganini, netting sums such as are seldom found in the purses of our literary men of the first class, or on the subscription lists of our most useful charities.

* In no part of Mr. Pry's lucubrations does he seem to have so strangely forgotten himself as in his remarks on this subject. The 700 Protestants who come in for so large a share of his indignation objected, purely on religious grounds, to a Protestant Legislature paying sums for the teaching of Popish superstition. Whatever may be said on one side or the other of *this* question, it must be obvious that to treat the matter as a mere *money* business is altogether ignoring the points at issue.

At Norwich he received £800 for preforming three nights, and 500 ginueas are to be paid him for attending the Musical Festival at Dublin. During his stay in London he must have cleared several thousands of pounds. These things do not speak well for our national character. Even a fiddler should have his reward, but the extravagant rate at which this man is paid goes to shew that the highest pleasure which an Englishman is capable of enjoying is that of being fiddled to!

If, as Coleridge says, genius consists in *energy of the will*, a great portion must be assigned to Lord Brougham. The newspapers state that he has cleared the Court of Chancery of business! "It must," said his lordship, on closing the sittings last Thursday, "be a great satisfaction to myself, the bar, and the suitors of the Court, that there is no business undecided—that there is not a single cause ready for hearing but what has been heard and decided —I may say that *the whole business of the Court is concluded.*" This is the man against whom such men as the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Wicklow, and Sir Edward Sugden, think to signalize themselves by venting their petty spite! The energies of Lord Brougham seem adequate to any task that can be assigned them. Bating its political bias, there is an admirable summing up of his labors in this month's *Blackwood*. "Castlereagh" says the writer, "went mad and died miserably; Canning touched the verge of madness, and the cord snapped. Brougham is tasking both intellect and temper to a pitch far beyond either of them. * * * Then there is the cockpit, where the decisions of all the courts of Hindoo law, and Persian law, and Cingalese, and Malay, and Dutch, and Spanish law, and the Danish law, established throughout our eastern Empire, the Cape, the Mauritius, the West India Islands, and Demarara, have to be overhauled. Then there is the overhauling of English, Irish,

and Scotch appeals in the Lords—the latter part, however, being of all his business what he his most up to. * * * If we add to this the severe duty of dining out and giving dinners to ministers and diplomats; likewise the imperious necessity of being visible at every levee and drawing-room, at every ball, hop, rout, or assembly, given or held by a great lord or lady of the right side; moreover, of being audible at every meeting about the abolishment of chimney-sweeps, and the emancipation of Blacky, and the persecution of Professor Pattison—*nænon*, the simplification of common law and the rectification of equity procedure,—*nænon*, the keeping of chancery lunatics, and the conscience of King William the Fourth, —*nænon*, the newspapers and the editing of Paley's Natural Theology in company with Charles Bell; furthermore, the writing of 'Friendly Advice to the Peers' in pamphlets, and eke the reviewing of the said pamphlets in the Edinburgh Review,—and finally, the building of a back-jam to Brougham Hall—to say nothing of receiving and bamming all the deputations of all the confusion-mongers, and reading and answering all the communications of all the quacks that think they have hit upon inventions of momentous importance, whether in law or literature, or pneumatology, or geology, or astronomy, or gastronomy, or ribbon-weaving, or timber-cleaving, or brass, or gas, or codification, or church-reformation,—when one takes in all these concerns at one glance through space and matter, I think it must be obvious to the meanest capacity that Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux, God bless him, *satagit rerum suarum*—in fact, that he has a deal more to do than ever bothered the brains of the immortal Walter Shandy."

The vivacity of this extract must apologize for its length. I had several things more to talk to you about, but must leave them till next week. Don't clap me into small type again, and believe me, ever yours, PETER PRY.

THIRD LETTER.

Dear Sir,

I have been at the Coronation! Nay, do not startle, but know by these presents that I, Peter Pry, who for the last thirty years had never peregrinated above ten miles from my native village, did, on the evening of Monday the fifth day of this month, ensconce myself within his Majesty's mail, and on the morning of the Wednesday following emerged therefrom in the metropolis of this mighty empire, being at the end of the said journey *minus* one silk handkerchief, one snuff-box, a pair of silver buckles, and my best wig.

I need not relate the minutiæ of occurrences previous to the grand ceremony; how I went in search of two old friends, and found that one had been dead fifteen years, and the other gone, a reluctant emigrant, to New South Wales,—how I hobbled three miles further to deliver a letter to a cousin of Miss Tibbs, and after reaching her house discovered to my great confusion that I had left the packet at home—how I consoled myself for this mishap by purchasing at a street auction, on my way back, a gold watch with chain and seals of the like precious metal for seven pounds, and threw the whole concern into the Thames about an hour afterwards on finding it barely worth as many shillings—how I clutched a rascal who was running away from a cry of "stop thief," and how he knocked me down for my services—and finally, how I got on the river in a cockle-shell of a boat which getting into the wake of a steamer upset in the swell and left me splashing in the water,—"expostulating with destiny"—as Charles Lamb hath it—till picked up by a waterman—all these, with sundry minor misadventures, I pass over as things not worthy of record among the reminiscences of the great festival. Suffice it to say that on Thursday morning I sprang from my couch at four—

having, by the bye, had several biting reasons for so doing—made myself look irresistible by five, and having made a splendid repast for a coronation breakfast, I fortified myself against the moisture of the morning air with a glass of whisky; and at six o'clock I was standing by the portal of Westminster Abbey.

I had been there but a few minutes, when a hand was clapped on my shoulder, and a well-known voice saluted me with "Ah, Mr. Pry, this is indeed a pleasure,—who would have dreamt of meeting my old friend at the Coronation?" As the words were uttered, whom should I behold but our worthy Vicar of former days, whom I had occasion to mention in my last letter. He left the parish about twelve years since for a living in Hamsphire, and from thence, without my knowing it, had recently removed to town, and now belongs to the ecclesiastical *corps* of the Abbey. We had barely time for exchanging salutations, as he passed hurriedly by in the discharge of some official duty. "Take these," said he, slipping a couple of cards into my hands, "be with me without fail at six, and till then, Adieu!" I glanced at the slips—one was his address, and the other—a ticket of admission to the Abbey.

Having presented my ticket to the page in waiting, I was conducted to a gallery, and from thence passed into one of the vaultings, from which I obtained a much better view of the ceremony. Here I sat four hours, and found ample scope for observation in the scene before me. It was past seven before the Abbey began to fill very rapidly, but from that hour there kept pouring in a living tide of wealth, rank, and beauty, filling up the spacious aisles, and lofty galleries, tier above tier, until the vast edifice appeared instinct with life. The Peers in their state robes, the Peeresses, with their rich sweeping trains and magnificent variety of head-dress, the numberless other persons of distinction glittering in their court attire, the

sparkling of jewels, sprinkling of coronets, and glancing to and fro of eager looks and bright restless eyes, presented a scene of vivid and surpassing interest. Nor was it alone in the splendor and animation of the passing scene that my mind was occupied. With all its gaiety, it was one of those seasons of chequered feeling,

"When pleasant thoughts bring sad thoughts to my mind,"

I could but remember that every foot-fall along the venerable aisles was echoed back from the tombs of those who in former ages were the actors in similar pageants; and as memory reverted in succession to the princes, warriors, and statesmen whose dust was congregated beneath me, I felt the presence of the mighty dead still more powerfully than that of the illustrious living. It seemed appropriate that this most magnificent of national festivals should be held in a place which so strikingly exhibited the intimate alliance between life and death; where the decorations of rank and dominion were so thickly intermingled with the most touching mementos of mortality, and where it was literally but a step from the throne to the tomb.

Abont ten I was roused from my reverie by the guns which were firing the royal salutes, and soon after the shouts of the multitude without announced that their Majesties had left St. James's. As they approached the Abbey their progress might be audibly traced by the nearer and nearer applause of the acclamations of the people, falling in volumes of sound, wave on wave, against the walls of the edifice, until at length they broke at once on the ear startlingly distinct, and then died away in a confused murmur as their Majesties descended from their state carriages and were conducted to their respective robing rooms. Presently afterwards a breathless silence reigned within the Abbey as the proces-

sion moved onward from the western door into the choir. You may guess the intense curiosity with which for the first time in my life I gazed on the various distinguished personages of whom it was composed. The first face that fixed my attention was one to which I could have sworn amongst a million—that of Lord Brougham. Yet it was not in keeping with the occasion. Instead of the gladness visible in every other countenance there seemed only the workings of deep thought struggling through his rigid features; and instead of a chief actor in a splendid pageant, he looked rather like an incarnation of the *Edinburgh Review*. Closely following the Lord Chancellor came the Royal Princesses. When I caught the glimpse of her Majesty she was evidently much affected, but as she advanced up the nave her steps acquired more strength and firmness, and considering the novelty and solemnity of her situation she bore herself throughout the day with fortitude and dignity. I was now on the tip-toe of expectation, and was speedily gratified by a sight of the King. As our Patriot Monarch came in view my heart involuntarily uttered "God bless him!"—and I believe every other heart as fervently responded, Amen. Never were the faces of such a multitude lit up with more generous emotion. The Crown, which lay glittering on the altar, was but a faint symbol of the dominion of William the Fourth.

It was no longer a pageant. As the King stood up before the multitude, and the Archbishop asked if they would yield him their homage, the voices that rang to heaven with a shout of "God save King William the Fourth," possessed a freedom, pathos, and earnestness of tone which could derive no additional charm from external pomp. No ritual can be more impressive than the Recognition, nor was it ever more honored than by the kindling of loyal zeal—the transparent glow of patriotic

devotion—with which it was accompanied on Thursday. As the King received the spontaneous homage and acclamations of his people, his manly breast heaved with conflicting feelings, and how long the struggle lasted between his dignity and emotion, the tears which dimmed my own eyes in common with those of thousands, prevented me from recording. Never before had I so sensibly felt "the divinity that doth hedge a king;" —never had I imagined with what a close and living union the principle of patriotism may blend with the strongest affections, in support of the objects of its regard.

It would exceed your limits and mine to detail the minutiæ of the ceremony. Impressive as it was, there was certainly one part of it which would be improved by curtailment,—I allude to the Anointing. If this were confined to the royal head instead of being extended to the hands, breast, armpits, &c., the rite would still preserve all its significance, while the narrow line that separates the sublime from the burlesque would not be so closely approached. Most of the religious ceremonies handed down from our ancestors are liable to objection on account of their length and minuteness, and to the Coronation service most of all does this objection apply. With all its attractiveness, I could not but think it would have been more uniformly and intensely solemn by the omission of such rites as the Oblation, the investing with the Supertunica, the Spurs, and the Mantle, the Investure per Annulum et Baculum, and some others which, though they might have had an appropriate significance when first introduced, have long degenerated into mere useless forms.

The putting on of the Crown, the presenting of the Bible, and the Benediction, were solemnities full of majesty and of sublimest reference. But the Homage,

though of less intrinsic, was of more personal interest. As the Peers ascended the throne in succession an opportunity was afforded for one of the finest displays of moral feeling that I ever witnessed. It was favorable for the popular feeling to be expressed towards each individual, and at a time of strong political excitement like the present it would not seem improbable that, amidst so vast a concourse, symptoms of dislike to some prominent public characters might be manifested. But of this there was not even a trace. The spectator might have imagined that all political animosities were dead, all personal resentment buried. As the Duke of Wellington went up to the Throne I feared lest something more than cold indifference would meet him. But it appeared not only the season of forbearance, but of generous forgiveness. Never shall I forget the burst of applause which pealed through the edifice while he did homage to that Crown of which he has been the bravest defender. The shouts that greeted him were undying echoes from the fields of Assaye, Vittoria, and Waterloo. As the remembrance of his achievements flashed upon our memories, an accusing voice whispered that his name had been too long unhonored —his glory too darkly shadowed,—and as the acclamations rose, peal above peal, we seemed to be not only offering the pledges of his future renown, but striving to obliterate the remembrances of our past neglect.

I cannot trespass on your columns with an enumeration of the distinguished individuals who were marked by similar applause. Long and loud were the cheers which greeted the Lord Chancellor, and the noble Premier and Baron Plunkett were also honored with enthusiastic expressions of esteem. But I am got to the end of my sheet, and fear my disjointed reminiscences are not sufficiently interesting to warrant me in venturing on

another. I meant to have told you how on the evening of the next day, having booked myself to return by the Western Mail, I unfortunately stepped into the wrong coach, and bundled out, a little past midnight, before a hotel in Dover. I had also several vexations in taking cross stages from Dover to Southampton, the particulars of which I must pass over. A few miles from Totness, too,—but the paper is quite out, so I remain, yours most truly, PETER PRY.

FOURTH LETTER.

Dear Sir,

As you express a desire for the continuance of my stray memoranda, I forward this communication for your next paper, and whenever I may address you in future, will do so earlier in the week. From several typographical inaccuracies in my last letter I conclude you were pushed for time. They are however too obvious to require alteration, with the exception of a line quoted from Wordsworth, in which there seems to be, instead of a blunder, an effort at transposition by the incipient genius of one of your compositors; and as I am at a loss to perceive the value of the alteration, I will thank him in future to keep his inky fingers to their own proper vocation.

It is, I assure you, no light proof of my regard that I write you thus early in the week; for by some unaccountable propensity—amounting almost to fatality—I can scarcely ever "screw my courage to the sticking-place" until the moment when exertion is imperiously demanded. Throughout my life I have been behind-hand in everything. It began even in my birth, as I will tell you. I was a posthumous child, and was entitled by my father's will to a large property, provided I was born within a certain period therein named. One hour after its expira-

tion I made my appearance! Can you imagine anything more unlucky? After I was placed at school, a predilection to study natural history in the construction of bird's nests kept me so frequently an hour beyond the time that even now I tingle at remembering the visitations of birch thereby entailed upon me. When I was about sixteen an uncle by my mother's side proposed to take me with him to the Brazils, whither he was bent on a mercantile speculation which proved extremely successful. I eagerly embraced his offer, and for a fortnight dreamt of nothing but gold mines, balsam-trees, and sugar-canes. A letter reached me, stating that the vessel would sail from Plymouth on the next day, at which place I arrived when she was an hour's sail from the land. Bitterly did I lament my evil destiny, while watching her swift course to the horizon. It seemed as though all the world was in advance of me by one unfortunate hour,—as though in the journey of human life I was ever to remain one impassable step behind the rest of mankind.—I took refuge from my sorrows in love. Fortune smiled upon me—my inamorata was a paragon—the day was fixed for our nuptials. The hour came, and I arrived at the door as the next was striking—too late for the performance of the ceremony. I stammered forth an apology, but was answered by a shower of reproaches. I remonstrated—grew indignant —and attempted a bold front, but my arguments and person were equally levelled by a wedding-cake flung at my head by the brother of the betrothed. But I should tire you by relating half of the miseries caused by similar mishaps. Nelson said that he gained all his glory by being a quarter of an hour in advance of Time, and I found that all the misery of mine sprang from being an hour behind it. It was in vain that I struggled to reform, and the ineffectual effort was a main cause of my seeking privacy and retirement, in which my unfortunate pro-

pensity could annoy no one but myself. *Mais au revoir;*—I am forgetting my diary.

September 16th.—The Lord Chancellor has given a valuable living to Dr. Croly, an act which reflects great honor on both parties. In strength of genius we have few men superior to Croly, and in versatility of talent he is unequalled. His mind resembles a tree which nurtures a graft of every kind of fruit. In theology he has distinguished himself by the most masterly exposition of the Apocalypse which has yet been given. In poetry, his *Illustrations of Gems from the Antique*, and his *Angel of the World*, breathe of the highest region of the art. As a novelist, his *Salathiel* ranks among the first works of fiction the age has produced. Then he is a dramatist—his comedy of *Pride shall have a Fall* being the most successful comic drama of the last twenty years. As a pulpit orator he has acquired great celebrity. In politics he has long been known as first fiddle in the *Monthly Magazine*. One would think the man had half-a-dozen separate souls in him. I can imagine him on a morning, springing from his bed to rapturize in verse over a splendid sunrise—then burying himself among a crowd of dusty commentators to expound a knotty text—next wading through the columns of a newspaper and concocting an article on politics—afterwards hastening to some large Metropolitan church to preach an occasional sermon, calling in his way to superintend a theatrical rehearsal—returning to furnish a printer with M.S. of a novel, and finishing the day with an *Essay on the Intermediate State*. Such a writer in the United States would be invaluable, as the Yankees would then have a great man in every branch of literature.

I have said that his appointment does honor to the Lord Chancellor, and so it does as far as it is a reward conferred on learning and genius, and it is especially

honorable to Baron Brougham, inasmuch as Dr. Croly's politics are bitterly opposed to his lordship's. At the same time it is deeply to be lamented that an office which involves the serious responsibility of a Christian pastor should be deemed an appropriate reward for one who has distinguished himself by merely *intellectual* attainments, some of which also are confessedly at variance with his sacred calling. Why are not more of the valuable Government offices conferred on men of literary eminence? Surely they are much more suitable than church livings, which belong rather to sanctity than talent. But we must wait for mightier workings of public opinion before these abuses will be corrected; and in the meantime we should be gratified that the patronage of the Crown favors intellect and genius, instead of heaping unmerited wealth, as has too frequently been done, on stalled arrogance and beneficed stupidity.

17th.—Glad to find the Reform cause reinforced by a new creation of Peers. I cordially concurred in an opinion you expressed in the *Cornubian* at the time the Coronation was announced, that the performance of that ceremony—so suddenly decided upon—was less on its own account than to afford a plausible opportunity for an addition to the Peerage, which I remember you then stated would be made sufficiently early to meet the exigencies of the Bill in the House of Lords. The Tories, I see, are exclaiming against the measure as unconstitutional. This comes with a good grace from them!—from the party which for nearly half a century retained the royal prerogative in their own grasp, and used it only for the promotion of their own interests. Yes, it comes well from the men who during their baleful ascendancy exercised as vile a system of political proscription as ever disgraced the country,—repelled from office every man of expansive mind and liberal feeling;

while in the persons of the Bathursts, and Rosslyns, and Westmorelands, they offered a premium to pompous ignorance and mailed bigotry. But it matters little what a junta of corruptionists say against the measure, while it is approved by the nation. We may make ourselves quite at ease about the Tories; their power is for ever departed from them.

19th.—Last week my head was so full of the coronation matters that I forgot to notice the letter of your modest correspondent *Adolescens*. He wants to know, what are the advantages derived from a monarchical government? and considers that the long strides now making by republicanism make such a question very proper. My age and great observation, he flatteringly says, give my opinions weight on such a subject. I trust it is not in my power to repulse any one who appears so amiably disposed, especially when his inquiries are tagged with a bit of compliment to myself. But he must be aware that the question he proposes involves a discussion which cannot be crammed into a nutshell. In the pages of De Lolme, Montesquieu, and Paley, he will find all the information he wants, and even an abstract of their theories would be too long for your columns. But *Adolescens* also humbly prays that should he survive Farmer Grogram he may have the reversion of my friendship. Respecting this I can say nothing. Friendship is a flower of too delicate growth to be readily transplanted. *Adolescens* will excuse my saying that his request reminds me of a scene in some drama where one of the characters says to another, "A sudden thought strikes me—let us swear eternal friendship!" The author of *No Fiction* says that he has seen the dissolution of seven eternal friendships. His own with Barnet was no doubt one of them. Besides this, whoever waits for my friendship until Grogram's death, is likely to wait a long time. I

do not know a tougher, hardier fellow than Grogram—carries his age like wine. A few years ago he called himself an ailing man,—so much so that I bought a small farm of him for nearly its full value in cash, besides a life-annuity of fifty pounds, as he did not then appear likely to live more than a year or two. The very morning after our bargain was concluded I happened to enter his house, and was frightened at seeing this ailing man eating some huge pork rashers and swigging a deep draught of ale. Within a week or two he was as well as ever, and it has always struck me as a singular coincidence that he should have appeared so very ill at the time of making the sale. However, there is no accounting for such matters, and I have been so long accustomed to Grogram that I should much regret his loss. At the same time, this annuity is an awkward business.

Bless me! here I have written a long letter and have not yet said a quarter of the things that are in my head. I meant to say something about Sir Richard Vyvyan, and his violent opposition to Ministers in the House of Commons. I am afraid Sir Richard is throwing himself away. Much as I dissent from his opinions, there is something about him I cannot but respect. He is diligent, able, and persevering, and as a man of business I believe the county could not have a better representative. He throws his whole soul into whatever he is engaged about,—is sincere, honest, and high-principled to his heart's core. I have watched his progress with anxiety, and it has been distinguished by zeal and fidelity. But unfortunately his zeal is in a hopeless cause, and his fidelity is to an exploded creed. In the path he is pursuing he encounters fearful odds. Every step he takes places him in more direct opposition to public opinion. Every speech he utters is a new repellant of moral sympathy. The end of this is written as with

a sunbeam.—*Verbum sap*,—the warning is from a friendly voice.

Here is Miss Tibbs coming, and a man waiting to shave me—I must conclude. Pray do me the favor of purchasing for me a bottle of Anchovy Sauce, and one of Mordan's pencil cases. Please ask Capt. Mills, of the *Drake*, what he would charge me for bringing down a hogshead of cyder from Plymouth. I forgot to say anything about Hunt's motion on the Corn Laws. And now believe me, most truly yours, PETER PRY.

CHAPTER X.

FIFTH LETTER OF "PETER PRY."

Dear Sir,

I regret that my letter of last week reached you an hour too late, and am obliged by the attention of your publisher in returning it. You will perceive that much of its contents are expunged to make room for some later memoranda.

September 23rd.—Death of Mr. Calcraft.—I happened to light on this melancholy occurrence in the *Morning Post*. The relation was in itself most distressing, but was made horrible by a howl of revengeful triumph from the Editor of that ferocious journal. How true it is that—

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,"

and seldom have I met with a more revolting illustration of the verse than in the presumption with which this pitiful creature erects himself in judgment over a fellow-mortal gone to his last account. Poor Calcraft, he says, died of remorse,—gnawing, withering remorse,—occasioned by his swerving from — what?— listen, O heaven and earth!—from *Tory principles!* If secession from Toryism be a criminal apostacy, the country I suspect is rather prolific in heretics, for these said Tory principles seem to be getting into prodigious disrepute. There is something inexpressibly brutal in assailing the dead while their remains are yet warm with life. I do not remember any parallel instance to the above except a cold-blooded, venomous attack by the *St. James's*

Chronicle on Mr. Canning, a few hours after the death of that celebrated man. It is discreditable to the national feeling that journals guilty of such cowardly atrocities should be tolerated.

28th.—Dinner to Lords Althorpe and J. Russell.—The speechifying at this banquet seems to have been rather below par,—not much to be wondered at on so hackneyed a theme. Sir Francis Burdett paid a somewhat equivocal compliment—accidentally of course—to Lord John. "The noble Lord," he said, "must feel it a great burden to sustain the name he bears." Happily, this was said among friends; had the Opposition been present it would not have gone off so pleasantly. I remember Mr. Canning once made an awkward *lapsus linguæ* at a dinner given him by the Directors of the East India Company, at the time he was appointed for the India Government. He was expatiating on the ease with which a country may be governed merely by adherence to a simple straightforward policy. "You, gentlemen," said he, "shew with how little wisdom even a great empire may be governed." None of the Lords of Leadenhall acknowledged the eulogy.

29th.—I have often been amused by the startling effect which a bit of home truth produces on a company between whom there is a tacit agreement to leave the subject to which it refers untouched. An instance of this occurred on Monday night in the House of Lords. The Marquis of Westminster, on presenting a Reform petition stated to their lordships that the reform of the House of Commons is a question that does not legitimately come under their legislation. On this, upstarted Lord Eldon, who declared that *he would rather die in his place* than admit such doctrine. Now to prove that the Peers have a right to prevent the Lower House from reforming itself, would be rather an impracticable task; but to treat the question-

ing of such a right as something approaching to blasphemy, and to do this under the semblance of extreme patriotism, is an easy mode of evading the difficulty. The noble Earl seems to hold his life very cheap, there being scarcely a remnant of bigotry or oppression on the statute-book in defence of which he is not always ready to lay it down. If I may judge from the praises lavished on Lord Eldon by the Tory prints on every trivial occasion, it requires a good deal of puffing to keep this heavy old gentleman afloat. What is to become of the monument that was talked of for him? — *Mem.* — Whenever this monument shall be erected, let it record that he was one of the sixteen who voted against the abolition of the slave-trade, in 1807;—it will be a fine illustration of our national taste and humane feeling.

I have read in the *Arabian Nights* of burying-grounds being haunted by *ghols*, creatures who live only on the bodies of the dead. But I was not aware that we had gholes in England in the persons of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey. These persons have refused permission to the widow of Sir Humphrey Davy to erect a monument to his memory within the Abbey unless she pays a heavy tax—some £100 or £200—for the privilege. Now Westminster Abbey is public property, and does not even belong more to the metropolis than to other parts of the kingdom. It is the sepulchre of our illustrious dead, the depository of the bravest, wisest, and most virtuous of mankind. There is not a man of sound moral taste in England who does not feel a national pride in that venerable edifice, and whether he lives in Cumberland or Cornwall, considers himself as personally interested in it as though he resided in the Palace Yard; and every such man must resent as an insult to the honor of his country the flagrant abuse by which the greatest

and best of men are denied a memorial in the national sanctuary. The fault, however, does not rest with the Dean and Chapter, but with the Government which tolerates their rapacity. There is no abuse so flagitious but that some people will be willing to avail themselves of its gains, and the thanks of the country will be due to any public-spirited member for bringing the subject at once under the notice of Parliament.

As I anticipate rather a busy week for you, I ought not perhaps to trespass on your columns at greater length. Some *Q in the corner* asked in your last number whether I can inform him of the means by which an alteration has been made in that clause of the Reform Bill which relates to Falmouth. I cannot. There is some stir among you, I understand about representatives in the new Parliament. I suppose Penryn will nominate one member and Falmouth the other; to this there should certainly be no opposition on either side. Then, who are you to have? Should no gentleman in the town or its vicinity offer himself, all I would say is—get somebody who will really do you credit. I would not object to represent you myself, but people say there are doubts about my identity, and I scorn the humiliation of attempting to prove my own existence. I shall not therefore be forthcoming, and the next best man for you is—stop—I have him in my eye—but the announcement would be premature. More of this in a week or two.

I am obliged by your attention in sending me the Anchovy and Zest. Will you also be good enough to purchase for me three or four red cotton night caps, with tassels? I always wear them for the sake of the effect. I had some other little things to say, but have unfortunately broken my steel pen in attempting to mend it, and must subscribe myself in pencil, very truly yours, PETER PRY.

SIXTH LETTER.

Dear Sir,

While the public mind is engrossed by the Reform Bill, and the journals are so busily discussing the probabilities of its future success, the contributions of a scribbler on miscellaneous topics will probably meet with but little attention in the columns of a newspaper. If, however, *you* think my memoranda worthy of insertion, it is to *me* a matter of little moment whether they find readers or not; for as I have before told you, my object in penning these letters is rather to disburden my own mind than to engage the attention of others. Secluded in rural privacy, my literary ambition is bounded by the precincts of my native village, and even here the public interest is divided. Grogram has taken an interest in some of my letters, of which I did not think him susceptible; while Miss Tibbs has visibly cooled towards me in consequence of what she learnedly styles the "latitudinarianism" of my opinions. I have already apprised you that she is a bitter anti-reformer,—chiefly, I suspect, because a third cousin to a brother-in-law of her stepmother sat in the last Parliament for a close borough. It is singular to what an extreme this determined toryess carries her prejudices. Of her feelings towards myself I have always an infallible index in the strength of her tea. When I am in her good graces, it is of the highest color and flavor; if I happen to miss any expected attention, or vanquish her in an argument, the usual sprinkling of hyson is omitted; and last evening I had so weak a dilution even of congou, that one more such transparency will terminate my visits. But enough of this,—now for my diary.

October 18th.—Rejection of the Reform Bill. I am not so uneasy about this as most people seem to make themselves, because I am certain that, as sure as morn

follows night, this measure, or an equivalent, *will* be obtained. I should not feel a moment's hesitation to stake my existence on it. I do not rest my confidence in the King, or the Parliament, or the People—not but that their assistance is valuable and indispensible, —but my main reliance is on the inherent force of natural rights in compelling recognition. Fifty years has this question of parliamentary reform been agitating the public mind. Throughout the letters of *Junius* we meet with perpetual references to the abuses in the representation; and we owe it in no small degree to his celebrated epistles that the minds of the community were set actively to work on the subject. And it may be regarded as a providential arrangement that from the time of *Junius* the cause has never been suffered to languish for want of some great name to give it authority and support. It was in 1782 that Mr. Pitt made his memorable declaration, that no minister could, under the existing system, be an honest man; and followed it by enforcing the necessity of Reform upon the attention of the House of Commons. Fox took up the mantle which his predecessor dropped. I remember to have read in 1797 a speech of that incorruptible statesman, of which the following words are fresh in my recollection:—"That government alone is strong that has the hearts of the people; and will any man contend that we should not be likely to add strength to the state if we were to extend the basis of popular representation? Would not a House of Commons, freely elected, and that was in truth the representation of the people, in supporting the administration of the Crown, be more likely to conciliate and to ensure the support of the people? If this be true in the abstract, it is certainly our peculiar duty to look for this support in the hour of difficulty." If ever the cause of Reform appeared

hopeless, it was at the termination of the Foxite ministry in 1800, from which period the Tories maintained their ascendancy upwards of twenty years, and proscribed from office every man of inflexible integrity and expansive intellect. Yet it was under their iron sway that reformers multiplied and gradually increased in numbers and influence until the Wellington ministry fell from them at the close of the last year. I need not recapitulate the events that have since occurred, and I allude to these circumstances only to shew that the history of Reform is the history of a great constitutional right, commencing its work in the public mind not so much in the shape of an abstract argument as of a moral conviction, accumulating its energy from men's hearts as much as from their intellects; gathering strength from conflict, increasing its demands with every fresh refusal, and thus displaying the characters which assimilate it with all the great truths which have created our liberties as they successively dawned upon the nation. From faint and slow beginnings they have gradually forced their way to moral victory.

20th.—His Majesty has conferred the honor of knighthood on Messrs. Charles Bell, and Herschel—and such honors could not be more judiciously bestowed. Every friend to science must be gratified by the elevation of these distinguished men. Had Herschel given us no other proof of his talent than his "Preliminary Treatise on Science" in Lardner's Cyclopœdia, it would have been sufficient to stamp him a man of first-rate endowments. The influence of the Lord Chancellor is visible in these promotions.

22nd. — One would think, from the tone in which the *Post*, and other opposition journals, speak of "the people," that *they* form but a diminutive fraction of the body politic, and have scarcely a right to be heard in any

matter of national importance. It is amusing too to see how these wiseacres take it for granted that real patriotism is to be found only among the aristocrats and the squirearchy. I know of no more mischievous or abused notion than this. The *amor patriæ* exists in wide diffusion where ofttimes it is least discernible. In the walks of middle, aye and of humble life, in sequestered hamlets and lonely cottages, there are thousands who mourn over their country's evils and rejoice in her prosperity, with a sincerity neither felt nor understood by the supple hirelings of state or the minions of a court. The value of such men is inappreciable, and where they cease to minister at her altar the flame of Liberty will languish and decay. When public freedom advances it is chiefly through the unseen but powerful agency of men in private life; and when it retrogrades, and a country is menaced by oppression, how often does a Wallace, a Tell, or a Hofer spring from some humble dwelling to redress the wrongs of a betrayed nation!

When I began my letter I did not intend to say anything on Reform, and here I have written about nothing else. Well, you will excuse the garrulity of an old man, and I must have less to say about politics in future. You will hear from me again soon. Believe me very sincerely yours, PETER PRY.

SEVENTH LETTER.

Dear Sir,

I am glad that the Cambridgeshire election is terminated in favor of Townley, and fully agree with you that it is decisive respecting the unaltered state of public feeling. The anti-reformers have an immense influence in Cambridge, but of a very different description from that which they exert in Dorsetshire. The strength of the aristocracy, the influence of the Univer-

sity, the wealth and rank of the county, decidedly preponderate in their favor. But then, there is a spread of intelligence, a force of intellect, and a thick sprinkling of independent men; and these are no light matters to cope with. The two-legged live stock of the landed interest are not sufficiently numerous in Cambridge to transform a sailor into a senator, and from all the accounts which I have seen of the contest, it appears to present as fair an index of public opinion as could be desired.—But I pass on to some further extracts from my diary.

November 1st.—It is a dull time with the booksellers. There is a general complaint among them that the Reform Bill has had a paralysing effect upon literature, and there is no hope of the public taste returning to the miscellaneous productions of the press until this hydra-headed question is settled. Even poetry ceases to charm. If Murray or Colburn be offered a new poem the answer is, "It will not do, sir; if you can hit off such a work as '*The Pleasures of Reform*'—'*Lays of the Bill*'—'*The Last of the Tories*'—or something in that way, well executed, it will be sure to take, but everything else is mere lumber." Accordingly, all the great poets have *struck*. Sir Walter is gone to the Mediterranean; Wordsworth is turned florist; the Ettrick Shepherd is writing on husbandry; Milman is studying German theology; L. E. L. is going to be married; Moore has sold his harp, but it is not true that he has purchased a cotton-factory; Southey is irrecoverably prosaic; Croly is occupied with the cares of his new parish; Hood can't make another pun; Montgomery delivers lectures; and Campbell is silent, except when he occasionally improvises for the *Metropolitan*. As to the small poets—poor fellows! they are in a woful plight. The actual presence of danger, which adds strength to great minds, is fatal to these "little ones."

Many of them are lunatic; some have sunk into idiocy; others have taken opium and died babbling of green fields; and none are likely to live through November except Robert Montgomery, who is safe in consequence of having made a compact with "Satan."

Talking of poets, I am reminded of Coleridge, who, it is reported, is so infirm that even should his life be much longer protracted, we can expect nothing more from his pen. His intellectual powers, if I am rightly informed, are paralyzed to a degree which forbids the continuous exercise of linking a chain of ideas on any given subject, and even unfits him for general conversation. At times, it appears, his mind resumes its wonted energy, and kindling with transient light, glows with the brilliancy of his best days, but soon again lapses into torpor. The demolition of a temple would not fill me with so deep a melancholy as arises from contemplating the ruin of such a mind. But such is the fate of Genius—to be consumed, like a taper, by its own light. Of the toil of thought by which Coleridge forced his way to literary eminence some estimate may be formed from the remarkable precision of his language, in which you meet not with a redundant particle, or a word which in meaner hands can be exchanged for a better. He must have been early impressed with the truth which he utters in the preface to his *Aids to Reflection*;—"It will be of especial aid to you, in forming a habit of reflection, to accustom yourself to reflect on the words you use, hear, or read; their birth, derivation, and history. For if words are not THINGS they are LIVING POWERS, by which the things of most importance to mankind are actuated, combined, and humanized." And you need but to open his poems at any page to perceive how, according to his own beautiful definition, every word—even the slightest

— becomes a living power. Take, for instance, the opening stanza in the *Wanderings of Cain*, and remark how essentially every word belongs to the line in which it stands, and how almost every line is nearly a picture in itself:—

> "Encinctured with a twine of leaves,
> That leafy twine his only dress!
> A lovely Boy was plucking fruits
> In a moonlight wilderness.
> The moon was bright, the air was free,
> And fruits and flowers together grew
> On many a shrub and many a tree;
> And all put on a gentle hue,
> Hanging in the shadowy air
> Like a picture rich and rare.
> It was a climate where, they say,
> The night is more beloved than day.
> But who that beauteous boy beguiled,
> That beauteous boy! to linger here?
> Alone, by night, a little child,
> In place so lonely, and so wild,—
> Has he no friend, no loving mother near?"

3rd.—It is not generally known that a colony of *free negroes* has been established at Cape Montserrado, a few hundred miles south of Sierra Leone, on the Grain Coast of Africa. It was projected in 1816 by a society of philanthropists in the United States. These benevolent men considered that the emancipation of slaves was little more than a nominal gift, for while they continued to live among a white population they were still treated as a degraded *caste*. The natural effect of such treatment is to deprive the negro of that self-respect which even in the lowest condition is essential to rectitude of life, and accordingly it happens that the free black population of the United States are in general wretchedly demoralized. The tract of coast on which the colony is founded was *purchased* from the aborigines, several

importations were made from the States, great reverses were met with, many privations were endured, and for several years the attempt to locate seemed hopeless. But gradually things wore a brighter aspect, the colonists were peaceable and industrious, the natives were conciliated, communications for commerce were opened into the interior, and the upshot of the matter is, that at this time the colony consists of two thousand souls, and the extent to which civilization has progressed is evidenced by the institution of public schools, the erection of a church, and even the establishment of a newspaper! An official report to the American government says "the articles of export are the productions of the country, consisting of rice, palm-oil, ivory, tortoise-shell, dye-wood, gold, hides, wax, and a small amount of coffee. There are almost always some vessels in the harbour, and the bustle and thronging of the streets shew something already of the activity of the smaller seaports of the United States. Many of the settlers have acquired considerable property, and enjoy an abundance, not only of the necessaries of life, but even of its comforts and luxuries. The intercourse between Monrovia and the other settlements of Liberia is so considerable that the nett annual profits of a small schooner employed for this purpose amounted to 4700 dollars. The colonists generally live in a style of neatness and comfort approaching to elegance in many instances unknown before their arrival in this country. A family twelve months in Africa, and destitute of the means of furnishing a comfortable table, is unknown; and an individual, of whatever sex or age, without ample provision of decent apparel cannot, I believe, be found.

5th.—Why should people in private life concern themselves about politics? This question is often asked, and seldom meets with the answer it deserves. Grogram put

it to me the other day while I was striving to interest him in the success of the Reform Bill. "Why," said he, "should an old gentleman like you, Mr. Pry, bother yourself about a matter that won't come a minute the sooner or later for all your trouble?" And better informed men than Grogram frequently bring in this absurd question as a sort of extinguisher to an argument; especially when it goes against them, and when tame sort of people submit to be put down by it. A favorite writer of mine — the Rev. T. Gisborne — has answered this question so happily, in a passage which came under my notice a day or two since, that I transcribe it at length, as being much more conclusive than any remarks of my own:—

"They who, from indolence, from apathy, or a distaste for political investigations, professedly decline all exercise of inspection and superintendence over the conduct of those to whom the management of national affairs is committed, usually vindicate themselves by deriding the blunders and extravagancies of self-constituted politicians. But they are not sufficiently aware of the natural consequences of the supineness which they recommend. No circumstances so effectually deter the Government of any country from involving itself in unjust or pernicious enterprises at home or abroad; no circumstances so powerfully stimulate it, when engaged in them, to measure back with speed the steps which it had taken, as the consciousness that the vigilant eye of the people is fixed on all its proceedings. He is the sincerest and wisest friend of his country, who, aware of the fallibility of the most experienced Administration, and of the almost irresistible temptations which are attached to the possession of authority, is at all times ready, on a crisis of importance, to give a temperate yet manly testimony of his opinion, by communications to his

representatives, by petition to Parliament, and, if circumstances require, by remonstrances to the Throne."

7th.—I have been looking into our periodicals, and notwithstanding some of them display great talent, it appears to me that considered as a whole their literature is lamentably superficial. In acute criticism, graphic fictions, and sprightly essays upon subjects of temporary interest, I grant they are unrivalled. But how little light do they shed on the deep workings of the heart, the complex machinery of our moral nature, and the great solemn purposes of human life! Occasionally we meet with a passage of permanent interest in the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, and frequently in the *Noctes* of *Blackwood;* and in Professor Wilson's fitful reveries there are gushes of feeling which we feel to be immortal; and here and there sunbursts of immutable truth. There is also a clever writer whose name I do not know, in *Fraser*, who often dives deep into the well-spring of philosophy. But they are exceptions to the rule, and those gems of intellect will, as time presses onward, be lost in the rubbish by which they are surrounded. The genius of the nation is chiefly laboring on structures which, though reared at an immense expenditure of moral strength, resemble the ice-palace of the Russian princess, and—fragile as beautiful—are lost with the season that produces them.

But I am getting tedious, and forbear to transcribe two other extracts which I had marked, one touching upon the Bristol Riots, and another on the Cholera Morbus. While speaking of the periodicals, I should have paid a tribute of praise to the remarkably cheap, able, and spirited publication—the *Athenæum*—decidedly the first work of its class, the very flower of the literary weeklies. At only half the price of the *Literary Gazette*, it is in every respect more valuable, and Jerdan him-

self seems to feel this, by refusing to advertise it. I wanted to add a few lines more, but my stupid boy, while lifting a kettle from the fire, has this moment spilled some boiling water on my toes. Excuse haste. Yours, PETER PRY.

EIGHTH LETTER.

Dear Sir,

Long time since I wrote you—scalded my toes just as I was finishing my last letter, and been laid up ever since in to-to, as a punster would say—don't make this an excuse, though, for not writing—hate excuses—always thought there was much truth in a saying of Franklin's, that a man who is good at excuses is seldom good at any thing else—perfectly independent, too, you know—don't write like you newspaper men for any party that will pay best—admire a sentiment of old George Withers's—

> "Being born as free as these,
> I shall write as I shall please."—

old George's fame, however, is not to be envied—poor fellow! left himself to a ludicrous immortality.

Shouldn't write now—toes not quite well yet—only heard a person remark a few evenings back that Peter Pry had said all he could say—saucy fellow!—felt myself roused—filled a dozen pages of my diary at a sitting—send you some extracts:—

January 25th.—Radical meeting at Manchester on Sunday last. This is one of the baneful consequences of delaying the Reform Bill. The strength of popular feeling rouses not only the sober-minded part of the community, but those turbulent factions which are ever ready to avail themselves of such occasions to disturb the peace of society. The ostensible object of this

Manchester meeting was to obtain universal suffrage; the real object of the demagogues who addressed it was to gain ascendancy among their fellows at the risk of inflaming their minds with those seditious feelings which kindled into flame the other day at Bristol. As a specimen of the oratory dealt out to the poor Sabbath-breaking reformers, a man named Broadhurst said that the guilt of the Bristol rioters was solely chargeable on the Duke of Newcastle and Sir Charles Wetherell, and that society would benefit more by the judges being hung than the criminals! Another of the name of Ashmore professed to laugh at the idea of any evil having been done by the demolition of Nottingham Castle, and boasted of the ease with which two hundred such men as himself (I hope the country does not contain 200 of his counterparts) could reduce the New Bailey prison at Manchester to a similar condition. There is not much difficulty in divining the secrets of men's hearts when their sympathies are wholly enlisted in favor of burglars and incendiaries, and when their indignation is roused to its highest tone against prisons and tread-mills. These are the real combustibles of the political world—live magazines of evil—waiting but for a chance spark to explode with desolating fury.

28th.—The birth-day of Robert Burns celebrated at the Freemasons' Tavern. It is illustrative of the rancour with which party feelings are but too apt to animate even men of exalted talent, that this occasion —on which all meaner topics should have been hushed in the homage offered by every heart to the memory of departed genius—was seized upon for an indecent display of political hostility; the opinions of the diverse parties being indicated by their shouts or silence accompanying the toasts of eminent public characters. The same disgraceful spirit pervades the reports of the

meeting in the newspapers. Even a journal of so high a character as the *Times* stoops to this meanness. I am not surprised at any misrepresentation in the columns of the *Standard* and *St. James' Chronicle*, but cannot imagine what reason should induce the "leading journal of Europe" to lend itself to such pitiful trickeries. At this meeting Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was present, being on his first visit to London. Even against the unoffending Shepherd the *Times* takes occasion to vent its paltry spleen—in part payment, I suppose, of the thwacks which that journal sometimes winces under from the *Noctes*—in one or two mean-spirited inuendoes which I transcribe. It says that one main purpose of the dinner was to "astonish the natives" by the introduction of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who it appears has now left his *native wilds* in order to visit for the first time the metropolis of the United Kingdom. Then, after mentioning the coincidence of the same day being the anniversary both of Burns's nativity and the Shepherd's, the writer adds "What other points of similarity there may chance to be between these two northern bards, we leave it to the ingenuity of our readers to discover." All this is extremely discreditable, and was besides, quite uncalled for by the occasion.

The reception which the Shepherd experienced from the meeting was most cordial and gratifying. It consisted too of men of high literary rank,—Mr. Lockhart, Sir John Malcolm, Allan Cunningham, Capt. Basil Hall, Mr. Sotheby, (where was Campbell?) and many others. There were also present two sons of the illustrious bard whose genius the assemblage met to celebrate. I regret to add that the Shepherd did not happily express his acknowledgments of the honorable plaudits with which he was received. His speech on returning thanks for his health being toasted was a very so-so

attempt at humour, pointless throughout, and scarcely even delicate. Its brevity was its only merit. Being on his first visit to the metropolis, standing amid a company which boasted many exalted names in English literature, and many others whose various virtues and talents have elevated them to a high station in the community,—and being received among them with the greatest warmth and cordiality—the occasion was eminently calculated to awaken in the breast of a man of genius emotions far more grateful and vivid than those which were indicated in his brief address.

29th.— On the presentation of the Perthshire petition for Reform, Lord Lynedoch, in attempting to shew how strong the feeling in its favor prevails in Perthshire, adduced a somewhat singular instance in proof of it. At the time, he said, their lordships were discussing the question whether the Reform-Bill should be read a second time, a great number of weavers were assembled at Perth to see the south mail come in, and to learn the intelligence which it brought. After the news came down that the Bill was rejected, they stopped the mail to know whether there had been any disturbances in London. The guard replied in the affirmative, and said that the Duke of Wellington and another illustrious individual had been shot by the mob. This intelligence was hailed with satisfaction by the assembled multitude, and in the vehemency of their indignation against the rejecters of the Reform Bill they so far forgot the humanity of their natures as to go to a noble friend of his and ask whether they ought not to celebrate the fate of the Duke and his associate by an illumination! I suppose the Perthshire reformers will scarcely thank his lordship for giving this unfortunate illustration of their feeling in favor of Reform.—My sheet is out.—Very truly yours, PETER PRY.

NINTH LETTER.

Dear Sir,

You will condole with me when I tell you that I have lately lost my old neighbour Miss Tibbs—a name with which you are already familiar. Poor old lady! I verily believe the Reform Bill has been the death of her. I regret her loss sincerely, for she was the only fragment of what is termed "the anti-reform interest" that I knew, and I have nobody now to have a social wrangle with. She had too a peculiar way of stewing prunes, which I fear has died with her. I am told that the Bill has been fatal to several old women. It was unfortunate for my lamented friend that her temper was by nature extremely choleric, and having been brought up in the family of a clerical justice-of-the-peace somewhere in the Lincolnshire fens, her politics were bitterly church-and-state. Her prejudices were kept vital by her passions, and grew in strength as she increased in years. I never met with so violent a toryess—yet she had many redeeming qualities which more than compensated for her politics. She made the best currant wine I ever drank, cured hams to perfection, and her syllabubs—ah!—I shall never eat the like. She was also the inventor of a plan for keeping fish fresh beyond the usual time,—by taking out their eyes and filling the sockets with salt. Your readers may stare at this, but let them try the experiment and I guarantee its success. Thousands of people have lived to less purpose than Miss Tibbs, and numbers might envy the memorial she has left—that her bad qualities hurt no one but herself, while her good ones were a general benefit. But I proceed with my diary;—

February 23rd.—It is amusing to look at the excessive scrupulosity with which the late Ministry and their adherents measure every item of public expenditure.

The payment of £2000 to Mr. Babbage for that miracle of science his machine for working logarithms,—of £900 to Dr. Bowring for inspecting the French system of government accounts and reporting on its merits in the House of Commons,—and £500 to Mr. Marshall, the author of a most elaborate and valuable compilation of statistics,—these items are selected by the organs of the late Ministry for marked reprehension. Mr. George Dawson, who seems to have a supreme contempt for every kind of useful knowledge, reprobated with all the powers of his voice the payments in question. Without doubt it reflects shame on the Government, that these sums have been applied to such purposes. Five hundred pounds for a volume of statistics!—as though our libraries were not already crammed with such works;—a sum, too, sufficient to have pensioned off some state Page, or Maid of Honour. Nine hundred pounds for inspecting the French system of accounts!—when our own system has already been made too plain to people who ought to have nothing to do with the taxes but to pay them. And two thousand pounds for a calculating machine! Why, this—as Dogberry would say—is flat burglary. Sir Charles Wetherell triumphantly asked whether it could calculate how to supply a deficient revenue; and thus clearly shewed its inutility. It is painful to reflect that the money thus misapplied would have paid a year's pension to Mr. Goulburn, or have reflected back the munificence of the country from the snuff-box of a Mexican Ambassador! What confidence can be placed in a Ministry guilty of such extravagance!

27th.—It is a melancholy thing to see such a man as the Duke of Wellington throwing away the reputation of his splendid services and rendering himself an object of popular dislike in a country where his name should

be maintained only as a word of power! One is almost tempted to believe his own words—that whenever he should become a leading statesman it would be the effect of madness. It appears by the papers that at the King's Levee on Wednesday last his Grace actually interrupted the proceedings by reading to his Majesty the Southampton anti-reform address. This address is trumpeted forth by the Opposition Press as an expression of the political feeling which prevails in that county, a very probable circumstance when it is remembered that at the last election the Tory members for Hampshire relinquished their posts in favor of two reformers without even venturing upon a contest. From the importance attached to the address, however, by its being read at the Levee, I concluded that it was an unexceptionably well-written document. On looking into it I find that it begins with expressing gratitude to the King for the royal proclamation suppressing illegal combinations. Four months after their suppression this certainly looks like a stale topic, unless we imagine the gratitude of the Hants anti-reformers to have been so overpowering that four months were required to give it utterance. The next paragraph states that they are filled with indignation and alarm at the existence of these combinations. Here then seems to be a great deal of indignation wasted, for this paragraph follows close on that in which they express their gratitude for the extinction of the very societies which, they now state, continue to fill them with alarm. If your limits would permit, it would be worth while to glance at the remainder of the address, to remark the extreme caution with which it is worded; there not being a sentence to which any reformer may not devoutly subscribe. I suppose that to an anti-reformer it presents "a thread of meaning through a web of wiles," but it is a happy

specimen of the art of employing words to conceal thoughts.—Among the signatures I observe that of Lord Porchester, a young nobleman who has written some verses, not above mediocrity, for the Annuals, and who was toasted at the Burns dinner the other day, "Lord Porchester and the British Poets!" Very good. We may expect soon to hear of such toasts as "Colonel Sibthorpe and the British Orators!"—"Francis Lathom and the British Novelists!"—"Mr. Dillon and the British Historians!" The affinity which Lord Porchester holds with the BRITISH POETS reminds me of the story related of a person who once accosted Tompion, the celebrated watch-maker, by exclaiming "Ah, Mr. Tompion, you and I are the two most noted watchmakers in London. You are the best, and I am the worst"!

29th.—I am glad to find the Temperance Societies on the advance. It is fortunate for the prosperity of these institutions that men of every diversity of opinion can unite in promoting them, and eminently are they entitled to the support of every philanthropist. It is an astounding fact, the amount annually expended in this kingdom in spirituous liquors, which exceeds the value of all the manufactures we export. The consumption of spirits appears too to be fearfully on the increase, having actually doubled in the last seven years. It is calculated that the average quantity consumed by every individual in England is two-and-a-half gallons a year —in Ireland three-and-a-half—and in Scotland four. This tells badly against the boasted morality of our northern neighbours; but the whole subject deserves the most serious attention. Talk of cholera—what are its ravages in comparsion with those of intemperance? —and should we not be equally prompt in applying a remedy to the greater evil?

March 1st.—*Mem.*—Symptoms of mortality in the

anti-reform cause—*Standard* complains that there is no longer any Tory party!—pretty well this, from the ostensible organ of that body. Lord Ashley, the hero of the celebrated *re-action* in Dorset, has had his election bill made out—documents unpleasant to read—expense only £30,000—subscribed in London and Dorset £9,500;—price of "the whistle" £20,500—rather dear!—best joke behind—cost £12,000 more to *defend* the election—seat given up in despair—great "triumph of Conservative principles." The anti-reformers are boasting of the patronage of the Queen!—having, it seems, lost all influence over the other sex. Fine story trumped up in the *Standard* of her Majesty's favorable reception of an anti-reform address presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury. And are Gifford and Maginn come to this? How discreditable would the circumstance be, if true, to both the Queen and the Primate. But it happily turns out to be a pure fiction.

I am at the end of my paper—shall write you again shortly—very truly yours, PETER PRY.

With the promise of writing again shortly, this correspondence appears to have terminated, as we find no tenth letter in the columns of the journal. In the meantime, the journal itself was not answering the views of its projectors. Various changes in its management gave the first indications that all was not exactly as it should be. In January, 1832—about fifteen months from its commencement—we have a notice that Mr. * * * * , "our late Printer and Publisher," and Mr. * * * of the Parish of G———, "having sold their respective interests or shares in this Paper, and in the debts due to the concern, it is requisite that all unsettled accounts," &c., &c. And further, that

"although a partial change has taken place in the Proprietary of this paper, it will continue under the direction of the same Editor." The notice goes on to state that no bias of party connexions would induce the *Cornubian* to abandon for one hour the independent and constitutional course it had hitherto pursued. "Our circulation, which is not exceeded in this town and neighbourhood, and unequalled in several principal towns and populous districts in the county, having increased with a rapidity unprecedented in Cornwall, and greatly accelerated within the past month, the Proprietor is determined to make the greatest exertions to secure an early delivery," &c.

Here then, was a large and rapidly increasing circulation of the journal, coupled somewhat strangely with the fact that two of the shareholders had already sold out. It is not in the usual course of things to withdraw money so soon from a very promising speculation. Were these two gentlemen so strangely blind to their own interests? or was it, that foreseeing the vast influx of wealth which would soon be pouring in they judged it best to retire before the seductions of Mammon had obtained too great an ascendancy? We pass on to the middle of February, when another notice informs the public that the publication of the journal would forthwith be changed from the Friday to the Tuesday; and this, from the conviction that a Tuesday's newspaper was very much wanted in Cornwall. Then follows a long catalogue of advantages to accrue from the proposed alteration. The Debates in Parliament, the London News, the Foreign Intelligence, the Cornish Markets, the Shipping Lists, and various important local intelligence, would all be had "three days earlier" by this arrangement, while advertisements would enjoy the privilege of being circulated through the County in

the early part of the week. Under the new system matters went on until December, when a somewhat more significant Notice heads the leading column. "The Editor begs to inform the Subscribers that his connexion with the *Cornubian* terminates with the present number (Dec. 18). It may be proper for him to state that his responsible engagement with this journal continued but twelve months after its establishment, since the expiration of which, though no nominal change has been made in its management, he has been only an occasional contributor. His office now wholly devolves upon a gentleman who is much more competent than himself to the able discharge of its duties. With sincere thanks to his friends and correspondents for the kind attentions with which they have often favored him, and trusting that the new arrangement will render the journal still more worthy of their support, he respectfully bids them FAREWELL."

We have no data by which to determine precisely how long the journal survived the dissolution of partnership between itself and the first editor. It may have been twelve months, more or less, from the time that the last-mentioned Notice was published, that the *Cornubian* disappeared and was seen no more. If this melancholy fact requires to be explained, it will be remembered that as far as the circulation is regarded, its prospects could not be deemed discouraging. Nor could it fail for lack of editorial ability. It had well-written articles, able reviews, good correspondence, and well-selected material in general; and its politics were the pervailing opinions of the County. One glance at the Advertising columns reveals the secret,—it could do no business; and the heavy expenses connected with the publication of the paper could be met by nothing in the way of an ordinary sale. The established

organs of Cornish advertising had occupied the ground too long to afford any reasonable hope of successful competition in the circumstances under which the *Cornubian* started; and the literary superiority by which a new rival may be distinguished goes for little in an affair of this kind. Justice requires us to add that all which could be done by that body of advertising gentlemen who rush in at once to the support of *every* newspaper,—no matter where published, by whom conducted, or by what principles distinguished, —was done to keep alive the *Cornubian.* While Mine Agents, and Auctioneers, and tradesmen of other descriptions dealt out their favors with a niggardly and unfrequent hand, these gentlemen of the Press Universal—to their everlasting honor be it spoken—crowded the *Cornubian* columns with their Pills, Elixirs, Paregorics, and all-healing Balsams. But even this would not do; nor did the whole catalogue of patent medicines supply one that suited the peculiar case of the journal itself. The resources of the British College of Health were unavailing for a weak, languishing, dying newspaper; and it passed away, though worthy of a better fate.

CHAPTER XI.

In tracing the literary career of the subject of these Memoirs we have thus far been led to the discontinuance of his labours in connection with the Falmouth newspaper. A short time before this, he had married and settled at Portreath, with no more temporal resources than were just sufficient to meet the wants of the day, but with the world before him, and with the faculty of turning to good account such opportunities as might offer in the sphere in which he moved. With good health, plenty of books, a large circle of friends, and every fair prospect of competence and reputation, all reasonable means of happiness—in the general sense of that word—were in his possession. But he had now come to a period when the question as to what really constitutes both the happiness and the business of life was pressed with more than ordinary force on his attention. Four years previously, he had lost his father under circumstances of a very solemn and affecting character, and the impressions at that time produced, in conjunction with others resulting from events of a highly admonitory nature, had induced him a year or two afterwards to connect himself in membership with the Wesleyan Church. It has already been stated that at a much earlier period he had become most decidedly the subject of a spiritual change; but, as is too generally the case with those whose first glow of religious feeling lacks the wisdom and discretion needed for stability and permanence, the promise of those days had not been realized. At no time had he fallen into the grosser follies or dissipation of youth; but he had suffered

from the keen relish of those intellectual pleasures which, when not sternly subjected to still higher objects, soon fill up the whole field of vision and throw into seeming insignificance the grandest subjects that can occupy the human mind. At the period now referred to he was the subject of conflicting feelings which kept him for a long time comparatively a stranger to that peace and comfort which result from a cordial and unreserved acceptance of gospel truth; and the reasons for this it may neither be uninteresting nor unprofitable to notice.

It will easily be seen from some of the political articles already quoted—and especially from those which deal with the general question of national prosperity—that the writer had accustomed himself to somewhat lofty views of the gradual advancement of human nature in social and moral excellence. Great stress is laid upon the essentially progressive character of Mind, and of the certainty with which its intellectual and spiritual aspirations will sooner or later gather round their appropriate objects. Statesmen and philosophers are all warned against the folly and wickedness of either ignoring or obstructing this march of Manhood—this inevitable and unconquerable tendency in the human race to move onward towards "all that is good and true." Of this great principle all popular movements are regarded as so many demonstrations. The Poles struggling with the Russian autocrat; the Belgians protesting sword in hand against the tyranny of the Dutch; the French chasing their faithless Charles the Tenth from his kingdom;—these are the witnesses that selfish Will must bow down before enlightened Intellect. So in England; the general cry for an extended franchise, for the annihilation of rotten boroughs and for the conferring of political importance on large but unrepresented towns,—what was it but another manifestation of the same

Thought which "rives like gossamer the fetters that would impede her progress."

To young writers, in whom poetry is still the predominating element, those romantic notions of Man ever on the road to perfection, are exceedingly captivating; and although a very superficial glance at the page of history ancient or modern, might—independently of all higher authority—shew how little such a theory may be trusted, there are not many who care to subject it to that sort of criticism. Their error lies in applying a general truth to particular circumstances; and in overlooking the fact that what may safely be predicated of Mankind when the whole of its future is taken into the account may have nothing to do with the individual man or the individual nation of the present day. Nor is it true that the hopefulness of the future springs from any thing in the race which, *as an inherent principle*, impels them onward in the path of intellectual and moral victory. Charming as such a notion may be to the contemplation, its utter groundlessness is at once apparent when tested by personal experience. If every man's consciousness tells him that it rests with himself whether his career shall be one of progressive honor or progressive shame, by what system of moral arithmetic can it be proved that results which belong to the man have no relation to those which belong to the multitude,—that though any one or more of the units may go wrong, the sum total will mainly go right?

We gather from the page of Revelation the cheering intelligence that the vanity to which the world has long been subjected will not be ultimately triumphant; and that while Providence for its own wise reasons has allowed this earth for so many ages to become the battle-field between the powers of good and evil, the issue will

decide for the former,—that a bright and happy era is in prospect, when wisdom and knowledge in their highest sense shall be "the stability of the times." In this conclusion we may join as heartily as the most enthusiastic believer in the essential law of human progress. But as to the way in which this renovation of the race will be accomplished, it is quite certain that the Scriptures never attribute it to anything in man, which like a seed of slow but sure germination must infallibly reach its destined maturity. If thought and intelligence are necessarily progressive, and if in proportion to their advancement the moral and social virtues must also flourish, the present condition of Greece, of Italy, of once famous countries in Asia, is a mystery that no wit of man can unriddle. Equally in the dark we must be as to the results of political revolutions in Europe. How the struggles of enlightened Poland should only have bound her more firmly in the chains of her oppressor; how Holland could so far forget her own antecedents as to become a tyrant to the Belgians; and how France, after chasing from the throne one tyrant after another, should submit to be bound hand and foot by her last imperial despot, are problems not to be solved by any progressive philosophy. That doctrine has no resting-place for the sole of its foot, and for any guarantee it can give us to the contrary, the day may yet come when Macaulay's New-Zealander standing on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, shall pass from a dream to a reality.

The question then very naturally comes,—allowing that this theory of Man's advancing perfection is an erroneous one, how does it bear upon the spiritual well-being of those who embrace it? Evidently in this way,—that it will be always coming into antagonism with those doctrines which lay the axe to the root of this imaginary

good in human nature; which ascribe all real excellence in man to those spiritual operations which flow from the work of redemption; and which still leave it with him as a responsible creature to improve or neglect the grace that under diligent cultivation can raise him again to the freedom and dignity of his rational and immortal being. Nor is it the least point of distinction between the two authorities, that whereas the former makes intelligence the pioneer of morality, the latter takes exactly the opposite course, and makes the future intellectual and social happiness of the world the effect —not the cause—of its spiritual freedom under the reign of righteousness.

But this brings us to another part of the subject. It will be remembered that in one of the articles quoted from the *Cornubian* there was an indignant animadversion on the attempt of Captain Gambier to exclude Unitarians from co-operation with the Bible Society; and the writer argued that where religious sects and parties are so numerous, and where the shades of faith must consequently vary in so many ways, it must manifest a highly unchristian spirit for any one or more of these parties to arrogate to themselves the sole possession of Scriptural truth, and to deny it to other sections of the Church whose zeal might be as earnest and whose piety as irreproachable as their own. The champions of orthodoxy were reminded that in their warfare against Unitarianism they would do well to consider whether it was wise to measure arms with such antagonists as Milton, Locke, and Newton; or, to come home to more modern times, whether they could find at the present day among English theologians a name more deservedly illustrious for intellect and piety than the celebrated Dr. Channing of America.

On this last name there partly hangs a tale. The

works of Dr. Channing had recently come into the writer's hands, and in the style and mode of thinking which marked that brilliant author, he found what at that period was probably more congenial with his tastes than any thing to be elsewhere met with in religious literature. Indeed, the influence of Channing on his own thinking and writing amounted for a time almost to a fascination. His manner of expressing himself on Slavery, on political oppression, and on religious exclusiveness, might at that time be called a *fac simile* of his favorite author. Channing is never weary of discussing the essential greatness of Man, his capacity for unlimited progress in mental and moral excellence, the high rank which he holds in the universe, and his grand destiny, as designed for an ever-growing likeness to and intercourse with the Father of Spirits. In some strange and unaccountable way God's creatures had become forgetful of this relationship they bear to the eternal Father, and it was necessary to send into the world his own Son,—for what purpose? To awaken the human mind to a consciousness of its own capacities; to purifiy it from its earthly and grovelling propensities by giving it a fuller revelation of immortality; and to quicken its aspirations after moral greatness by exhibiting in his own life and death the most illustrious type of consecration to duty and Truth. This is Channing's theology—a refined and baptized paganism; for as to any thing about the entire fall of mankind through the first transgression, the natural corruption of the race, the atoning work of the Divine Mediator, and the regenerating grace of the Spirit—himself a personal and divine Existence,—all this is quietly thrown aside as so much superstitious lumber.

In cases where a total indifference to the claims of religion is suddenly terminated by some startling dis-

pensation which at once awakes the soul to its peril and to the value of that provision which alone can meet its necessities, the sentimental gospel we have alluded to has small chance of deceiving any one. There will be an immediate and instinctive perception that there is nothing about it which can give rest to the conscience or life to the spirit. But it may be far otherwise even where there is much serious conviction of the importance attaching to spiritual concerns, and much eagerness to find something, both in creed and practice, by the adoption of which peace and security may be realized,—while as yet the world has too much hold-fast on the affections to make the religion of the Bible palatable. To a mind so circumstanced the general teaching of Unitarian theology, especially when arrayed in the graces of Dr. Channing's eloquence, may be all but irresistible. Visions of great moral excellence to be attained by a process in which the intellect figures much more prominently than the heart; and of a happy future life to follow a not very self-denying condition in the present, commend themselves with peculiar power to the feelings. In the instance before us, the predilections for such a scheme as Unitarianism furnished would be strengthened in no little measure by the well-known fact, that of all living characters Channing, as far as the outward life can be judged, was one of the most excellent. Indeed the published memoirs of this American theologian bring us, as perhaps no other work can do, to the contemplation of that curious and most difficult of moral problems,—how far the intellect may take up with a radically unsound theology while the heart has yet given its devotion to vital truth. The loveliness of Channing's private and public character, his self-sacrificing and incessant labors for the good of his fellow-men, the spotlessness of his life and the peaceful

confidence of his dying hours, are all, as we should deem it, strangely at variance with real adhesion to a creed which, rejecting the one foundation of human hope, cannot contain in itself the elements of salvation. And further, the private memoranda of Channing, as well as various parts of his correspondence, exhibit a tone of evangelical feeling in happiest inconsistency with those polemical writings in which he attacks some of the leading doctrines of Christianity with scarcely even as much reverence as those subjects may justly claim. It is well known that the general body of English Unitarians had very little sympathy with Channing's ideal of a religious *life*, whatever approbation they might bestow on his controversial writings. Religion with him was at any rate an earnest and all-absorbing subject; and he both saw and lamented the fact, that in the majority of the churches sacred to the Unitarian faith there was little or nothing but church-membership to distinguish the so-called believers from the mere men of the world. It is a question, then, only to be determined by another Authority, how far what is termed "invincible prejudice" placed the intellect of this gifted man in opposition to those deeper sentiments of faith and hope to which he clung in life and in death. The doctrines in which he had been trained from childhood where those of the most rigid American Calvinism; and when personal thought and reflection led him to abjure that repulsive system, his recoil from a creed which had so long fettered him seems to have carried him to the opposite extreme; and to have made him the advocate of a faith which, while arraying the divine attributes in a milder character, leaves to man no scriptural basis for hope.

The grounds on which the *Cornubian* advocated the exercise of charity towards the Unitarian body, and the

cultivating of a spirit of union in co-operating with them for the advancement of religion, will not stand a very close examination. The Unitarians are here placed on a common footing with other Christian sects who, though widely differing on some theological points, are of one heart and soul on those great and fundamental doctrines to which the former assign no place in their system. Whether so great a difference of religious tenets forbade a mutual agency in such a work as that of disseminating the Scriptures without note or comment, is a question we do not meddle with; but it cannot be true that a refusal on the part of the Evangelical Churches to fraternize with Unitarians in the general work of the Gospel argues any want of charity; for the Christianity of the two parties has hardly any thing in common except the name. Nor is there much difficulty in dealing with the argument, that in holding up to opprobrium the Unitarian faith we are making heretics of such men as Newton, Milton, and Locke. In respect to the essential divinity of Christ, these men, it is true, differed from the Trinitarian doctrine; but they were no more Unitarians, in the wide sense of that word, than Swedenborgians. Of them it is enough to say, that the doctrinal consequences to which their views of the second Person must have led them by a rigorous logic, they solemnly disclaimed; subscribing to the faith of the Church Catholic on the subjects of the Fall and Redemption. But we are also told, that as it cannot be denied that much difference of views may consist with equal goodness of heart, we are to remember in our dealings with other religious bodies that the scriptural test of character is, not "by their creed ye shall know them," but "by their fruits ye shall know them;" and that it certainly savors of great self-complacency to tell any section of our fellow-

Christians that we regard them as lacking the virtues which we ourselves possess, while yet we can fix no stain upon their moral character. This is granted; but if there be any importance at all in a sound form of words, it cannot be otherwise but that many cases of this nature must be absolutely determined by creed, the moral condition of the person professing such a creed being altogether a question between himself and his Maker. But finally we are told that those various phases of religious belief, though apparently very much to be deplored when regarded from one point of view, may yet be relatively beautiful when viewed in their combination. If so, then—says our authority—"the man who, because a certain creed suits his particular taste, should pass sentence of condemnation on all the others, ought, on the same principle, when finding in his garden the fruit most congenial to his palate, to cultivate that tree alone on which it grows, and root up all the others as heterodox cumberers of the soil. Such a man, when gazing on the rainbow, must regret that it is not all of that particular color on which his eye loves best to repose; heedless that to each of the prismatic hues are we equally indebted for its splendid illustrations in lighting up the Arch of Promise." To which it will naturally be objected, that although the argument is beautifully put, it is grounded upon false analogies;—that while Poetry may talk of so many clashing and conflicting creeds forming by their union a system of harmonious truth, Philosophy holds back, and refuses to admit the possibility of such a phenomenon. No arch of promise was ever so constructed.

But while the fact must be admitted that for a long time the writings of Channing had a very mischievous influence on his mind, they did not prejudice him against any vital doctrine of Scripture except that of three co-equal

persons in the Godhead. With Channing's views of sin forgiven irrespective of a sacrificial atonement, and through no other medium but God's paternal benevolence, he had no sympathy whatever. It will be remembered that Channing himself disowned the general Unitarian notion of Christ's simple humanity, holding him to be the highest of all the sons of God. It is also evident from some parts of his writings, that when his antagonism to orthodoxy was not the immediate object, he could speak of the work of the Cross in language very little in harmony with his professed views of it. But he was uniformly consistent in his rejection of the doctrine which ascribes the attributes of Deity to the world's redeemer; and on this point his admirer and *quondam* disciple was for a time content to follow with him. He found no difficulty in fortifying his belief with a number of Scripture passages which, when disjoined from the general body of revealed truth, seem widely different from the teachings of Trinitarian theology. The writer remembers spending a Sunday with him at Portreath, when after the Scriptures had been read at family devotion a discussion ensued on this subject, as suggested by the chapter,—John xiv. Such passages as the following were brought under review:—"No man cometh unto the Father, but by me."—"He that believeth on me—greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto the Father."—"Whatsoever ye shall ask, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."—"I will pray the Father."—"He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father."—"My Father is greater than I."—"As the Father gave me commandment, even so I do." The argument was propounded, that if we were speaking of any two distinct human beings, as master and servant, parent and child, king and subject, it would not be possible to use language

more thoroughly implying *distinction*, than the language here used. Here is one person praying and another prayed unto; one person commanding and another obeying; one person greater and another less; and yet we are required to believe, after all, that these *persons* are one. This is just the way in which Channing puts the argument; and however the case may stand with one who on such points had done little in comparing Scripture with Scripture, it does not say much for a professed theologian, that he should adopt this stale method of driving orthodoxy into a corner. It is a poor device for placing the Trinitarians on a footing with the good old father of the ancient Church, whose faith was so vigorous that not satisfied with the milk of deep mysteries, it desired the stronger meat of absolute impossibilities.

To those who look with comparative indifference on the various phases of religious faith, such details as we are now concerned with may seem to possess but very slight importance. By others, they will justly be regarded as having a tenfold greater interest than everything connected with a political or literary career. The latter subject has to do with time and the things of time; the former has especial relation to the soul and its everlasting destinies. Erroneous theories, which, whatever practical bearing they may have on secular objects can extend their influence no farther, may in their very worst aspect be called wisdom itself compared with those errors which strike at the foundations of human peace and hope. In general, it may be said that a more perilous crisis can hardly be encountered than that in which a highly intelligent mind,—seriously impressed with the claims of religion, and yet well disposed to find something which will satisfy the conscience without coming to an open quarrel with the world—gets exposed to the allurements

of Socinian theology. Of that school of divinity the leading writers are men of high education and refined taste, which certainly cannot be said of many a popular and influential writer on the other side. Perhaps it would be difficult to find a case more illustrative than the one before us, of Foster's celebrated Essay on the "Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion." In this masterly essay the author has shown with his usual tact and discrimination, that although men of taste have to evangelical religion an aversion which, whether in themselves or in others, requires nothing to explain it but the radical depravity of their nature, this aversion is in a thousand cases needlessly increased by the uncouth, forbidding, and repulsive character with which that religion is so often invested by the well-meaning but mistaken writers who vindicate its claims. By what strange art they have so often succeeded in stripping of its beauty and its glory, that thing which is man's crowning excellence in this world as well as his passport to the joys of the next, it may not be easy to say, but it is certain that they have done so. Religion in their doleful and dreary pages is hardly anything better than lamentation, mourning, and woe. Everything that degrades and condemns man, everything that sinks him in the mire of his natural corruption or practical iniquity, is exhibited and discussed with infinite relish; while the essential grandeur of his nature even in its ruins, his lofty capacities for a dignity beyond that of unfallen angels, the peculiar honors to which as a subject of redemption he is privileged to attain—those brighter aspects of the picture where its deepest shadows melt into insufferable light and splendour —are all ignored, as though unsuitable to a creature always prone to think too highly of himself. It is not improbable that this circumstance may to some extent serve as a key to that remarkable change which, even in

the last quarter of a century, has passed on the pulpit and the religious press. In one respect it is hardly possible to speak too severely of the rage for what is called an "intellectual" religion, which has made the most solemn and awful themes the vehicle of poetic and sentimental extravagance, and which has given us an order of preachers and writers in whose hands the truths of Scripture look more like a gorgeous romance than a provision for human salvation. But how much of this may be attributed to a spirit of impatience against the stereotyped dullness which to so vast an extent had previously characterized religious teaching? The fashionable cry, that we are living in times when the pulpit must keep up with the progress of the age, is certainly capable of a good meaning; while fully admitting the truth of the objection, that no novelties are wanted in religion. The grand doctrines given as man's guiding star to immortality are fixed and settled as the heavens; nothing can be added to them, nothing taken from them. But those doctrines themselves are capable of being unfolded and illustrated with a never-failing freshness and variety; and if in *this* respect the pulpit lags behind the march of intellect in other departments, it can hardly retain its power over the educated classes. Nor will it do to say that this doctrine puts the power of the ministry into the hands of men; it certainly does nothing of the sort. For if it be granted that, while all that can make religious instruction vital and influential is a directly spiritual gift, there must nevertheless be *some* intellectual exertion on the part of the instructor, it only remains to be asked, how far such spiritual assistance is likely to be given when the greatest of all subjects is not deemed worthy of all that the highest intelligence can do for its illustration and adornment.

It was well for the subject of these pages that while

thus solicited by prejudices strongly favoring the tenets of that sect whose religion has not inaptly been called the half-way house to infidelity, he could only find them in books. His Christian connections, and the ministry which he attended, were all of another stamp; and this ceaseless collision between them both resulted—as will generally be the case where there is real earnestness after truth—in the casting down of those thoughts and imaginations which so far neutralize the truth of the gospel. Nor was he blind to another very obvious and telling fact, —that, whatever might be said in behalf of that liberal theology which takes to itself no small credit for rescuing man from corrupt doctrine, it had never done much in the way of rescuing man from *his own* corruption. The advocates of a creed so enlightened, so free from vulgar mystery, so fraught with all that exalts God and ennobles man, ought if consistent with themselves to compass sea and land for the extension of a faith worthy of every man's reception. But what have they done? What privileged persons have had the honor of reading their Missionary Reports? Where is the record of their perilous journeyings on the land and on the deep, over the mountains and across the deserts, jeopardizing health, life—all, for bringing the nations to the obedience of *this* faith? "By their fruits," says the *Cornubian*, "not by their creed, shall ye know them." True; but if the Scriptures describe the fruits of genuine Christianity as evidenced not only by personal purity of character, but by that philanthropy which gives itself no rest while a single nation upon earth is unvisited with the light of the Gospel, no more needs be said on such a subject.

The state of reaction from a condition of doubt and perplexity as to certain doctrines of religion may tend to different results. It may issue in a vigorously practical defence of those principles which had been comparatively

repudiated, and which are now vindicated with so much the greater energy from the fact that they have hitherto been debarred from asserting their just claims. Or it may—as not improbably in the case of the person before us—engender a distaste for controversial divinity, from a notion—too hastily adopted—that it will be more fruitful of mental disquiet than of any good practical consequences. It is certain that from the time when he became partaker of the peaceful and hallowing influences of that Scriptural faith from which he had long been diverted, he never evidenced much liking for books or sermons which went deeply into disputed points of theology. In the meantime he cheerfully gave himself to the performance of such public duties as the church of which he was a member thought proper to call him; and whether as connected with the charge of a Wesleyan "class," or occasionally occupying the pulpit in the circuit chapels, or engaged at public meetings in the advocacy of whatever claims could be advanced by religious or philanthropical societies, found a sphere of action generally crowned with great acceptance and usefulness.

CHAPTER XII.

THE succeeding pages of these Memoirs have to do with a life that from this period presents nothing of much notice in the way of biographical incident, and is mainly interesting to the general reader in its relation to politics and literature. The conductor of the *Cornubian* had, as before stated, retired from his connection with that journal some considerable time before the journal itself ceased to exist. After some years in which little was done in the way of writing he became a frequent contributor to the *West Briton*, one of the oldest established Cornish newspapers, with the political views of which he generally sympathized. A selection from the various topics which employed his pen from the year 1840 to the closing period of his life, as well as some miscellaneous papers and correspondence, will suffice for our present limits. We observe in looking over the weekly register of public events with which the year 1840 closed up, a record of that strange proceeding on the part of the French—the disinterment of Napoleon's remains at St. Helena, and their transference to the capital of his former kingdom. Our first extract from the *West Briton* relates to this circumstance :—

"The present generation will probably pass away without again witnessing so splendid a pageant as was exhibited at Paris on Monday se'nnight. Even as a pageant—and without referring to its object—the scene must have been singularly striking. The military cavalcade which formed the procession exceeded in number and in decorative splendour any similar one with which memory, or even

history furnishes us. It was an army rather than a procession. Next in depth and intensity to the emotions awakened by scenes of natural beauty and grandeur, are those which spring from the contemplation of such multitudinous masses of humanity. The correspondents of the London prints represent the population on the Seine as looking on with cold indifference while the remains of the Emperor were borne along its course to the place of landing, and we regret to observe a complaint in the French journals that an injustice has thus been done to the national character. But it seems to us that the silence preserved throughout the march, both by the processional bodies and the immense array of spectators, was the most appropriate and expressive testimony of feeling which the occasion admitted. But whatever thoughts were uppermost in the minds of the multitude on the march, there was no room for questioning the sincerity of devotion with which the remains were received at the chapel of the Invalides. It must form an era in the life of the man who witnessed that scene. From the rock of St. Helena, and the field of Waterloo, imagination flew back to the scenes of his glory and his triumph, when throne after throne fell before his arms, and the imperial eagle flapped her wings over the western half of Continental Europe. We do not feel that the unjustifiable character of Napoleon's conquests forbids us to pay a tribute of admiration to the fidelity with which his memory is cherished by his companions in arms. It is a phase, too, which we delight to contemplate in Napoleon himself, that he had in a remarkable degree the power of winning the attachment of men whose situation in life could offer no temptation to affect towards them a kindness which he did not feel. We doubt not the perfect sincerity of the tears which were wept like rain by the veterans who had fought with him on a hundred fields, as they thronged

around his corpse at the place of sepulture. But we turn from all whose nobility or valour made them ornaments of his court, or the councillors of his camp, to one whose disinterested and unchangeable affection more strikingly redounds to his honor. A poor man who we believe was Napoleon's gardener at Longwood, was so strongly attached to him, that after his death he became the voluntary guardian of his grave. He remained on the island after his countrymen had quitted, and was found by them, on their return for the remains, still occupying his post at his master's tomb. We know of nothing more honorable to Napoleon's character than this touching proof of fidelity. We cannot, however, but regret that his remains were removed from St. Helena. We dare not permit the splendor of his conquests, or the chivalrous devotion which honors his memory, to blind us to his guilty ambition, or to the miseries it inflicted upon mankind. Nothing under the sun taught so impressively the instability of every throne founded in unrighteousness, as the tomb of Napoleon breaking upon the sight of the mariner amid the solitude of the ocean desert; and we may be permitted to regret that the force and reality of this lesson should be marred by the removal of his ashes."

In the meantime a general election was forthcoming in this country. The Whig Ministry had broken up under Sir Robert Peel's "want of confidence" resolution, and as questions of more than ordinary magnitude were beginning to stir the public mind, the greatest eagerness was everywhere manifested in regard to the construction of the ensuing parliament. Lord Boscawen had offered himself for the western division of Cornwall, at that time represented by two gentlemen far a-head of the new candidate in their views of those liberal measures in favor of which the tide of public opinion was then rapidly setting in. If his lordship was disappointed of the honor

to which he aspired, he had at least such "crumbs of consolation" as the following article might afford him.

"It is often remarked that there is no gift of which Providence is so frugal in the distribution, as intellectual power. But on the other hand it is a truth to which the lessons of history give ample confirmation, that great crises produce great men, and that consequently an unsuspected amount of native ability may slumber in the mind until drawn forth by opportune events. Cromwell and Napoleon were the creatures of revolutionary times. Luther would have dozed away his existence in a monastery had not his energies been roused by the abuses of the papacy. The genius of Butler was kindled into life by the appearance of the civil wars. The eloquence of Chatham flamed forth only amid the excitement of politics,—like the rainbow, born of the storm, and dying with it. And thus it is that stirring times make men, as well as native powers; and that under the influence of great events they unconsciously become poets, and statesmen, and heroes. We are now entered upon an eventful crisis in English history. Never were more important interests at stake. Our commercial greatness is giving signs of decadence. The vital elements of the country are shewing alarming symptoms of paralysis under the pressure of restrictive and prohibitory laws. Our fiscal code must be re-constructed. And while anxiously looking about us for the skill and intelligence, the tried sagacity, practical wisdom, and enlightened political philosophy, which are to reinforce our strength and give new life to the drooping system,—a buzz goes through the air that a mighty help is at hand, and there steps forth—my Lord Boscawen. In this important crisis his lordship volunteers his services for the representation of the western division of Cornwall in the ensuing parliament. It should excite our gratitude that the favor has been unsolicited; that the offer has not

been made by the tardy benevolence which requires prompting; but has sprung spontaneously from his own generous mind. Superior ability is generally accompanied by retiring modesty, but if this modesty were always to prevent such ability being exercised, it might as well never be conferred. Lights are not always to shine under bushels. His lordship feels the force of these truths, and at the expense of some violence to his bashfulness offers himself as the political guardian of the interests of West Cornwall. It is ungracious to decline great honors, but there happens at present to be some difficulties in the way of our availing ourselves of his lordship's kindness, to which he does not seem to have given due consideration. The two gentlemen who have so long and so faithfully represented the western division have neither of them expressed an intention to relinquish their posts; nor are we aware that the great body of the electors are disposed to make any change in the representation. This circumstance his lordship in the fervor of his patriotic zeal must have overlooked; and we beg to intimate that unless he can manage to have *three* members returned for the west, we cannot possibly benefit by his good intentions."

On the introduction of a bill into Parliament for the admission of Jews into the House of Commons, we have the subjoined under date of February, 1841.

"We notice with much interest the measure now in progress through parliament for a further extension of civil rights to the Jews. Although there has been nothing new in the arguments which have been urged against this measure, we think proper, as they have been again repeated, to pass them in brief review."

"It is contended that the Jews are a distinct people; that though united with others in the common business of life, they are yet isolated from the general community

by a bond of religious union. But the same may be said of all other religious bodies. Churchmen, Wesleyans, Baptists, Quakers,—they all unite in the intercourse of daily life, while yet divided as religionists into distinct communities. There is nothing in the religion of the Jew, any more than in theirs, which unfits him for participation in civil rights or the discharge of civil duties; and it is only with respect to such rights and duties that he asks to be placed on an equality with his fellow-subjects. If it were proposed to make Sir Moses Montefiore a bishop, or Mr. Hurwitz a Regius Professor of Divinity, we could understand how the Jewish religion would incapacitate them for such offices. But when it is proposed to admit them only to the common privileges which property confers upon all other men, we see no distinction between them and others. Though we differ from the Jew's religion, we unite with him in secular interests; and while it is only in relation to such interests that he wishes to fraternize with us, we are at a loss to discover the wisdom of that philosophy which teaches that while we are severed from him in matters on which we differ, we must also remain dissociated in those on which we agree."

"But it is also argued that the Jews do not feel the force of that national attachment which makes other men cleave to their native soil; that they look upon the country in which they live merely as a place of sojourn, a temporary location, until they shall again be gathered into one nation. And suppose it were so; is it any argument that, because they look forward to a general restoration of their remote posterity, the present generation shall be treated as aliens? We deny, too, that the Jew wants local attachment more than any other man. Love of country is not the result of any reasoning process, but is an instinctive feeling in human nature, and that nature

must be entirely changed before it can be rooted out. It lives and grows among all creeds. It does not belong to Christian, or Jew, or Heathen, merely as such, but to Man, wherever found, and whatever may be his social or religious condition. Are we told that this is not verified by facts? Sir R. Inglis, Mr. Gladstone, and others may refer us to the page of English history, and ask in a tone of triumph whether it bears any record of the patriotic attachment of the Jews to their native soil? It does not. And why? Because the state has always treated them as aliens and foes. We cut them off from the common privileges of our countrymen and then complain that they are not patriotic. We degrade, insult, and persecute them, and then charge them with being unsocial, and keeping themselves as a distinct people. We make them 'distinct' and then punish them for being so."

"Another fallacy. It is said that the present Bill if carried into a law, will unchristianize the country. Can any thing, it is asked, be more monstrous, than that a Jewish magistrate should sit on a bench of justice, administering an oath to a witness on a book in which he is not himself a believer. Now the monstrosity is exactly matched by a case of frequent occurrence,—that of a Christian judge administering to a Mahometan an oath on the Koran. The duty of a magistrate is to administer the law, and the law remains the same whether dealt by a Christian or a Jew. In tending an oath the question is, not what form of attestation is most binding on the magistrate, but on the witness,—a slight distinction which men of the Inglis school happen to overlook; and therefore we can discover no enormity in an oath on the New Testament being administered by a Jew."

"But we come to a graver consideration. It is asserted that by granting political rights to the Jews we shall oppose ourselves to the fulfilment of prophecy. That such an

argument as this should be urged or listened to by men of ordinary sense, is astonishing, involving as it does the dishonoring implication that *our* aid is necessary to the accomplishing of the designs of the Almighty. But admitting that the prophecies left no room for a doubtful interpretation, where, we ask, are our credentials for assuming the office of ministers of divine wrath? Not only must the prophecy be clear, but the avenging commission must be equally so. We doubt not the deep consciousness of those who oppose the Jewish claims, that they possess in themselves all the peculiar qualifications which fit them to become ministers of wrath. But we deny that even the possession of the sublimest capacities for inflicting punishment is sufficient warranty for entering upon the office. There must be an express delegation, and no such delegation has been made. Permission is not given to malign passions to disguise themselves as executors of the divine will. 'Do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you,' is an obligation binding every man, whether Jew or Gentile. Here our path is clear, and instead of seeking a commission to become ministers of wrath, we prefer abiding by the law which commands us to become ministers of mercy."

A comparison of the above with an article on this subject which appeared in the *Cornubian* some ten years previously, will shew that the same hand and pen were at work. The arguments in the main are the same, and indeed the whole question, as generally discussed by the opposite parties, has borne such a stereotyped character that the reader of the parliamentary debates had small difficulty, when the Jew Bill came before him, to anticipate all that would be said on the one side and all that would be replied on the other. At present the strife is over; the Jew has made his way into the divan of the Gentiles, and the legislative honors for which he struggled

so long with a strange pertinacity, have crowned his persevering ambition. To whatever cause his success be attributed, logic has had small share in befriending or opposing his claims. The staple arguments against him, —that he is a foreigner; that he is on his on his way to Palestine; that he has no attachment to the soil of England; that his admission to the House would unchristianize the Government; and that he is marked out by prophecy as a subject of the divine vengeance—are such as unquestionably afford a very cheap and easy victory to the gainsayers. Both have generally found it convenient either to forget or to elude the real question at issue,—whether the legislature of this country has or has not the element of Christianity. That is, not whether the majority of its members must be Christians, nor whether the Christianity of such persons should be anything more than a profession; but whether the legislature, as an institution, is based on a solemn recognition of the Christian faith. If it is not—if in this respect it is exactly on a level with the Stock Exchange or the East India Company—no more can be said. But the fact is otherwise; and, to a certain extent, that fact is recognized and practically acted upon. If Parliament is a purely secular institution, it would neither be disgraced in character nor impeded in operation, should the Jews at any day form its majority. But no such state of things would be tolerated; and in fact, the Jew is still shut out from offices and situations which he might fill as efficiently as a Christian. This is done for the simple reason that he is not a Christian. The whole of this so-called charity to the Jews is a mere misnomer. The Hebrews are admitted to the House of Commons purely on the assumption that they will never muster there in any great number; the whole question being one of detail rather than principle.

There was, however, a very large portion of Her Majesty's loyal subjects, who, while looking with comparative indifference on the claims of the Israelites, had their sensibilities touched to the quick by claims of a very different character. Sir Robert Peel found himself at the head of affairs with that plague of a statesman, an impoverished exchequer; and the ears of John Bull were very soon made to tingle with the cry of an income-tax. The mingled grief and indignation with which this obnoxious impost was at first greeted through the length and breath of the land, are too well known to need comment. Probably the consternation would not be lessened by foreseeing that the three years which Sir Robert assigned as the limits of this tax were more likely to be three prophetical years than ordinary periods of 365 days each. It has, however, been shrewdly observed that while the nation was given to hope for the expiration of the tax within the time specified, this same tax is beginning already to challenge Stonehenge and the Pyramids. Referring again to our political authority, we have as follows: "Have you filled up your schedule" is the question one hears asked now by everybody of everybody. All are in an internal ferment about their schedules. Nobody fills up these hateful things till the last day. The business is put off, like taking physic or parting with a tooth. Meanwhile the presence of the document under one's roof is felt to be a nuisance, a degradation. Then, how to fill them up—there's the rub. People go to lawyers, and the lawyers give opposite opinions. Some of them seem to fancy that when they have made their returns the affair is off their hands: they will soon be undeceived. Their invoices, ledgers, and balance-sheets will be exposed to the rude handling of prying officials. Men with noses like pointers will crowd

around them and smell out every item to which the idea of property can be attached. And this is the state of things in Great Britain ten years after the passing of the Reform Bill!"

"We are always willing to speak of Sir Robert Peel with the respect due to his merits and abilities. But we doubt if there is another man in England so egregiously over-rated. He has qualities which make an imposing appearance on the surface, but you dip very little beneath before you come to soundings. With all his bustling importance we are convinced that he will cut but a sorry figure in history. *His* is not the fame which can flourish in the 'calm silent air of immortality.' Some people are always praising his voluble utterance, and his promptness and tact in debate; but these are not qualities that of themselves merit any respect. He has certainly made improvements in various laws, but he has originated nothing. He has effected the reforms which others have planned. But this merely instrumental fame does not mark a very high order of statesmanship. Far be it from us, nowithstanding, to say that his reputation is wholly made up of shreds and patches. The Income Tax is *his*. This is Peel's own. Here he stands alone in his glory. And yet it is not improbable that he caught an inkling of this from the practice of some of our monarchs in the good old times, who, when desperately in want of cash, were accustomed to lay hold of the Jews and compel them to replenish the royal exchequer. But Sir Robert is more comprehensive; he includes Jews and Christians in one general plucking. He scorns to make a distinction of religions. He only asks if a man has money, and if so, his fingers are instantly upon it. In Sir Robert's hands pocket-picking is become a science. Here his true fame will rest. As you cannot think of Watt but in connexion with the steam-engine,

or of Davy without the associated image of the safety-lamp, so the glory of the income tax will shine around the name of Peel. But any panegyric of ours is wasted upon such merit. Tributes of praise from the pen or the life are of small value to him who counts upon the more sterling homage of the pocket; and soon will ten thousands of pockets be pouring forth their treasures in testimony to his daring genius and imperishable renown."

And about two months later—"We are indebted to the *Quarterly Review* for a very important discovery,—that the public are highly pleased with the Income Tax. We were a happy people before, but one thing was wanting to consummate our felicity, and that ultimate good we have at length obtained. Regarding the testimony as decisive, we cannot but be struck with the calm equanimity with which this stroke of good fortune has generally been borne. There has been no boisterous exultation, no outbreak of popular joy, none of that wild enthusiasm of delight which men of vulgar souls display on receiving great and unexpected benefits. This is very honorable to the national character. It marks a great mind to possess a mastery over the feelings. We see too how ordinary observers are apt to be mistaken. From what we see and hear around us, we should ourselves have reported unfavorably of this tax. But the *Quarterly* discovers in the under current of popular feeling a glow of happiness of which there is no superficial indication. Who will now deny that Sir Robert Peel is a great man? His sagacity saw from the beginning that his favorite measure would be hailed as a general blessing. Newton, by a reasoning which none but himself were aware of, pronounced the diamond to be inflammable; and when opportunity was given for making the experiment, he was found to be correct. We therefore pronounce Peel to be a great man. Nobody before him ever found out a

pleasant tax. It is as great a feat as dulcifying Epsom salts. Everybody, according to the *Quarterly*, delights to take the Peel pill."

Close on the heels of this questionable laudation of Sir Robert comes a sharp rebuke to Mr. Plumptre for presuming to interfere with the annual grant to the Maynooth College.

"There are people in the world to whom we would not willingly refuse the credit of right principle and even religious sensibility, but who are yet wonderfully sour-tempered, and who always rise to the imagination with a disagreeable aspect. Such a man is Mr. Plumptre, one of the members for Kent. This gentleman thinks it always incumbent on him, as a matter of conscience, to oppose the annual grant to Maynooth College; and he does this, as he alleges, on the ground that the people of a Protestant State ought not to expend money in supporting the errors of Popery. Mr. Plumptre appears to be as slow in his perceptions as he is quick in his resentments, or he would have discovered before now that that cannot be called a Protestant State of which one third is Catholic, nor can the revenues they jointly raise be called Protestant money. If the taxes paid by the Protestant and Catholic parts of the population were put into two separate bags, and the Maynooth grant paid out of the Catholic bag instead of the Protestant, Mr. Plumptre's difficulty, in the form he states it, would be fully met. If his views go no further, why does he not bring forward a motion for thus preserving inviolate the sanctity of the Protestant pocket? Mr. P. and the gentlemen who represent him have not a livelier contempt for the mummeries of popery than ourselves. Nothing appears to us more absurd, except that poor imitation of them which has lately sprung up in this country under the name of Puseyism. The com-

mon end of both is to supersede a spiritual worship by a mere ritual of pantomime. But while popery paralyses the reason of the devotee by the splendor and profusion of its sensible imagery, Puseyism has just enough of it to offend the judgment without captivating the senses. But ill as we think of Catholicism it is still our opinion that this religion is better than no religion. Mr. P. and his friends always talk of the Catholics as if their choice lay between their own religion and ours; whereas it lies between that and none; for we have no more right to call on the Catholics to become Protestants, than we have to force the Turks or the Hindoos to become such. And the choice lying between Catholicism or Nothingism, we stand up for the former, upon Peter Plymley's principle,—that it is better to have seven millions of Catholics than seven millions of wild beasts."

The grand question, however, which at this time began to stir the nation to its depths was that of the Corn-Laws. The Anti-Corn-Law League had started into existence, and the Protective system was ordained to stand forth fully and fairly at the bar of public opinion. Lord John Russell in resigning office had announced his determination to support a very extensive amendment of the law which regulated the import of foreign corn, the views of the noble lord being at that time not very far a-head of a moderate fixed duty. Sir Robert Peel was in office as the understood supporter of what was thought to be the agricultural interest; but with sundry notions and cogitations of his own which at that time were not allowed to become public property. In the meantime the League were holding meetings by the score and disseminating tracts by the million, and as persons of the opposite way of thinking would not deem it good policy to let them have the game entirely in their own hands, other public

meetings were held, of which the one at Atherstone furnished the columns of the *W. B.* with some pleasant talk :—

"The Anti-Corn-Law League has had its day; its fate is sealed. The decisive blow has been given at a meetting of Pro-corn-law-ites held at Atherstone. At this meeting it was resolved to oppose the League, tooth and nail, by a subscription for printing and circulating cheap pamphlets and hand-bills in refutation of those distributed by the League; and in furtherance of this design the assembly subscribed—five shillings."

"Men who do not see far into the causes of things may laugh at this; but it is really no laughing matter. To us there appears something truly great in it. Some philosophic mind must have been at work on this occasion,—some intellect capable of detecting the fine analogy which subsists between the human body and the body politic, and of applying to the latter the bold homœopathic treatment which has lately excited so much attention in its application to the former. The mind, like the body, is now to be operated upon in infinitesimal doses. There is a striking boldness and originality in the conception. The League has circulated a hundred tons of tracts; the Atherstone meeting intend to distribute five shillings worth. A more beautiful application of Hahneman's theory cannot be conceived. Five shillings worth of letter-press is to be scattered over the length and breadth of the land. This impalpable pill is to be placed on the tip of the public tongue, and thence send a restorative influence through the entire system. We are so struck with the ingenuity of the experiment that we do not like to predict its failure. On further consideration, however, it strikes us that this device of the Monopolists is not quite new. On refreshing our

memory a little, we fancy they have long been acting upon the homœopathic plan. Whatever information or argument they have afforded us has generally been administered in infinitesimal doses. We have no recollection of any copious supply; and the thing has hitherto been rather a failure. Experience, therefore, gives but little hope of success. Still, we admire the energy of perseverance, and should more fortunate results attend the spirited effort we have mentioned, we will not fail duly to report of the same."

CHAPTER XIII.

In commencing the political struggle for the year 1843, an elaborate address was drawn up for the public, in which the various topics which would probably have to be freely handled were briefly touched upon; the whole being prefaced by the following observations:—

"The day on which this number appears reminds us that we are yearly as well as weekly chroniclers; and in passing another landmark on the pathway of time we are naturally led to take a retrospect of the scenes which the past year has unfolded to us. A single year, in the present state of society, can scarcely go by without leaving deep and permanent traces behind it; and is often crowded with more important events than those which distinguished a century in remote periods of our history."

"It is indeed but a verbal license to speak of time as fleeting. It does not really fly. What we call the present is in truth the whole accumulated amount of the past, which remains with us increasing for ever. The present is a mirror in which the past beholds its every lineament reflected. But why should we attempt in lame prose what the bard of Sheffield—not the sturdy steel-worker, but the meek Moravian—has sung in immortal verse?—

'There is no past; from Nature's birth
Days, months, years, ages, till the end
Of these revolving heavens and earth,
All to one centre tend:
And having reached it late or soon,
Converge, as in a lens, the rays
Caught from the fountain light of noon,
Blend in a point that blinds the gaze:
What has been, is; what is, shall last:
The present is the *focus* of the past.'

"If this be true,—and all poetry so beautiful as this has a soul of truth in it—then we have one year more in possession than we had last Christmas. We are richer, instead of poorer, in time; and instead of lamenting the flight of a year, we have to rejoice at having added another to our stock. Yet however plausible this doctrine may at first appear to the fancy, the heart rejects it instantly as a fallacy. It is at once true and false. It is true that history is a year richer, but we individually are a year poorer; and the enlarged scope of observation and experience is but a poor compensation for the contraction in the term of our own being. Our youthful readers witness with scarcely a feeling of regret the flight of a year, as a scarcely perceptible diminution of their own period of existence; but to us, a year is become a matter of great moment. The loss of one is felt as a sad curtailment of our slender stock,—slender even on the most liberal calculation that probability allows. We begin, with Charles Lamb, 'to feel those audits but too powerfully, to count the probabilities of our duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and short periods, like miser's farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, we set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay our ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel.'"

"But we forget that we are not philosophical but political scribblers, and must turn to our vocation. "Politics" says Dr. Croly, "is the weakest exercise of the human understanding." This is a hard saying, Doctor; and to our taste not very palatable. Nor does it come with the best grace from your lips, for you yourself figured as a political writer, and a very pungent and accomplished one, too—in the old *Monthly*, until you were silenced by what nobody ever offered us

—a good living. Many would retire from politics to repose themselves upon a tithe-sheaf, but there is a homely Scotch proverb which should prevent them from railing at their old calling. But this dictum of the Doctor's, like that we last spoke of, is both true and false. It does not prove that a thing is worthless because a great deal of nonsense has been uttered about it. There is more nonsense talked about religion than about anything else in the world, yet religion is the best thing in the world, notwithstanding. Next to it, the most nonsense is talked about politics, yet it is the next best thing. In political as well as in religious or any other discussions, less depends upon the native dignity of the theme than upon the ability of the controversialists; and as a hundred ninnies to one wise man is probably a liberal estimate of society, there will be a hundred times more nonsense than sense delivered upon general subjects of debate. Yet this does not prove, of any of these subjects, that it is the weakest exercise of the understanding. So the Doctor's doctrine—to which we advert merely because it happens just now to turn up in our mind, and we give ourselves to-day the liberty of rambling just where we please—goes to the wall."

Nothing of importance to these pages presents itself until the latter part of the year, when the free-trading party made the very agreeable discovery that the agriculturists themselves were coming about to their way of thinking:—

"Our readers may remember a pleasant fable of Moore's, in which a Persian lord is very wrathful with some fire-worshippers, who border on his grounds. He drives them away, but finds it less easy to extinguish the fires which they leave behind them. To prevent these from spreading, however, he claps on them a great number of wooden extinguishers, which serve his pur-

pose for a time, but at length the disastrous news is brought him that these dampers themselves are on fire:—

> 'That they—the trusty, blind machines,
> His lordship had so long been praising,
> As, under Providence, the means
> Of keeping down all lawless blazing,
> Were now themselves—alas, too true
> The shameful fact—turn'd blazers too;
> And by a change, as cold as cruel,
> Instead of dampers, served for fuel.'

"We are reminded of this story by the state of the Corn-law agitation. Before the last election a good deal of light had been kindled throughout the country, which was just as obnoxious to the eyes of *our* lords as the fires of the Ghebers were to our Persian brother. Like him too, they looked about to find a lot of extinguishers, and as the best for their purpose clapped on the farmers in a body to smother these heretical fires. At first the experiment succeeded to admiration. In almost every county the farmers were found to be capital extinguishers. But as Thomas Carlyle says, 'no lie can live;' and the protectionist fallacy seems to have had its day. The farmers are finding out that they have been duped, and are taking a wise revenge for the delusion that has been practised on them. As with the Persian dampers, their close contact with the flame, instead of quenching it has kindled them. They are become the foremost advocates for a change, and now that the extinguishers themselves are on fire, we know not how the landlords are to stop the conflagration."

"We doubt if ever so great a change took place upon public opinion in this country, as that which during the last twelve months has taken place on the corn-laws. But, rapidly as the tide of opinion had been setting in the free-trade direction, we certainly had not supposed that

the process of conversion was going on so powerfully among the agriculturalists themselves as among the other classes of the community. The meetings, however, that have lately been held in the exclusively agricultural districts must satisfy the most inveterate doubter that the farmers are becoming quite as enlightened on this subject as the rest of their countrymen. At a recent meeting at Lewes, in Sussex, an almost unanimous resolution was passed in favor of abolishing protective duties. Now it will not do to say that Mr. Cobden went down to Sussex, and seduced the farmers into an involuntary admiration of his theories. The vote of the meeting is an index of the change which had been silently taking place in the minds of the audience before. But more unpalatable to the monopolists than even the results of such meetings, and as a sign of the times more strikingly significant, is the return, by a large majority, of Mr. Bright for the city of Durham. This circumstance augurs most favorably for the returning good sense of the community, and indicates an alteration of political views, which we believe is becoming general throughout the whole constituent body of the country."

The hopeful prospects thus lying before the anti-monopolists were brightened rather than clouded by the fact that the parliament assembled in the early part of 1844 still contained a ministerial majority decidedly opposed to any such alteration in the Corn-laws as was advocated by the League. And it is worthy of notice, that the writer in the *W. B.* argued *from this very fact* that the repeal of those laws might be regarded as certain. Two men were swaying the national councils—Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington—of whom it was observed, that "when loudest in their profession against a measure, they have always been secretly preparing to carry it,"—a left-handed compliment, certainly, but the

well known history of Catholic Emancipation was one evidence in point. As to free trade in corn, it is quite true that Sir Robert Peel indignantly denied that he had accepted office under any pledge to stand by the sliding scale; and he was right. It better suited his purpose to allow a tacit understanding to that effect to prevail with his party,—at the proper time he could undeceive them. Great things were also expected from the *Anti*-League-agitation body, who were characterized as "good farmers, but bad pig-drivers; not having learned the necessity of persuading their pig that he is going one way while they are driving him another." The activity of the landowners was held by a provoking logic to be another very favorable indication of success to the free-trader. "While quiet, they were formidable, but now they have given an impetus to the other cause. If they are wise, however, they will have little to do in the way of reasoning; their best policy is to stick to the grand argument of the Duke of Buckingham, which may be summed up in these words: "I have always opposed any alteration in the Corn-laws, and always shall oppose it."

As to what might be hoped from the influence of the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, our journalist likes it well enough in its probable bearing upon the great commercial questions at issue, but does not altogether approve of the extent to which it prevailed on some other questions. He has a somewhat amusing complaint on this subject, in which he states that

"The advocates for the perfectibility of human nature are generally looked upon as a race of amiable enthusiasts — ingenious speculators, and full of fervid, generous aspirations; but still, visionaries. It seems, however, that in one instance, at least, their bright dreams are turned to reality, and that human reason is, in the case of one favored individual, freed from all infirmity. It is

wonderful that even in one man we should behold so exalted a form of intellect, and not less wonderful that that one man should be his Grace of Wellington. Yet so it is. We can come to no other conclusion from what passes in the House of Lords. In that House the decision of the Duke of Wellington is beyond appeal. The collected wisdom of the Peers can go no further than this. Reason, as it exists among them, has done its best. At this point, in steps the Duke of Wellington. He merely says that his opinion differs from that of their lordships, and instantly their lordships give up their opinion and act upon his. His *ipse dixit* is as the voice of destiny. All that had seemed clear to them becomes clouded; all that was dark turns bright. He speaks, and a sudden illumination flashes upon every mind. He is consulted less as a man than as an oracle,—and sustains the latter character by brevity of speech, as well as by abstinence from argument. There was, for instance, the case of the Welsh bishopric. It was proposed to unite the sees of Bangor and St. Aspah. Earl Powis satisfied their lordships that he had reasonable grounds for opposing that union. They accordingly voted in favor of a motion for keeping the sees separate. On such an affair as this one might suppose their lordships would be allowed to take their own way. But not so. The Duke whispers in Earl Powis's ear, and the Earl whispers to their lordships, and the effect upon the whole is similar to that of Terence O'Sullivan's whisper to the wild horse—they are all tamed into sudden and perfect obedience to the Duke's will. The measure falls through, and is heard of no more. Then we had the Bishop of Exeter's bill for suppressing houses of ill-fame and punishing the open traders in vice. It went through the first and second reading. The Bishop, too, is a man not easily daunted, but even he quails before the iron Duke. On a hint dropped by his

Grace, that it would be better to proceed no further, instantly a film fell from the Bishop's eyes. He discovered himself to be a wild enthusiast, and allowed his feelings to cool down to the Duke's level."

"Whence this unquestioned supremacy of one individual in that assembly? The question is not very difficult of solution. The Duke finds that the Peers, spiritual and temporal are just the reedy, flexible sort of people that a strong will may bend to its purpose. They may have a hundred showy qualities which he has not, but they are all useless without that one which he has,—an indomitable energy of will. In the Upper House despotism is complete; but the Commons have made a considerable move in the same direction, though Sir Robert's subjects are more refractory than the Duke's, and tell him to his face that he is sinking them too deep in the mire. A few of the more fiery spirits have already bolted from the Ministerial ranks. Even Ferrand and Sibthorpe are wincing. But the Lords sit composed and thankful under all circumstances. With them, all wisdom centres in the Duke. Why do they not remain at home, instead of figuring as puppets in a mere legislative mimicry?"

To a similar strain the gentlemen were treated who opposed the Ballot and other measures on the grounds of their being foreign to the genius of Englishmen. Of the Ballot indeed the writer had not formed a very exalted opinion as a true and unfailing remedy for the abuse of the franchise, but to its objectors on the score of its being un-English, it was replied:—

"A fortnight ago we gave our readers a statement which scarcely ought to have appeared without remark. It related to the growth of some wheat at Brighton, the seed of which was found among the ancient sepulchres of Egypt, and whose original growth must have been contemporary with the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies. The

account states that the wheat has already assumed a 'very un-English appearance.' Hereupon we pondered. It appears to us that this is a matter of more serious import than might at first be thought; and that the attention of those of our countrymen who are opposed to popular reforms on the ground of their being un-English, should be drawn to the circumstance. For if un-English wheat is once permitted to become the food of the people, it is impossible to say what revolutionary changes may be produced. The observer of physiological phenomena cannot fail to have remarked that the latent properties of different kinds of food are developed in the habits and dispositions of the consumers. We have known a celebrated divine who religiously abstained from pork lest it might taint him with the proverbial grossness of swinehood. Even the 'animal manna' of Elia's 'pig child' would not have tempted him to swallow the seductive abomination. Nor let this fear be thought unreasonable, for men of the highest genius have confessed to peculiarities of inspiration from various gustatory sources. 'The pains of sleep' and 'Kubla Khan' are understood to have been thrown off by a wild effort of Coleridge's imagination, induced in sleep by a supper of raw bacon. Thomson is said to have composed his 'Seasons' over a bowl of punch, —a fit type of the fiery passion and luxurious sensibility which distinguish the production. Indeed, it would be a curious speculation to trace the varieties of national character throughout the world in connexion with the influences which may be supposed to determine them as arising from peculiarity of food. The mere fact, however, that such influences *are* observable, should be sufficient to awaken our attention to the danger which may be incurred by any change in the public diet. It is on this ground that we would especially invite the attention of the pro-corn-law men, the anti-ballot men, the upholders of

the church-rates, the opponents of free-trade, and other such meritorious classes, to this alarming business."

"There is something in the brief account already published which must surely have excited alarm in Sir Robert Inglis. 'The appearance of the wheat' it says, 'is most un-English.' Now it is entirely on this account that Sir Robert opposes the ballot. Why not, for the same reason, oppose the introduction of this wheat? Ought not the un-English appearance of the plant to be regarded as a providential forewarning of the un-English qualities which may be induced by feeding upon it. We think Parliament should appoint a committee to inquire what were the prevailing modes of thinking among the ancient Egyptians who fed upon this kind of corn. It may be possibly found that they were a people who favored a free commercial intercourse, and who were friends to cheap justice and an equality of civil rights, and who would not compel the worshippers in one temple to provide sacrificial offerings and priestly vestments for carrying on the devotions in another. And should these guesses prove to be correct, what madness will it be to admit into our country the corn which nourished a people who entertained such erroneous views!"

In the latter part of 1844 some occurrences in Cornwall threw into the shade for a time all general politics. The parishioners of Helstone were alarmed by proceedings on the part of Mr. Blunt, the curate, which indicated a design to revive the obsolete portions of the Rubric. Great indignation was excited by seeing the reverend gentleman ascend the pulpit in his white surplice, and the news was spread through the parish and neighbourhood that popish innovations had commenced in the church. When remonstrance and expostulation had failed to make Mr. Blunt retrace his steps, the Bishop was appealed to, and his lordship in due time gave judgment on the ques-

tion. Like another bishop, well known in the diocese of Oxford, the Bishop of Exeter praised Mr. Blunt's conduct with faint condemnation—with those very slight and delicate censures which amounted to a virtual approbation of all that had been done. Nor was he long in shewing that at heart he was one with the curate, for as the parishioners had grounded their complaint on the fact that Mr. Blunt was departing from the general customs of the Church, the bishop determined that he would secure uniformity by the publication of an episcopal letter in which it was enjoined that the pulpit gown should be discontinued, and should be replaced by the surplice in every parish church in the diocese. But in this procedure his lordship had reckoned without his host. Disaffection spread and resistance was manifested more or less through Cornwall and Devonshire. The liberal newspapers entered into the question and carried on the war with untiring vigour, while among the Bishop's most active opponents was the Rev. C. V. Le Grice, a retired clergyman, then residing near Penzance. To be opposed from such a quarter, and that, with weapons of no ordinary temper—the blended powers of a fine scholar, a learned churchman, and a keen controversialist—was trying in the extreme. In fact, the white feather was displayed much sooner than the malcontents had anticipated, another episcopal letter being speedily published through the diocese, absolving every clergyman from the obligation of wearing the surplice in the pulpit. The following extracts from the *W. B.*, will shew the spirit with which these innovations were regarded. The argument was, that, whatever the Rubric might say in their favor, the true law of the Church was that which had been practically sanctioned by many past generations.

"Suppose some justice of the peace, whose loyal soul was fired with a passion for upholding the law in its strict integrity, were to busy himself in raking out every obsolete

enactment from the statute-book for enforcement as opportunities occurred. One cannot imagine a more intolerable pest than such a man would become to the general community. Now we maintain that the cases of the Church and State are in these respects analogous. The Church, like the State, has both its written and unwritten law. The force of custom and usage is as authoritative in one as in the other. The question between the parishioners of Helstone and their clergyman is not whether the alterations on which he has ventured are authorized by musty canons and forgotton statutes, but whether they are sanctioned by common sense and Christian feeling; not whether they might suit the times of Edward the Sixth, but whether they suit those of Queen Victoria. The complainants do not dispute the fact that certain mouldy precedents may be awakened from the sleep of ages in support of the curate's practices; but, if those practices are offensive to good taste and manly sense, then they protest against them, though backed by the authority of the Savoy Conference, or the royal letters of George the First."

"In the concluding part of his judgment Dr. Phillpotts bestows his Episcopal benediction on ourselves; an honor for which we do not perhaps feel the gratitude which we should, inasmuch as it is not expressed in very complimentary terms. He describes our journal as 'notorious for the violence of its hostility to the Church.' We do not call this a wanton slander, but think he must have been misled by erroneous information. Still, he has said what is untrue, and has gone out of his way to do so; though he will probably on cool reflection regret having been betrayed into such an error. We do not know whether the paragraphs the bishop devotes to Mr. Le Grice will ruffle that gentleman's equanimity, more

than his notice of us disturbs ours. Yet we confess to some curiosity to see how he parries the *prayer* which the bishop puts up for him. Any ordinary posture of attack he would readily meet, but the solemn voice—the raised eyes—the uplifted palms!—we fear this devotional attitude may be too much for him. There is a latent satire in Dr. Phillpotts's writings, which grows more pungent as the language increases in solemnity. His common style has much of this quality; his expressions of pity cover severe inuendoes; but his keenest cuts are in his prayers. Accordingly he prays for Mr. Le Grice in language which by implication pictures him as a sort of fallen spirit. It may be well for the rev. gentleman that this rebuke of his diocesan has been uttered at a time when it will scarcely be heard amid the praises with which the whole county is ringing for his noble conduct in the memorable case tried at the last sessions."

"A word to Mr. Blunt. It is yet in his power to avail himself of the lessons of the past. From the bishop's decision we hope nothing. It reminds us of the title of the last chapter in Rasselas,—'The conclusion, in which nothing is concluded.' But Mr. Blunt may yet find in his own returning good sense, and sobriety of zeal, the remedy which has elsewhere been sought in vain. Whether, however, he continue in his present, or remove to another sphere of duty, let him remember that, in non-essentials, to wound even the innocent prejudices, and much more the pious feelings of his flock, is one of the most grievous errors that a minister can commit. The clerical profession admits so little of the comic, that he is probably satisfied with the fun which his proceedings have already occasioned; and we trust he is now prepared with graver feelings to devote himself to the more serious duties of his office."

"We beg to refer those of our readers who feel interested in the late proceedings at Helstone, to a letter from an esteemed correspondent, by which they will find that the Bishop of Exeter has erred very considerably in his exposition of the canon law. So that his judgment is as defective in legal merit as in gentlemanly and Christian feeling."

"That this matter of the surplice has caused much agitation in Helstone and elsewhere is not to be wondered at. Abstractedly, it cannot matter much whether a minister preach in a black gown or a white one. But in connexion with the signs of the times, it is really become a very serious question. The parishioners regard the white gown as the badge of a party. The bishop may ridicule their fears of popery, but when they see that within a brief period a numerous party has sprung up within the church, which is avowedly anti-protestant—that from Oxford alone not less than five clergymen and nine laymen of that party have openly gone over to the church of Rome, we do not wonder at a suspicion of danger. This is more than a surplice question. The real question is, whether the service is to be a protestant or a semi-popish one. The surplice itself, like a flag of truce hoisted in a battle, is but a rag; yet each has a deep significance. Between the churches of England and Rome the white robe in the pulpit is what the flag is in a conflict, a sign that the party displaying it has lost confidence in its own strength, and is ready to surrender to the enemy."

"So on Sunday next the popish banner is to be hoisted in every church within the diocese of Exeter! The gown is to be discarded, and the white robe of Rome is to flourish in its place. On parting for ever with the venerated garb we may be permitted to linger for a moment

on the associations connected with it. It may be thought perhaps a foolish feeling, but we confess to some regret at the rending away of the vestment in which Jeremy Taylor poured forth his exuberant eloquence, in which Fuller kept his audience alternately in smiles and tears, in which Stillingfleet hurled his red-hot anathemas against the papacy, and in which Butler craned up the minds of his hearers to heights of thought which they never before had stood on; the array in which Barrow, and South, and Hooker, and Sherlock, and a host of other worthies always rise to the imagination. We cannot at once dismiss from our minds a feeling of veneration for the common garb in which such men discharged the high duties of their office; and whatever success may attend the introduction of the new vestment, many generations must elapse before it will crowd the memory with the rich theory of associations which belong to the dishonored gown."

"But if this were all—if the intended change were merely in the fashion or the color of a garb—if Dr. Phillpott were exercising only a tailor-like taste in the matter, however frivolous the employment, no very serious consequences would result. He might bring out a monthly fashion of clerical dresses and stand forth as a sort of man-milliner to the church. But this is not his aim. Henry of Exeter does not draw up elaborate judgments, and write long pastoral letters, and all this to decide whether the rev. Mr. So-and-so shall preach in a black gown or a white one. Yet this, he would have us believe, is all that he contemplates. 'The use of the surplice in preaching,' he says, 'is a matter so inconsiderable, that it could not, of itself, excite strong feeling in any reasonable man.' Then if the matter is so inconsiderable, why does he throw the whole diocese in a ferment about it? He

admits that it is scarcely worth the notice of any reasonable man, and yet about a thing so unimportant he harasses the clergy, aggrieves the laity, and perils to a fearful extent the interests of the church. The laity are now placed upon their trial under circumstances which demand the exercise of stern unflinching principle. Let them be firm, and a noble victory awaits them. But if they falter in their purpose; and submit passively to these Romanizing changes, then, we may still have a church of nominal worshippers,—filled with symbols, and ceremonies, and pantomimic rites; but the church of Barrow, and Hall, and Beveridge—the church in which our fathers worshipped, and in whose shadow their ashes repose—will have passed away for ever!"

"Meantime while we are occupied in detecting the lighter indications of popery, the authorities of Oxford are again called to deal with it in a more palpable form. A Mr. Ward, a clergyman of that University, has openly condemned the Reformation, in a work which he has published, entitled 'The Ideal of a Christian Church,' in which he contends that the Church of England should avowedly and formally return into the bosom of the Church of Rome. This is plain-speaking. We only wish that all who are aiming by slow and stealthy measures at a similar result, would be equally candid in disclosing their intentions."

The Bishop had written a letter to two churchwardens in reply to their remonstrance. He defended his proceedings on two grounds: first, that the clergy are bound by their vows to observe the forms in the Book of Common Prayer; secondly, that their bishop is invested by his office with absolute authority over the discipline of the churches in his diocese. After sundry remarks on these points the writer proceeds—

"But then, supposing the bishop to be wrong in his views, he says he is entitled to obedience on the score of his office. Thus meekly he addresses the laity of his diocese. '*By the law of the church and of the great Head of the church, I have the rule over you. You are bound, therefore,—you cannot without sin, refuse to obey me. You may think I am rash and injudicious. Be it so. Still, if the word of God be true it is your duty to obey me while I keep within the law of the church. If those who are subjects of authority will obey it only according to their own notions of what is wise and prudent, I am afraid that the ruler and the ruled must change places—in other words, that the rulers must obey, and those whom God has made subject to their rule will have to command.*' Well, this is plain speaking. There is no mistake now, we should think, as to the sort of person with whom the laity of Devon and Cornwall have to deal. The bishop is the Sir Anthony Absolute of the church. He seems scarcely to be aware that there are some assumptions in this apostolic address which people will not take for granted. Many things happen by divine *permission* which nevertheless are not of divine *appointment;* among which we may venture to reckon the elevation of Dr. Phillpotts to the rule of this diocese."

"We maintain, then, that all rule must be exercised in a reasonable and Christian manner. Rule must not be despotism, though in all things essential to good order obedience is fairly demanded. The laity will also do well to consider that they themselves are part of the Church—a fact which the Bishop very conveniently ignores. But they must adopt no middle course; the Bishop is unbending, so must the laity be. We again say, let the people in every parish do their duty firmly and promptly, and the jesuitical attempt of the Bishop of Exeter to trample on the rights of conscience and to crush religious liberty throughout his diocese, will be defeated."

"*** We had scarcely thus concluded our brief article when a Devonport paper brought us the fulfilment of our closing prediction, in the shape of a letter addressed by the bishop to the clergy of this diocese, *withdrawing his order to wear the surplice in the pulpit.*"

(Jan. 10th, 1845.) "Although the revocation was anticipated, it took us rather by surprise. We had not expected it quite so soon. The bishop's tone had been growing firmer, his temper waxing warmer with every letter. He seemed filled with the pertinacious obstinacy of the Welshman,—'the more you tell me to do it, the more I won't.' When he wrote to the churchwardens of St. Sidwell's he was wrought up to that pitch of enthusiasm that life itself appeared to be of no value without the surplice. He had begun to think of martyrdom. In answer to the request that he would withdraw his pastoral letter, he said that a sense of duty to God and his church forbade him to do so. And yet in a few days the state of things was so altered, that what was binding upon reason, and duty, and the sense of right, on the sixteenth day of the month had lost all its force on the twenty-third. On the sixteenth of December the bishop had resolved to give up his life rather than withdraw his letter. On the twenty-third he resolved to withdraw the letter and preserve his life. This alteration in his purpose, may probably be accounted for by the near approach of the Christmas holidays,—a time in which life assumes one of its brightest aspects. Fancy an old gentleman pent up in his closet, groping among dusty canons and all sorts of ecclesiastical lumber, and worried to death by a lot of vulgar churchwardens,—and you can imagine that life under such circumstances might be thought lightly of. But when he emerges from this gloom into the festal gaiety of the season—expanding to the social spirit of the time—why, life begins to wear a more cheerful appearance and martyrdom becomes less attractive."

"In his pastoral letter he stated that his reason for ordering the surplice was to establish 'uniformity.' He had no predilection for the surplice—gown or surplice was a matter of indifference to him—but for the sake of uniformity, and that alone, he enjoined the general use of the latter. Now how is this profession borne out by his last letter? If for the sake of uniformity all were ordered to wear it, surely for the sake of the same uniformity all should now cease to wear it. But in countermanding his order the bishop says—'Wherever the surplice is now used without offence, there I hope it will be continued in use.' How does this agree with his statement, that he has no predilection for it? How does it square with his professed desire to 'appease any diversity' in the church? So far from wishing to prevent a diversity, he now seeks to establish one."

"We now come to matters of graver interest. While the surplice question was in agitation an impression was generally felt that the bishop was at heart inclined to favor the views of the Tractarians. We may venture to say that in Cornwall these fears occasioned all the remonstrances which were made against the pastoral letter. At first, the bishop treated such suspicions as absurd or even ridiculous. But how well they were justified, and what ample reason our friends have to congratulate themselves on the stand which they made, is shewn by the following extract from a letter addressed by Dr. Phillpotts to Mr. March Phillips, and which was lately read at a meeting at Torquay. In any ordinary case we should not introduce into our columns a passage containing so many solemn allusions; but that there may be no misconception we quote the bishop's own words. In speaking of the Tractarians, he leaves us to judge to what extent he agrees with them, by stating the following as articles of his belief:"—

'The necessity of the use of the sacraments to salvation; the new birth given to us by God in baptism; the actual communication of the body and blood of Christ (with all the inestimable benefits of his passion) to the soul of every faithful receiver of the Lord's Supper; the sinfulness of violating the unity of the church; the apostolic succession of its ministry; the want of any covenanted promise of salvation to those who have never been "added to the church," or have renounced its communion.'

'We pause on copying this passage.—Among the great variety of sects which prevail in this country, there must of necessity be a corresponding gradation in the ability and intelligence of their ministers. But we are confident that if among the humblest of those sects a person were to offer himself as a public teacher, whose views of the doctrines of the gospel were not more correct than Dr. Phillpotts's, he would be rejected as utterly unfit for the office. Between the most pernicious doctrines of the church of Rome, and the belief of the bishop of Exeter, there may be some slight distinctions; but they are so slight, that were the episcopal chair now vacant and the candidates for its occupancy were Dr. Wiseman and Dr. Phillpotts, we should esteem it a matter of indifference, so far as the interests of Christianity are concerned, which of the two should be chosen. We believe there are thousands of Christianized heathens—men who a year or two ago were worshippers of rivers or animals—whose present views of religious truth are more in accordance with the teachings of the gospel than are those of the bishop of Exeter. If the articles of which the bishop professes his belief are true, then, of the scope and spirit of the New Testament, which we have read attentively, we know no more than we know of the Shasters or the Koran, which we have never read at

all. Right and wrong are become convertible terms; and we have no perceptive power by which to distinguish truth from falsehood. We trust we have a proper aversion to the idolatrous practices of the church of Rome; but there are some dogmas so frightful that many serious errors in practice merit less reprobation. We would rather become worshippers of the Virgin Mary than embrace the belief that the promise of salvation is limited to a single community. A taint of idolatry would be less desolating to the religious affections than the belief that of the final state of such men as Robert Hall, Adam Clarke, Richard Reynolds, and Andrew Thompson, we dare not speak—as the bishop elsewhere says—'even in the language of hope.' A sentence of eternal perdition on all Christian believers who do not conform to some particular creed or ritual is a thing so alien to the spirit of the gospel, that we speak with scrupulous precision of language when we say that no man arrives at so terrible a conclusion *unless he wishes it to be true.*"

"We pen these remarks with shame and sorrow. Controversy on such dogmas is out of the question. If there is a man who believes the bishop to be right, we shall no more reason with him than with a man who denied that light comes from the sun, or rain from the clouds. Our appeal is to the common sense and Christian principle of the attached members of the Church of England. Believing as we do that the great majority of them repudiate from their inmost souls the tenets which the bishop avows, we beseech them as they value our common faith, to signify their dissent by a formal protest. They owe it to themselves, to their neighbours, and to the church, so to do. There surely cannot be wanting in the church men of thoughtful earnestness who will not passively submit to the imputation of an acquiescence

in views which they cordially reprobate. Let them bestir themselves, and they will render an inestimable service to the Establishment, and to the cause of our common Christianity."

Before this matter was concluded the Bishop deemed it necessary to address another pastoral epistle to the clergy and laity of his diocese, in which were recapitulated the proceedings of both parties during the period of the controversy. His lordship's object—as might naturally be expected—was to shew that in the whole affair he had been influenced by a pure desire to uphold sound order and discipline in the Church, although deference to higher authority, as well as to local prejudices, had induced him to retrace some of the steps he had taken. On this pastoral the journalist comments, under date of January 17 :—

"Some poet, to whose name memory is unfaithful, sublimely sings,—

> 'The King of France, with twenty thousand men,
> Marched up a hill, and then marched down again,'—

than which there could be no more appropriate motto to the chapter in which the ecclesiastical historian shall record the late doings in this diocese. We insert elsewhere the Bishop's last 'pastoral.' His assumption of authority has been waxing 'fine by degrees, and beautifully less,' and this epistle disposes of it altogether. All his orders are now withdrawn. The clergy are desired to make no attempt to come nearer to an exact observance of the Rubric. For this happy conclusion we are indebted to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who appears to have become alarmed at the threatening aspect of affairs, and so placed his veto on the Bishop's proceedings. The letter in which the Bishop informs his clergy of the result is eminently characteristic. He wishes to obtain credit

for great independence of spirit, with a modest deference to authority,—for unbending fidelity of principle, with the utmost latitude of forgiveness to all those who oppose him. Now these are qualities which are rarely found united at the same time in the same man. We must be allowed to pause, and ask whether the Bishop is really such a paragon as he represents himself. As to his readiness to make concessions for preserving the peace of his diocese, we should give him more credit for it, but for the fact that he has made no concession whatever until compelled by higher authority. The statement has not been contradicted, that his order for withdrawing the surplus was occasioned by a letter from Sir Robert Peel. The last circular is, by his own avowal, consequent on an order from the Primate. Both these 'concessions' have been wrung from him instead of being freely made. To the People, whose loudly expressed opinion should have had more weight with him than even the Archbishop's authority, he has conceded nothing. So little is he in the yielding mood, that he clings to a phantom of power by putting imaginary cases, and threatening punishment if they *should* occur. He thinks it necessary to inform the clergy that he will shew no indulgence for 'omitting or garbling portions of the offices of the Church, especially those of baptism and of burial; although he admits that there is not a parish in the diocese in which these things are done. Then comes one of those inimitable jests which mark the Bishop's striking originality as a humorist. After the mischief he has made in the diocese, instead of appearing in the only character which becomes him, that of a penitent, he assumes that he is himself the injured party, and meekly offers forgiveness to those who have injured him. There is a serio-comic richness in this joke, to which no pen can do justice. It would have been a prize for a painter to have caught the expression of the

Bishop's countenance while penning this paragraph. And then, with what a fine touch of the true Phillpottian charity does it wind up! He doubts that on reflection they will as readily forgive themselves as he forgives them! He, the meekest of men, can forgive everybody; but what he fears is that *they* have sinned so deeply that, on reflecting upon the wickedness of their ways, they will never be able to forgive themselves. For that peculiar quality called 'power of face,' we think this exceeds anything we have met with."

"The *Times*, while deprecating the Bishop's late attempts, professes to do homage to his 'eminent talents.' We are equally ready to acknowledge the existence of high intellectual endowments wherever we discover them. But these are qualities which we cannot assign to any man upon credit. Lord Brougham speaks of men who have great reputation upon *tick;* and the Bishop, it appears to us, is one of them. If his admirers will refer us to any one of his productions which bears the mark of a lofty intellect, we will readily admit the merits. But no such production has come under our notice, and we have an infidel-sort of feeling that it never will. We take Dr. Phillpotts to be, in truth, but an ordinary man, who, by great pomp of manner, a profound self-importance, and the art of freshening common-place thoughts by the solemnity with which he utters them, passes with unreflecting observers for a person of a high order of intellect. We must therefore be excused from blending our devotions with those of the *Times*. Our intellectual homage is reserved for true divinities. We cannot pay it to idols, which 'fall flat and shame their worshippers.' But 'honor to whom honor is due' is a golden maxim, and in the Bishop's last letter there are gleams of genius to which it would be unjust to turn a sleepy eye. In stating at the close that he feels no regret at his endeavours

to enforce his late unpopular orders, he says—'The very vehemence with which the assertion of them has been resisted, proves if proof were necessary, the necessity of their being asserted.' The praise of genius cannot, we think, be withheld from the writer of such a sentence as this. It is, in fact, a *discovery*. We know of nothing akin to it, except the few logical syllogisms which Wordsworth includes in the moral code of Rob Roy; and had this great truth been announced in time the poet would probably have availed himself of it to give a finishing touch to the outlaw's creed. That 'hero brave' could not have had a more convenient article of belief than that a demand is justifiable in proportion to the energy with which it is resisted; which is what the Bishop lays down as an elementary truth. There is also a kind of genius, of which Dr. Phillpotts has a large share, in involving one's real meaning in so many contradictions, even in the compass of a short letter, that at its close nobody shall know what the writer really intends, or whether its spirit is grave or burlesque. Thus, the Bishop tells us that, of the questions lately in discussion 'the subjects are, for the most part inconsiderate, (the last word, we presume, being meant in bold defiance of the lexicographers) yet, notwithstanding this, they must be settled, if the Church of England is to continue unto us anything better than an empty name!" We chanced, some time ago, to meet with a man who showed remarkable ingenuity in joining, in compact substances, mathematical figures of the most unlike forms. An artist who could exert a similar skill upon opposite premises, so as to bring them to a uniform conclusion, would be an invaluable assistant to the bishop. At present his statements keep up a running fight throughout, and common-sense shrinks from the attempt to reconcile them. Now, however, that the

obnoxious orders are wholly withdrawn, we congratulate the Laity on the complete but peaceful victory they have achieved,—a result which they must feel to be a rich reward for the slight effort it has cost them."

The Bishop had heartily forgiven all offenders. But it needs no very labored argument to shew that what a man may forgive as far as his personal feelings are concerned, he may think it is duty to punish, as one bound to carry out the laws of the Church. Accordingly in about three months after the issuing of the last-mentioned pastoral letter, he summoned to the Ecclesiastical Court Mr. Hill, one of the Helstone churchwardens. Mr. Hill being convicted and fined, as having neglected his duty on a sacramental occasion, the proceedings formed the subject of another article:—

"There is a story told of Moore, that when he had written the tragedy of the *Gamester*, he read it to a friend and asked him whether he thought it possible to visit the hero of the piece with any severer punishment than he had awarded him. His friend replied, that the only thing he could think of to increase his misery was to put him into the Ecclesiastical Court. Truth, said Byron, is stranger than fiction; the dramas of real life are more wonderful than the stage. What a novelist would reject as too glaring an improbability, Mr. Hill, one of the churchwardens at Helstone, finds realized in his own personal experience. When the correspondence took place between this gentleman and the Bishop of Exeter, which was afterwards published in that unlucky 'judgment' of the bishop's, his lordship reminded him that his proceedings had probably made him amenable to the Ecclesiastical Court, although he intimated that it was not his intention to take such an advantage of him. It struck us at the time that there was something ominous in this. It shewed how familiar this Court was to the bishop's thoughts.

However carelessly he might seem to twirl such an instrument between his fingers, it was an ugly plaything at the best. We fancy Mr. Hill must have felt at the mention of it somewhat as a victim of the Holy Office would have felt if while standing before the inquisitor-general, he saw his reverence playing with a thumb-screw. 'Don't be afraid, my good man, I merely shew you this as a curiosity; I am not going to use it.' In spite of these bland assurances, he would rather the thing was out of the way."

"A few months have gone by since *our* Holy Father made this delicate intimation, and these few months have placed Mr. Hill *in* the Ecclesiastical Court. The screw has been put on. There are people who have a lively curiosity for tales of misery, modes of oppression and torture, instruments of cruelty, and so forth. Our tastes not having led us into that line, we are unable to say whether the Consistory Court is what is commonly called the Ecclesiastical Court, or whether it is a refinement upon the latter, bearing the same relation to it which a jet-black bears to a blue-black. We never knew that there was anything worse than the Ecclesiastical Court. We could never divine why it was, that when the Star-chamber, the pillory, and the rack, had been abolished, this antique barbarity was allowed to remain the standing wonder of the age. If there is any one of our existing institutions which beyond all others is offensive to the moral sense of the country—loathed and detested by every man of sound mind and generous feeling—we should suppose it to be the Ecclesiastical Court. It is honorable to our humble countrymen, that in the rules of benefit-societies, by which persons of infamous occupation are debarred from membership, the proscription extends to those who may act as process-servers for this Court. But whether the Ecclesiastical and Consistorial Courts are but the same thing under different names, or whether the church courts open

before us like the chambers of the temple in the prophet's vision, disclosing deeper and darker abominations as we proceed, it was before the Consistory Court of Exeter that on Friday, the 4th of April, in the year of grace 1845, Mr. Frederick Hill, of Helstone, was convicted, on his own admission, of a crime which must make men's ears tingle with horror as they hear it named,—viz., that on the first day of January last passed, he omitted to place with his own hands upon the sacramental table in the church at Helstone, the communion plate belonging to the said church, whereby one Reverend Walter Blunt, with some five or six ancient ladies, who form the congregation of the said Walter, were deprived of the benefit of the holy sacrament, they having partaken of the sacred elements but four times during the preceding eight days. It had been charged against Mr. Hill that he detained the plate when applied for in the regular course; but this charge failed. What we have above stated is the head and front of his offending. He stands exempted by the Chancellor himself from any moral culpability whatever; but having unconsciously failed to comply with the exact letter of the canon law, he has been convicted and punished with heavy costs. One naturally asks, who in the shape of a man, could have instituted such a prosecution? No one has dared to come forth openly as the informer. Vague sights and sounds present themselves to the fancy,—one, a spirit walking in darkness, wearing

> 'on what seems his head,
> The likeness of a mitre;'—

another, 'a voice crying in the wilderness,' awakening the sepulchral echoes of a deserted church. But what can we make of these things? To whom can these shadowy types have reference? What aid do they give us in penetrating the mystery of iniquity? If the arch-

fiend himself were to set up a court which, parodying the forms of justice, should to the greatest possible extent violate its spirit, we fancy that the constitution which *his* lordship would frame, would be pretty much as follows—viz., that technical errors should be punishable as moral guilt,—that no man should know his accuser,—nor be present at the pleading of his own advocate. How far the personage of whom we have spoken would find himself relieved in the task of forming such a tribunal by the model furnished to his hand by the existing ecclesiastical courts of this country, we leave to the curious in comparisons to determine."

And so the Helstone affair, for the time, terminated; but the Bishop was not quite done with. Some twelvemonths after these occurrences his lordship stated in Parliament his deep conviction that the crying want of the country was an enlargement of the episcopate, — there were not bishops enough. The hint was not thrown away on the *West Briton*, which responded in the following terms :—

"What is the greatest good, within the province of human wisdom to derive, for improving the condition of our country? This question is often asked—but a wise man will pause, and think much before he answer it. Yet it *should* be answered. From its very nature it ranks first among all questions that present themselves to the social economist. Some years ago a philosophical society offered five pounds for the discovery, but we think that to be a very inadequate compensation. It is only to a man of expansive intellect and ardent feeling—at once a philanthropist and a statesman—that such an inquiry can be properly addressed. We rejoice that there are such men,—men who at the same time think and feel profoundly; and whose reward is the sublime consciousness of attaining to views of transparent clearness on subjects of the

greatest practical importance. Such a man is Henry, Lord Bishop of Exeter. He has been applying his acute and comprehensive mind to this inquiry. In silence and solitude the mitred hermit of Bishopstowe has been feeling his way step by step to the result to which he has at length arrived. And now that he has discovered the difficult truth he has disclosed it for the general good. On Friday last, his lordship announced in the House of Lords that 'the most crying want of this country is—more bishops!' How happy must be the condition of a people with whom this is the greatest want! How abundantly blest must be the land in which they dwell! The imagination can scarcely picture to itself a state in which nothing is wanting but more bishops to complete the general happiness. In such a case, mere physical wants there can be none,—moral wants next to none. Such a country must 'laugh with abundance.' No poverty can be there. No disease can be there. The wealth of all climes flows into it. It is filled with the riches of the earth and of the sea. Only fancy the capacity of human enjoyment filled up to the point at which men begin to cry out for more bishops! But we must confess our blindness. In running over the catalogue of social wants there are many things which we should look on as of greater importance. A steam-plough, a good dibbling-machine, a safety-drag for locomotives, an effectual smoke destroyer, a self-acting pump—these, and a hundred such things would have entered our mind before we thought of more bishops. Indeed, we are ashamed to avow that what his lordship of Exeter thinks to be the first want of this country we think to be about the last. On this score, we are quite content with what we have; to wish for more would be an inordinate desire."

"Before the people asked for an increase in the number of bishops, we think they would like to get some clear information as to the good they derive from those t'

already have. But perhaps we are hardly qualified, in this particular diocese, to form correct notions of the popular demand for bishops. Our conviction is that *here* we have been somewhat *over*-bishoped. For the last two or three years at least, the episcopal crook has grappled us too often. We have been stirred up with too long a pole. We sigh for repose. If there is any part of the country where the want of a bishop is strongly felt, we shall be most happy to meet that want by parting with our own, and will not be particular about the terms."

CHAPTER XIV.

WHILE the ecclesiastical disturbances just spoken of had been passing in a remote corner of the land, the great commercial question of a free trade in corn was gathering daily strength and importance throughout the country. Not long after the opening of the Parliament in 1845, Mr. Cobden came forth as a moderator between the parties ranged on the different sides of this question, and proposed a Committee for inquiring into the whole subject. Whatever rival theorists might say, it was sufficiently notorious that agriculture was at that time in a very low and distressed condition. The tillers of the soil maintained that their prospects were ruining through the ambiguous and vacillating policy of Sir Robert Peel, who was understood to have taken office as the pledged supporter of Protection, and had yet given unmistakeable indications that the sliding-scale was no longer the object of his idolatry. Sir Robert denied that he had taken his place at the head of affairs under any such obligation expressed or implied; and without formally announcing any change of opinion in relation to the Corn-laws, held himself at liberty to follow any one of those "three courses" which all questions opened up to him, just as circumstances might, in his opinion, demand.

The view which our journalist took of this matter, was that the Ministry had greatly erred in refusing their assent to Mr. Cobden's proposal; that there was no colorable reason for objecting to it; that no possible method could be conceived as more likely to suggest a beneficial course of legislation for the future than a full and impartial investigation of facts; and that although Mr. Cobden's

personal opinions on the Corn-laws were no secret, yet his proposal to place a majority of Protectionists on the Committee was evidence conclusive that he designed no undue advantage to the free-traders.

Nothing, however, was effected during the session, and at the close of the year Sir Robert Peel's Ministry was broken up. Lord John Russell, whose fixed duty had also vanished, and who had declared himself on the side of Abolition, was called to the Premiership. His path was hedged about with difficulties of all kinds. The anti-corn-law meetings were, however, becoming more numerous and powerful, while the protectionists had also some gatherings of their own, on which occasions they used some very plain English in dealing with the late Minister.

"Against Sir Robert Peel," says the writer, "their wrath is inveterate. They uniformly describe him as a traitor to the landed interest. They never contemplated his position as the first minister of a great and free country, bound by the nature of his office to respect all interests alike. No; he was merely *their* man—the man of Richmond, Buckingham, &c. He was to occupy the first seat on the Treasury Bench only as the representative of red and white wheats! an incarnation of rye, and oats, and straw. Dignified position! What man with one spark of honorable feeling in his soul, but would spurn an office held on such a tenure?"

Lord John Russell's attempt to construct a government was ineffectual, and Sir Robert resumed office. In its new year's address for 1846, the *West Briton* congratulates its readers on the certainty that, under such circumstances, the speedy destruction of the Corn-laws was inevitable. Under date of January 30, we have a long article expressing the highest satisfaction with Sir Robert's speech on the opening of Parliament. Other speeches of his had

been greater in point of oratory, but none so creditable to his judgment and candor. He had a great deal to say, and a great deal to unsay, but he had at length cast off all disguise and boldly proclaimed the change in his opinions. Henceforth Protection had nothing to hope for at his hands. He had been a great master of sophistry, but now disdained to use it. He was become plain, earnest, straightforward; and his speeches instead of resembling the galleries in Udolpho's castle, where mysterious panels suddenly caused the human figure to disappear from the eye, had an intelligible and consistent direction throughout. It was now the glory of Sir Robert to oppose common-sense to cant, to set Bacon against Machiavel, to drag forth the Corn-law from the region of mysticism into the clear light of sober truth; and his stern refusal to hold office as the organ of the Protectionists was another grand feature of a once dubious but now highly promising character.

In a subsequent article the writer enters into an elaborate vindication of Sir Robert against the charge of inconsistency. To this topic reference has been already made, and it is sufficient to observe that the gist of the argument lies in shewing that all true consistency is that of following up the convictions of truth, at whatever sacrifice of former opinions or prejudices. The next subject for consideration was the probable conduct of the Lords. Would they adhere to the old *regime*? or would they make discretion the better part of valour, and give way? "They will," says the *W. B.*, "gradually give way; there may be a few fiery, curry-eating Dukes, to bluster a little, but that will be all. The brains of the agricultural party were sucked dry during the long and dull debates in the Commons."

Ere the session concluded, the Ministerial measure for the free importation of corn within a brief period was

carried through both Houses of Parliament, and the journalist winds up his labors with the following remarks on the singular circumstances attending this great change in our fiscal code:—

"It is singular that the Corn-laws should have been repealed by a Parliament elected especially to support them. That these Corn-laws could *live*—that their rank injustice could have an essential vitality, and so go on in interminable perplexity—is what few people above the level of the Duke of Richmond and Col. Sibthorpe could believe. But the man would have been thought mad who would have ventured to predict at the last election that the Corn-laws would be extinguished by *that* Parliament. It was the Landlords' Own. What a blaze of virtuous indignation shot forth from the acrearchy! How it flamed from hustings to hustings! and ran, like the Greek signal fires, through the land! What eloquence from lips which had never been known before to utter common-sense! The tenant-voters—how they caught the kindling inspiration! And that respectable quadruped the British Lion—how he did roar! In the counties, honor, ability, intelligence, all went for nothing. There was but one test for every candidate—eternal fidelity to the Corn-laws, sworn upon the sliding-scale. Without this qualification an angel might have sued in vain; with it, the rawest material of humanity was fit for St. Stephens. Men who had been known only as bores of the first magnitude at a petty sessions, or a board of guardians, suddenly assumed the most owl-like aspects as legislators of the realm. The benches of the House of Commons were crammed with them. They met under a leader keen, expert, and boundlessly self-confident, full of clever shifts when his party was low, and now proud beyond measure of his numerical strength. As their constituents had elected them solely that they might support the Corn-

laws, so they supported him for the self-same purpose. Against such a party and such a leader it seemed folly to speculate upon a chance of successful opposition. Yet it was by this leader and by this Parliament that the Corn-laws received their death-blow. You have sometimes seen a group of children playing on the sea-shore, writing on the sand, forming houses of slate, and laying out mimic fields with rows of pebbles, and so forth, when up runs one surging wave over the beach and in an instant the whole disappears. Just so were all the Protectionist fences laid low by one insurrectionary swell of public feeling. The last session has taught the people of England a memorable lesson. It has taught them that no minister, however palmy his position; no party, however strong in numbers, can resist the matured convictions of the public mind."

Of the other subjects which about this period came under discussion, we may first notice the Bill for the increased and perpetual endowment of the Maynooth College. The subjoined article is under date of April 4, 1845:—

"Sir R. Peel is to propose this evening in the House of Commons a national grant of £28,000 a year to the Roman Catholic College at Maynooth, instead of the annual payment of £8,000 which is now made to that institution. Suppose the Wesleyans had applied to Parliament for an annual grant to their institution at Richmond, or the Baptists for the Hoxton academy, or the Independents for their college at Manchester,—how would the application have been met? Unquestionably with a prompt and unequivocal refusal. Yet either of those bodies would come before Parliament with a stronger moral claim than can be made by the Catholics. They are scriptural in their doctrines, powerful in the influence they exert throughout the kingdom, and are as essentially

protestant as the Church of England was in her best days, and much more so than, unhappily, she now is. Their bitterest enemies cannot upbraid them with disaffection to the government, or a desire to foment disturbances in the State. Why, then, should they be regarded with less favor than the Catholics? The reason may be found in a truth which has often been repeated, that the antipathies between religious bodies are strong in proportion to the assimilation of their opinions. The Premier and his colleagues, as members of the Church of England, would refuse to endow colleges for sects whose tenets are scarcely distinguishable from their own; but Catholicism, being so hostile to their own creed, is taken into favor. If Mohammedans and Pagans were to migrate hither, they would be still more amply provided for. Muftis and Brahmins would be placed at the head of collegiate establishments, and mosques and pagods would be provided *ad libitum*."

"But this is not the only ground on which the grant is proposed. It is felt that the Catholics of Ireland are unjustly treated by the appropriation of the ecclesiastical revenues to the Established Church in that country. Admitting this to be the case, we ask, who should make reparation but those who have done the wrong? If the Irish Church has unjustly taken to itself revenues which should have been employed for the benefit of the Catholics, then let that Church make restitution. But, in the name of common sense, why should the people of England be taxed for the sake of Popery in Ireland? That the Irish Catholics have been unjustly dealt with, we have no doubt whatever. We must lose all sense of the distinction between right and wrong before we can acquit the Irish Church of an iniquitous usurpation of the rights of the community. In saying this, we do not lose sight of the common arguments by which that

Church is defended. It is said that as the established Church is the national religion, the Catholics in Ireland stand in precisely the same relation to it as the Dissenters in England—that Ireland is as much an integral part of Britain as Yorkshire or Cornwall is—and that consequently the people of Ireland have no more reason to complain of it than a dissenting body would have in any district of Yorkshire or Cornwall."

"But in the first place we deny that the Established Church is a national Church. Our denial of this rests on the authority of sundry accredited geographies, in which the United Kingdom is spoken of as consisting of three parts, England, Ireland, Scotland. In the latter of these the Church of England is not established at all, but exists only as a diminutive sect. In Ireland it is established by law, and by law only. In England alone has it struck its roots into the affections of the people, and obtained the support of a considerable portion of the community. It is a palpable dishonesty to attempt to place the Catholics of Ireland in the same position with reference to the Church, as the dissenters in England. We cannot say with precision whether the various classes of dissenters in this country, when taken together, exceed the Church in numbers or not; but we are certain that neither of the dissenting bodies singly can do so. Now, if the principle of a state establishment be a valid one, it must follow that the uppermost religion be that of a majority, and in this respect we have nothing to complain against the ascendancy of the Church. So far as *numbers* are concerned, it is fairly established. But in Ireland the case is the reverse of this. There are more than ten Catholics to one of the Establishment. The Church has no hold on the regards of the people. By a vast majority it is spurned and detested. They are not merged in the mass of a church-going community, as are

the dissenters in England. They are separated from this country by a national garb, and manners, and customs,—by a separate history—a different religion, and a sea rolling between us. What other marks are necessary to denote a distinct nationality? The established Church in Ireland has never been more than an experiment, and that experiment has wofully failed. Ireland has been left to a Church which, when it had grasped the revenues of the country, looked on the reformation as accomplished. Bishops famous for political jobbing, rich pluralists spending their tithes at Bath or Brighton, a university remarkable for its intolerant spirit,—these were the chosen instruments for working out a reformation in Ireland. Yet for the delinquencies of such a Church the people of England are now to be taxéd. We say nothing of the tax being for the support of popery, for on the ground of abstract justice we hold it a matter of indifference whether the money be given to the protestant or catholic church. The proposal, in either case, is a foul insult to this country."

In a subsequent article on the 25th of the same month, the remarks are mainly addressed to the defence of the Maynooth measure by Mr. Macaulay:—

"The best speech in its defence was that of Mr. Macaulay. He touches no subject that he does not adorn. However rambling and foggy may be the course of a debate, the instant he strikes in there is a flash of light. His genius broods over the chaos and charms it into life and order. Or, if all seemed clear before, it then becomes more vividly so,—'another morn risen on mid-noon.' Without any parade of logical forms—that fatal mark of mediocrity—the complexities of the subject pass, at his touch, into consecutive arrangement. His memory, it is said, retains everything. No man displays such inexhaustible fertility of illustration. Of his extra-

ordinary eloquence every one familiar with his sparkling essays must be fully aware. These great powers he brought to bear in favor of the Maynooth Bill."

The member for Edinburgh had, however, employed on this occasion a species of logic, to which men of less powers took the liberty to demur. "Where the grant is to come from," he said, "remains for after discussion; the question now is, whether it shall be made or not." To which our authority replies:—

"A man passing on the road is robbed of his purse. He raises an alarm. Some people going by propose to lay hold on the thief, who is seen standing on the other side of the way, and take the money from him. 'Not so,' says another, 'I see he is a very respectable-looking man, and I don't like to touch him. But this poor fellow must have his money somewhere. *Where it is to come from, remains for an after discussion; the question now is, whether he shall have it or not.* So we'll just dip into the pockets of the first few people who go by, to give the man his money, and everything else can be made right afterwards.' Such is the logic and the morality of the Right Honorable Thomas Babington Macaulay, sanctioned by three hundred and twenty others of the enlightened men of this generation."

On the passing of the Bill, we are treated to some observations on the unreasonableness of those who murmured at the want of transparency in Sir Robert Peel's character. It has been seen that the minister's speech preparatory to his doing away with the Corn-laws had gone far to fix himself in the good graces of the writer who had so sharply animadverted on his trickeries. The past however was not forgotten:—

"We have no sympathy whatever with those who complain that they have been deceived by Sir Robert Peel. It is their own fault. They are wilfully blind to

the whole character of his public life, and morally blind to the events that are passing around them in the world. Even when they become conscious of the deception practised on them, they have not the spirit to resent it. They bluster a little, and then snivel, and prepare themselves for some other deception. We can well imagine the awful outcry that would have been raised if the Whig ministry had attempted to propose the tenth part of the present concession to Maynooth; how every parson in the land would have been roaming about—the sword in one hand, the torch in the other—proclaiming the vengeance of heaven and earth on the perpetrators of such an iniquitous deed; branding them as infidels, denouncing them as the destroyers of Protestantism. But now, although they do grumble, it is with bated breath, and we have no doubt that at the next election we shall see them again flocking to the poll to support Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert is a bold man, but he knows the tribe he has to deal with; and whether on religious questions or agricultural questions, he deals with them according to the expediency of the moment, without the slightest regard to their opinions or their prejudices—and with as little regard to his own character."

As to the general question itself, we are told:—"The government proposal for the Maynooth grant has had the sanction of the House by a majority of 216 against 114. Sir Robert Peel made out the best case that the merits of the affair admitted. He stated that after a good deal of consideration he had come to the conclusion that there are only three courses open to us,—1, to continue the existing grant, or—2ndly, to abolish it, or—3rdly, to increase it. We must pause a moment to pay a tribute of eulogium to the amazing intellectual power by which he succeeded in simplifying so complicated a case. What an agony of mental effort must he have undergone in working his way

to such results as these, truths which seem to lie at the very *termini* of the mind, beyond which there is nothing to be discovered. Of the three conditions, however, we frankly confess that the second is the one which we should support; and as we are here at issue with the Premier and his hydra-headed party, it is but fair to notice the grounds on which the measure is defended. Sir Robert says that it is a fallacy to urge that by the increased grant we are endowing popery; because the principle of the endowment is as entirely conceded by the existing allowance as by the larger one. This is a fair argument; but we take our stand on higher grounds. Whether Maynooth be a popish or protestant college, we should oppose the grant as a question between the people of England and the people of Ireland. We deny that the government has any moral right to tax the former for providing religious establishments for the latter. And although this objection would apply to any form of religion, it must be admitted that in the present case the wrong is aggravated by the compulsory support being profferred to a hostile faith. To say that we *ought to* support Maynooth because we *have* done so, is simply to say that custom changes wrong into right, and that to retract an error is less commendable than to persist in it. There is, however, a light in which this question may be fairly viewed, which tends to abate the fervor of those who oppose the grant merely because it supports Catholicism. We doubt if, in truth, it should not rather be regarded as a bonus to the Established Church in Ireland. It is impossible for any attentive observer of the progress of opinion among the Irish to be blind to the fact that the props of that church are gradually slipping from under it. As a church, it stands convicted of eminent unfaithfulness. The moral condition of Ireland would probably be much better had it never existed. The catholics cannot much longer be permitted

to remain in their present state of destitution, and it is much easier to dip at once into the public treasury than to make a new allotment of the income of the Irish Church. So it is thought best to quiet the Catholics by laying the pockets of the people of England under contribution for their necessities."

"There is one slight consolation for our friends who oppose this grant merely from antipathy to popery,—that it is given to a party which candidly and openly avows the supremacy of Rome, and its hostility to the reformed faith. Let us have honest enemies rather than false friends,—the open broadsides of Maynooth rather than the masked batteries of Oxford. In the present condition of the two we should much more readily give our money to the former, inasmuch as it is our sincere belief that Christianity has less to fear from it than from the latter. Thousands of our readers would be startled if the doctrinal corruptions of Oxford were fully exposed to them; and we may remark that the time is come when we must freshly gild and burnish the motto of Chillingworth,—'The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of protestants.'"

With Irish affairs we may not unnaturally associate a gentleman whose merits have already received a passing notice,—Daniel O'Connell, Liberator, Hero of Conciliation Hall, &c., &c. The State Trial in Dublin has just terminated, and

"A tempting scope for speculation is now open to political calculators in conjecturing the probable fate of O'Connell. The Government press will not be satisfied unless he is clapped into prison. The ministerial scribes habitually picture him now, in their imagination, in the clutches of some Irish Mac Guffey, and grinning through stout iron bars. For ourselves we rather think that nothing more will be done than to bind him over to good

behaviour, for a pretty long period, under heavy penalties. The reason why we think this is all that Government *will* do, is, because we think it all that they *ought to* do. For what one imaginable benefit can result from O'Connell's incarceration? It is said to be necessary for satisfying the claims of justice. This we more than doubt. What is justice, in the popular acceptation of the term? Does it imply anything more than the moral convictions of the community? Are not these convictions, as far as the Irish are concerned, rather in favor of O'Connell than against him? What satisfaction, then, does 'justice' require. But it may be thought expedient to deal severely with him to deter others. We have never been able to penetrate the profound reasons by which proceedings of this kind are justified. Especial illumination on this point appears to be occasionally vouchsafed to the Bench at Quarter-Sessions; but we confess ourselves blind to the equity of the principle by which there is inflicted upon any man a punishment disproportionate to his offence, merely to make him a warning to others. Moreover, while his imprisonment would do no good, it might do much evil by giving him a new claim upon the sympathies of his countrymen, who would at once confer upon him the honors of martyrdom; and we can conceive of nothing which, more than this, would completely defeat the purposes which Government have in view."

About eighteen months later we have an exposé of O'Connell's genuine patriotism, as brought to light by the *Times'* Commissioner:—

"We have met with a story somewhere of a man who advised a charitable subscription for a distressed person, and when applied to himself in aid of it, excused his own pocket on the plea that it was very well for himself to have given the *hint*. Mr. O'Connell's sympathy for the Irish 'pisantry' seems to be of this vicarious order. A sub-

scription of some £8000 was made the other day for the relief of the destitute poor in his own district; but in the list of donors the name of the Liberator does not appear. He might at least have given Raphael's money on such an occasion. But although his name did not grace this list no conclusive evidence could thus be drawn against his feeling a deep sympathy with his distressed countrymen. It might have been that the tenantry on his own property were so well protected by him from the evils which surrounded them, that nothing more could fairly be expected at his hands. He is something of a landed proprietor, and could if he chose make his tenants the models of what the Irish poor ought to be. To hear him declaiming about their miseries and making uproarious professions of zeal in their behalf, we should naturally picture to ourselves the denizens of his own soil as located in an earthly paradise. 'What a happy people,' one would say, 'must they be, who live under the direct protection of a man so rich and overflowing with the kindliest charity! How green a spot in the desert must be this Derrynane! How calm and bright the atmosphere of peace and comfort that surrounds it!' But it so happens that a provoking sort of personage called the *Times* commissioner, has in the course of his travels visited that spot and given an account of what he saw of the real condition of the people who live in that Hibernian Elysium. Now the statements of the *Times'* commissioner Mr. O'Connell *must* meet. They must be proved either to be palpably false or infamously true. Abuse may be met by counter abuse, one fiction may destroy another, but facts can only be met by facts, and people will not be satisfied without knowing the real condition of O'Connell's own tenantry. He may contrive for a time to keep up a sort of bullying fame in Ireland, but in England he must wipe off this terrible blot, or sink at once and for ever.—Meanwhile the *Rent* goes on. Twenty

thousand pounds—collected fortunately for him just before the *Times* report came out—is the reward of his unpurchaseable virtue during the past year. Twenty thousand pounds is the sum which, with famine staring them in the face, he takes from the wretched peasantry of Ireland for one year's performances on the boards of Conciliation Hall. The greatest part of this money will be found wanting in a supply of bread and potatoes for the starving people in the coming winter. It is almost a fiction to calculate the rent in money value. It is so many thousands of loaves and bushels of potatoes withdrawn from the famishing population, beyond the deficiency caused by the bad season. The plagues of Ireland stand thus in processional order,—want of employment — agrarian outrage — failure of crops—famine—disease—O'Connell."

And finally, on the winding up of affairs at Conciliation Hall, there is a pleasant tribute to the disinterested conduct of the Liberator in his thrifty management of the Repeal exchequer. After stating that much doubt had always existed as to whether O'Connell had really been in earnest about carrying Repeal, and that Young Ireland was getting very much disgusted with the conduct of a leader who seemed more intent on securing a good living for himself than effecting the freedom of his country, the question of finances is touched upon :—

"But the dissentients have another charge against him. They say that some £200,000 or upwards—a pretty round sum, truly—subscribed to the Repeal Fund, and of which O'Connell constituted himself the treasurer, has disappeared under his management. Now it is rather hard to poke at him in this way. Knowing his natural infirmity with respect to money, why did they allow him to touch the cash? We remember the case of a clergyman administering the sacrament to a poor old man, in a village

on our north coast, who on the cup being given him, drank up the whole of the wine. The pastor looked his surprise, but the old man's daughter, wishing to make the best of a bad matter, said, 'Please, sir, excuse father, for he was always a glutton about liquor'! There is the same excuse for O'Connell in money matters. His patriotic spirit doesn't run quite to his fingers' ends. The digits are his weak points. The cat when she was metamorphosed into a fine lady, involuntarily sprang at a mouse. We must allow for the imperfection of our common nature, even in the best of men."

"Yet we must confess to some surprise on learning that the Repeal funds were *all* gone! Seeing the money tumbling in by hundreds and thousands every week, we were foolish enough to imagine that, allowing for considerable pickings, there was yet a large sum in the coffers of Conciliation Hall. It appears however that not only has every farthing vanished, but the concern is actually in debt to Mr. O'Connell seven hundred pounds! He is, in fact, out of pocket on the business! The whole of the money he says, has been very properly expended, and he offers to submit the vouchers to the inspection of any gentleman, of an inquiring turn of mind, who would like to go through them,—the number of the said vouchers being seventy-four thousand. So that were any sceptic desperate enough to encounter such a task, if he could examine the vouchers at the rate of one every minute, and devote eight hours a day to the work, it would require five months to complete it. Too many accounts are as formidable a barrier to inquiry as too few. We think it was Walpole, who, when George the First insisted, contrary to the Ministers' wishes, upon examining some state papers, sent him down a waggon-load, with word that there were six more coming; on which His Majesty gave instant orders for their return."

While the chief of the Repealers had been practising on the credulity of his brave peasantry, a gigantic system of swindling was going on in England, more bold and unblushing than even that which had gulled the poor Irish. In 1845 the Railway mania in this country reached its climax. Everybody was all at once to become rich by taking shares in broad and narrow gauges, passing through lands where the surveyor's theodolite had hardly yet been seen. John Bull had fairly quitted the dry walks of prose for pure and undiluted poetry, and thus we have described his flight into the realms of imagination :—

"It has often been remarked that though the flights of imaginative genius seem to pass the bounds of truth and reality, they do in fact keep far within them. The phenomena of actual being are still more strange than the wildest visions of fancy. In the creations of the poet or novelist a touch of insanity is sometimes given to the fictitious personages who figure on their pages. Yet this quality is dealt in but sparingly. A Lear, or an Ophelia, a Meg Merrilies or a Norna, are found at intervals in the pages of Shakspeare or of Scott; but what would be thought of a dramatist who should represent *all* his characters as mad, and construct an entire plot out of their sayings and doings? Yet however he might be accused of outraging the licence of fiction, the aspect of the present times certainly gives a colourable plea for such a conception. We have now before our eyes the startling phenomenon of national madness. Not that such a thing is entirely new. In a feebler type the disease has shewn itself in times past. The tulip-mania in Holland was an early stage of the malady. The South Sea Scheme was a more advanced one. The mining fishing pearl-diving—gas-lighting—washing—milking—sawdust compressing—bubbles of '26 were the ravings of a still more violent attack. But the strongest paroxysm has

been reserved for the year 1845. The Fire-King is now enthroned in our midst, and is spreading his enchantments through the land. To this demon we are delivered over, and are bound by him in strong delusions. All stories of witchcraft and *diablerie* are thrown into the category of tame probabilities. The philosopher's stone, could it be found, would be a mere toy for children. The rays of Aladdin's lamp pale before the fires of the locomotive. The song of the Sirens is drowned in the screech of the steam-whistle. Steam, in short, is the grand elemental power which is to re-fashion the world and send it spinning through its orbit in regenerated life and beauty. There are railway projects now in contemplation requiring for their completion about three hundred millions sterling. And still every day produces new projects. The map of England may therefore be expected in a few years to wear much the appearance of a multiplication table. An awful fate is impending over the Zimmermans of our times. Not a nook will be left in the country in which a poet may vegetate. Wordsworth has already sounded an alarm in Cumberland. His prophetic ear has caught the puffing of a boiler winding around Rydal Mount, and in eloquent numbers he has invoked the local deities to guard their domains from the sacrilegious monster. But to whatever decision a committee of mountain-spirits and water-nymphs may come upon such a question, we fear their joint remonstrances would be quashed by the single voice of Hudson or Brunel. The fire-god would drive his clattering car even by the shores of old Romance, and unceremoniously send bards and minstrels to look out for other quarters."

"In looking over the list of the Patrons and Directors of the various schemes now afloat, the reader is naturally struck with the long catalogue of high sounding names with all sorts of nondescript titles appended to them.

These is one feature of these lists to which the unwary speculator should have especial reference. Whenever the directory, as a general rule, is composed, or mainly so, of individuals locally connected with the line, a fair guarantee is given of the integrity of the proposal. But when the Board consists of names all of which rank among the 'illustrious obscure,' the symptom may be regarded as fatal. We say nothing against the cleverness of the gentlemen who thus patriotically promote public improvements in which they appear to have no personal interest. Our only complaint is that they are *too* clever. A true account of the parties who figure in these lists would be a startling record. To what extent it would facilitate the labors of some future compilers of the Newgate Calendar, we cannot say; but if the *Railway Gazette* is to be credited, there is one gentleman whose name appears as a director to no less than *six* companies, and who has at various times honored almost every gaol in England with his presence. Of the great mass of those accommodating directors who patronize indifferently every scheme that offers, it is perfectly well understood that their only object is to secure a good allotment of shares, to be jobbed in the market as soon as the gullibility of the public brings them to a premium. And as that amiable quality in our friend the Public was never more exuberant than at the present time, it may safely be affirmed that the gigantic scale upon which the art of plucking is now being practised, is beyond all parallel in the history of the country."

CHAPTER XV.

IT is well known that journalists as a class are not remarkable for underrating the influence they may be supposed to exert on the direction of public affairs. The obscurest newspaper editor in the kingdom, whose weekly sheet of politics, poetry, and jokes, scarcely travels a half-dozen miles from the printing-office, has sometimes thought it necessary to warn the government that he keeps a sharp eye on their movements, and that they will do well to remember that the *Northern Nondescript* will certainly call them to account for any peccadilloes of which they may happen to be guilty. Bold arguments, and still bolder declamation, which the leading journal of England would hardly venture to indulge in, are paraded in these provincial columns with a freedom peculiar to certain literary organs whose oracular assurance has generally an inverse ratio to their information and intelligence. The extent, however, to which a widely circulated county paper is influential on the national politics, may tell for something; and in the *jeu d'esprit* with which the *West Briton* writer opens the year 1847, there may be a very pardonable feeling of self-complacency couched under the pleasantry of the composition. Great things had unquestionably been done. The Bishop of Exeter had been taken down several inches. Free trade was become the order of the day. The bubbles of Irish repeal and English railways had exploded. If one powerful pen had not accomplished these wonders, who can tell how largely it had contributed thereto? So the transition from the editorial chair to the editorial throne, may be marvellous but not altogether inexplicable. The Whig politicians of

Cornwall are accordingly addressed in a style of more than ordinary dignity on the present occasion :—

To Our Readers.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

We feel gratified in tendering you our acknowledgments, at the close of another year, of the steady and powerful support we continue to receive at your hands.

We have to inform you that we are not at present upon good terms with all the foreign powers. Our relations of amity with Louis Philippe have been weakened by his bad conduct about the Spanish marriages. The King of Prussia has forfeited our respect by his want of proper spirit in the Cracow affair. We cannot say the same for the Emperors of Russia and Austria, having never heard of anybody who professed to respect either of them. That most belligerent person, the President of the United States, has rather more business just now than he can well manage, in Mexico. We notice his movements with some interest, because his means are too limited to admit of his doing much mischief in more than one place at a time.

Gentlemen,

We have ordered the following estimates to be laid before you, viz :—

The probable loss to the Revenue occasioned by the excessive duty upon tea.

The number of triennial renewals of the Income Tax before it is made a permanent impost.

The expense of educating the poor, compared with the cost of imprisoning, transporting, and hanging them, for crimes resulting from ignorance.

The diminution, in the last five years, of the distance between Oxford and Rome, with a calculation of the time when they may be expected to join.

The chances for and against Smith O'Brien's being a lineal descendent from *Brian Boroo.*

We congratulate you on the legislative measures which have been passed this year, by which it is decided that the man who grows corn, and the man who eats it, are not necessarily placed in a state of enmity with each other; and that there is no mysterious property belonging to grain, by which the commerce in that article may not be safely left to the common sense of mankind.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

We have to acquaint you that no apology has yet been received from the Bishop of Exeter for his calumny against this journal.

The most important feature of our domestic arrangements this year is the enlargement of our journal to its present size. We are happy to inform you that this somewhat hazardous undertaking has been attended with success beyond our expectations. The sacrifice which we made for the convenience and gratification of the public, has been compensated by a great increase in our previously large circulation.

We enter on the labors of another year, resolved, to the utmost of our ability to render ourselves worthy of the distinguished patronage with which we have hitherto been honored."

Of the articles succeeding this regal manifesto, the first to be noticed may be said to have a dignity not unworthy of so grand an introduction. Its subject was higher than corn-laws, or railways, or Repeal, or any sublunary matters whatever. A new planet had just been discovered; and the author of that discovery was a Cornishman. No wonder that there was a general stir from the Tamar to the Land's End, for the county might well be proud of giving birth to a man who was to occupy such a position

in the realm of Science. What gave to this achievement of genius its peculiar lustre, was the fact that the hitherto undetected wanderer in the starry heavens was traced not by an optical but a mathematical instrument. It was not by tubes and glasses, but by a process of figures and formulæ, shewing that although such a planet had not actually been seen its assumed existence would account for certain stellar phenomena not otherwise explicable. From the article, which is an elaborate one, we have merely omitted such portions as relate to the claims which Le Verrier, the French astronomer, had put forth, to the honor of having made the same discovery at a somewhat earlier period,—claims which were refuted by a host of varied evidences:—

"One of the most remarkable discoveries in the history of Astromony is that of the new planet. It is remarkable, in the first place, as being not an *optical*, but a purely *intellectual* discovery. The telescope had swept the heavens and made no report of it. It was in that other and more marvellous creation, the mind of a solitary student, that first 'it trembled forth into a star.' The occasion was as follows:—Uranus had long been regarded as the outermost planet of the system, moving as a sentinel upon the line which separates our solar region from sidereal space. But as even sentinels themselves require looking after, so it was thought proper to keep an eye upon Uranus. Nor was this caution in vain, for he was soon detected moving in what a policeman would call a very questionable way. It is well known that the planets always bow to each other in passing,—a circumstance which probably gave Chesterfield his taste for astronomy. But the deflections of Uranus exceeded the established laws of celestial etiquette. The extent to which his courtesy to Jupiter and Saturn might carry him, admitted of precise calculation; but beyond this, there was an attraction in some other quarter, the object of which was

not discoverable. Himself living at No. 1 in the planetary row, he could have neighbours only on one side, yet his perturbations were such as *they* could not have caused. It was then suggested that No. 1 was possibly an error, and that the unknown object of attraction might be found on the *other* side; and such has proved to be the case. A new planet, exterior to Uranus, has been discovered, circling at about twice the distance of his orbit. By this discovery the irregularities in his motion are accounted for, and the solar system is enlarged to four times the extent previously assigned to it."

"The traveller who has come into Cornwall by the north road must remember a long moor-land tract between Launceston and Bodmin. If his journey was performed on the roof of the coach, against a sleety, biting south-wester, his memory will not need any refresher. The recollections of such an excursion are not to be effaced even by the consolations of the Jamaica Inn. A more desolate spot can scarcely be found. Yet Nature sometimes grows *men* where she grows nothing else; and on this bleak moor she has produced at least one such man as, with all her tropical magnificence, she never produced within ten degrees of the Equator. A few years ago a small farmer named Adams, resident on the moor, had a boy who, if we are correctly informed, disappointed his father's hopes of making a good agriculturist of him. His fits of abstraction and dreamy reverie were held to be very unpropitious. He had somehow got a taste for mathematics, and the highest passion of his life was to pore over books

> 'that explain
> The purer elements of truth, involved
> In lines and numbers.'

"And so this passion grew upon him that he was at length abandoned to its impulses, and allowed to take his

own way in despair of a better. It was clear that *he* would never pick up prizes at a ploughing-match or a cattle-show;—that the lord of the manor, or squire of the parish would never have to stand up and make a solemn oration over him, shewing him to wondering spectators as the man who had improved the breed of rams, or fattened bullocks to a distressing obesity. Yet, as the path to such fame was closed, there was still some small honors awaiting him. After a school training he entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where, at the end of his undergraduateship he became senior wrangler. He is now one of the mathematical tutors of that College."

"Having thus introduced the planet and Mr. Adams to our readers, it is proper to state in what relation these parties—the star and the mathematician—stand to each other. For this purpose we must request those who have it not, to buy, borrow, or steal, the *Mechanics' Magazine* of the 26th Dec. last, in which they will find a paper entitled, '*Adams the discoverer of the new planet.*' Apart from its bearing on the main question, it will amply repay perusal as an admirable *resume* of the facts of a complicated case, divested of extraneous matter, and presented in the most compact and logical form. We only regret that, though brief in relation to the interest of the subject, it is yet too long to transfer to our columns, and it is generally an impracticable task to abridge an abridgement. We must content ourselves with a brief advertence to the main facts."

"The unaccountable perturbations in the motion of Uranus, of which we have already spoken, have for the last thirty years been a vexed question with astronomers. Their variance with the laws of gravitation was shewn by the publication of Bouvard's *Tables of Uranus* in 1821, and the discordance was still more prominently exhibited in the *Cambridge Observations* published in 1828, under

the superintendence of the Astronomer Royal. The first *hint* of an exterior planet appears to have been given by Dr. Hassey to Professor Airy in 1834, but the suggestion was not followed up by either party. The Doctor said he found himself 'totally inadequate to the task,' and the Professor asserted that even if such a planet existed 'it would be nearly impossible even to find its place.' Bouvard said such an idea had occurred to him, but he had not pursued it. Hansen conjectured there were *two* planets beyond Uranus, 'as one disturbing body would not satisfy the phenomena.'"

"So Doctors differed, and such was the state of things in 1841, when Mr. Adams entered upon his inquiries. It is evident that he had to begin *de novo*. The vague hints which had been previously thrown out were of no avail to him. After much pondering he came to the conclusion that the cause of the perturbation of Uranus was a planet existing beyond it. To demonstrate this, he commenced a series of calculations and in September, 1845, he completed the solution of the problem. In that month he transmitted to Professor Airy a paper stating the position of the planet, its magnitude, sidereal motion, longitude, and eccentricity. When it is remembered that at that time the planet itself had not been distinguished, this must be regarded as a very wonderful discovery. 'It has been effected,' says the writer in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, by solving a kind of inverse problem of perturbations.' That is, certain perturbations in the motion of Uranus were hitherto unexplained; by assuming that a body of a certain mass moved in a certain orbit, at a specified rate and distance from the sun, all these perturbations were explained. Thus, by the mere application of analysis and calculation, the mathematician has been

enabled to say to the astronomer, 'Look at a defined part of the immensity of space at a certain period, and you will see an undiscovered planet that acts upon Uranus and is the cause of that planet's erratic movements.' Well may the Astronomer Royal assert that 'in the whole history of science there is nothing like this.' Under such circumstances it is not to be wondered at that in the recent University intelligence we find (and heartily glad we are of the announcement) that the master and fellows of St. John's College have commenced a subscription, which already amounts to £600, for the purpose of doing honor to Mr. J. C. Adams, one of their body, who 'they consider, was the first among the mathematicians of Europe to determine from perturbations the unknown place of a disturbing planet exterior to Uranus.' The sum to be raised is to found a liberal prize for the study of Astronomy, to be called 'The Adams Prize.' We congratulate our accomplished countryman on these substantial testimonies to his merits, and rejoice that the county which produced a Davy now inscribes upon the roll of Science another name not less illustrious."

With a slight variation in the order of time, we may connect the planetary subject with the still nobler subject of Poetry, on the high claims of which the writer expatiates with his usual fervor—when that topic is under discussion—on the occasion of Lord John Russell's accepting the Lord-Rectorship of the University of Glasgow to the prejudice of the poet Wordsworth:—

"We regret that Lord John Russell has accepted the Lord-Rectorship of the University of Glasgow. The choice of the students lay between his lordship and Mr. Wordsworth, the poet. The latter was elected by a clear majority of about twenty votes. But by an ancient custom of the University it is necessary that the winning candidate

should not only have a numerical majority from among the whole of the students, but that three out of the four *nations* (such being the technical term for the four provinces into which, according to University language, Scotland is divided) should be in his favor. On the present occasion the nations were equally divided. The election was therefore decided by the casting vote of the Provost, who gave it for Lord John Russell. It was generally thought that under such circumstances his lordship would waive the honor in favor of Mr. Wordsworth. Such however is not the case. Lord John has accepted the office, and the day will shortly be announced for the delivering of his inaugural address."

"We have no right to censure Lord John for what he has done. His election was according to the customary usage of the University; and it rested entirely with himself to accept the office or decline it. But, situated as he was, we think there would have been more honor in declining than accepting it. Had any other man than Wordsworth being opposed to him, there might have been little meant in the concession, but there would have been something graceful in waiving such a distinction in favor of the venerable poet. Lord John, too, could *afford* to do this. The man who fills the first post in the government of the first Empire in the world might consent to forego for twelve months the rectorship of a Scotch university. We say, for twelve months; for by doing so he would have established so strong a claim to the gratitude and respect of the students that his election at the end of that time might be reckoned on as a certainty. It is, we fear, not so certain that another opportunity will occur for the election of Wordsworth. He is now in his seventy-sixth year, and bending under the infirmities of age. Another year, and he may be beyond the reach of all earthly honors."

"With all our respect for Lord John Russell, we must yet bear in mind that he does not rank in the same class with such men as Wordsworth. Of all its bounties intellectual gifts are those of which Providence is most frugal. Of all intellectual gifts poetical genius is the most transcendent. And of all living poets Wordsworth is, by common consent, the most distinguished. Between him and Lord John Russell there is not only no rivalry, but no common ground of comparison. You might as well attempt to compare a flower with a mineral; they are separated by impassable distinctions. We say this from no disparagement to his lordship, but simply because statesmen are such common productions compared with poets. 'Where Nature,' says Sir William Temple, 'produces one man capable of becoming a great poet, she produces a thousand capable of becoming as great warriors and statesmen as any in history.' The dignity of statesmen is from without; that of the poet is from within. The first acquires fame amid the strife of parties; the other wins his in solitude. The one is made great by circumstances; the other by a divine necessity of his nature; and the latter kind of greatness is that which best becomes those who fill the most honorable posts in seats of learning and of science. The University of Glasgow would have been signally honored by electing to its rectorial chair a man who would occupy it not merely as representative of the literary spirit of the times, but himself the first and foremost of his age."

Not less heartily was the tribute of respect paid to a gentleman who, though occupying a walk in literature so radically differing from that of the Rydal-Mount poet, had, in the writer's opinion, laid the masses of English readers under far higher obligations:—

"We observe in an Edinburgh journal an announcement of a landed estate, of some considerable value, in

Scotland, having lately been purchased by Mr. William Chambers; and among the miscellaneous items of domestic news, of which every day brings its fresh batch, we have not met with one which has given us more hearty gratification. This gentleman has long been known, in connection with his brother Robert, as the able and enterprising publisher of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, in connection with an Educational Course of Works on Mathematics, Science, and the Classics, as well as an immense variety of cheap and popular publications for the diffusion of almost every kind of useful knowledge. We doubt whether there is another man alive to whom the public are so greatly indebted for stimulating an intellectual appetite and furnishing it with pure and healthful nutriment, as Mr. William Chambers. The consciousness of being the originator of such extensive good is, we doubt not, the substantial reward of his labors; but there are also rewards of another kind—which none but fools or hypocrites contemn—and of which we rejoice to find that he is blest with a goodly portion. With a reputation that monarchs might envy, he has also acquired the means of an honorable independence, and of supporting a style of life in perfect keeping with the high literary and artistical tastes by which he is distinguished. Most appropriately do such rewards await such men. The publication of the *Journal* was an era in English literature. Until that time all periodical writing of a high character was also at a high price. The most popular work of the day was *Blackwood's Magazine*, but the price placed it beyond the reach of the masses; while the general tone of its articles, except in fiction, was suited only to readers above the average level in point of scholarly intelligence. The low-priced magazines were trash, without an exception. In this state of things Mr. Chambers undertook to supply the public with a weekly

sheet of vigorous original writing, on subjects of popular interest, for three half-pence. He made his calculations, and found that it would require a sale of thirty thousand to clear the expenses only. But strong in his faith of the intellectual demand on the part of the public, and of his ability to meet such a demand, he started upon the enterprise, and his labors were speedily rewarded by a sale of seventy thousand copies. The charm of the *Journal*, and the secret of its extraordinary success, is that it blends so closely with the philosophy of common life. It is from want of a similar attraction that some other kindred works,—such as the *Penny Magazine*, &c., though started under favorable auspices and conducted with much ability, have successively disappeared. The subjects of which they mainly treated, though curious and interesting, were not generally of the kind which blended with the ordinary thoughts and feelings of the reader. Chambers, on the contrary, confines himself chiefly to the walks of every-day life. He gossips with you at the breakfast table, at the fire-side; becomes your counsellor in the shop or counting-house; talks with the scholar about his favorite authors, or with the boys about their tops and marbles. He marks every phase of social life, and speaks well and wisely upon all. And now that the fruit of his labors appears in the tangible form of a landed estate, we trust he will long live to ramble through his own fields and muse under the shadow of his own trees. He will be long known to posterity as one who was a blessing to his age and his country."

The year 1848 was marked by the death of two men of distinction in the political world,—Lord George Bentinck, and Lord Melbourne; of whom the following obituary notice appeared in the journal:—

"We have not for a long time recorded a more unexpected or melancholy event than the death of Lord

George Bentinck. His rise and his fall have been equally sudden. A few years ago his name was hardly known to the public. At a single bound he sprang into the leadership of a great political party; and for three years maintained his post with desperate fidelity. In an instant he disappears. His energy unabated, in high health and spirits, rich in fame and honors, and surrounded by troops of friends, in one moment the scene changes—he clasps the dust, and the grave wraps him in its eternal shadow. His sun has gone down while it was yet day. The gloom of midnight has followed at once upon the solar blaze."

"His lordship had not many of the qualities of a great statesman. He succeeded but badly even in the ordinary run of parliamentary speaking. To oratory he had no pretensions whatever. Beside these natural disqualifications for a high post in the senate, he had devoted the prime of his manhood to the sports of the turf, a pursuit the most likely to debase a noble nature or to confirm a bad one. It was wonderful that against such disadvantages he so successfully struggled. His opponents have often twitted him with allusions to his early history, but there was no generous or high minded man in England who did not admire the moral heroism which he displayed in the later passages of his life. At an age when, to use Paley's words, the habits are usually set, he reversed the entire current of his existence. To exchange betting-books for blue-books, to pass from the course at Newmarket to the floor of the House of Commons, to cast the *exuviæ* of the jockey, and from the brutality and blackguardism of the turf soar at once into the loftiest sphere of English intellect and English patriotism,—all this was a task which could be accomplished only by an imperial potentiality of the will. Yet this he did accomplish. It was like a disenchantment—reminding us of the oriental tales in which spirits imprisoned in the form of animals

are suddenly restored to their natural grace and beauty. It must be remembered too, to Lord George's credit, that notwithstanding his long and intimate connection with the turf, he was untainted with its vices, and not only so, but he brought to bear upon it a rigorous code of honor, of which the impression is still retained."

"Nor was the resolution he so suddenly displayed a mere momentary impulse. The same energy which governed his first movement distinguished him to the end of his career. Without genius, or eloquence, or statesman-like breadth of view, he did everything by sheer industry and indomitable will. Let his qualifications in some respects be rated as low as they may be, it was impossible that any man could rise to the station he occupied in the British senate without sterling qualities of some kind. We think the secret of his strength lay in that one ordinary word—perseverance. The term 'difficulty' had no place in his vocabulary. His aim was always to master the entire details of any question he grappled with. Facts were his inspiration. It was this which made him so formidable an opponent to superior men. It is inconceivable how much patient toil he must have devoted to the infinity of statistical knowledge of which he made himself the master. But all these things are now a dream. We happened to be present at what, if we remember rightly, was the last great effort his lordship made in the House of Commons. He spoke five hours. At this moment we recall his voice, his manner, his frequent reference to the heap of statistical documents placed before him,—every tone and gesture shewing his intense earnestness—and all thronging back upon our memory with the clearness of a present reality. And then our eye glances on these lines in the homely record before us—'He was found lying in the footpath, in the flood-meadows, near the Welbeck kennels,

having been dead several hours.' Here is enough for silent, and it will be the reader's fault if not also profitable, thought. We need add no more."

Three months later;—"Lord Melbourne is dead. On Thursday last there was a brief announcement in the journals of his illness—on Saturday came the news of his death. The suddenness of the event, however, is less felt, as it was generally known that for some years past his lordship's health has been declining. He had so long dropped aside too, from active life, that our knowledge of him was mainly historical. For a statesman to be withdrawn seven years from public observation, has just the same effect on his fame as if he were in his grave. Men of genius, of profound thought, and even the *creative* order of statesmen, live on in the impressions they make upon after times. They still have a voice and an intellectual presence. But the ordinary run of politicians — with whom we must class Lord Melbourne—have but an official existence. Circumstances make or unmake them. It is 'out of sight, and out of mind' with them. They produce no echo, cast no shadow. Then, the present times are so crowded with events that seven years fill as great a space in history as half-a-century in the days of our grandfathers. The face of Europe has changed since Lord Melbourne was in office. In the mere chronology of events, that was only about seven years ago, but with regard to their relative magnitude, his government is as remote from us as were the affairs of the Protectorate from the people who lived in the reign of Queen Anne."

"Yet there must have been some remarkable qualities in the man who held the premiership of England from 1835 to 1841,—who during that long and busy period took precedence of all the magnates of the land, and was virtually sovereign of this mighty empire. For his lordship's negative qualifications we are at no loss what-

ever. There is no great political principle of which he was either the champion or exponent. Had he never lived the philosophy of government would be precisely what it now is. He originated nothing, nor did he enter with any enthusiasm into the views of others. Then, he was not an orator; constitutionally deficient in deep feeling and imagination, how could he be? He was not even a superior speaker, nor a ready debater, and his knowledge of public business was probably the least of any minister of our times. In the face of such disqualifications as these it seems wonderful how he succeeded at all; nor is the wonder lessened when we find that among his personal qualities there was no peculiar talent or accomplishment to come in aid of these capital defects. But the secret of his power lay in this—that while none of his qualities were remarkable in their kind, some were eminently so in their degree. They were only such as he shared in common with thousands, but then in him they flowered into the most luxuriant growth. He was like the exhibitor of the longest carrot or the largest potato of the season,—common things in themselves, but uncommon in their development. You might say of him as Burke said of Pitt,—that he was the sublime of mediocrity. One of his great natural advantages was his sunny temper. He was courteous and winning in his manners, and always bland and cheerful. Even political animosity melts away before a perpetual artillery of smiles and pleasantries, and these he was ever showering around him. This was the natural temper of the man, and being felt as such, it greatly helped to smooth his path of office. Then he met every kind of misrepresentation and calumny with unruffled calmness. These he regarded as inevitable in his high station and made up his mind to meet them as composedly as a traveller in all weathers does, to pick his way now and then through the mud. Hazlitt tells us that in

one of his rides near Venice he saw an old sun-dial with the motto, '*Horas non numero nisi serenas.*' There is a beautiful philosophy in this, into the spirit of which Lord Melbourne fully entered. He looked upon life—that part of it which alone deserves the name—as made up only of sunny hours, and when gloomy ones came they were passed by as interruptions and not counted upon his dial-plate. 'I count only the hours that are serene,' he would say; and at the table of a friend, or in the society of clever and accomplished women, to which he was very partial, or at the Palace, where he was a special favorite, he would find a balmy oblivion of the disagreements of office."

The limits of this volume will allow but little more to be added in the way of extracts from the journal. After the year 1850 the writer's contributions to the newspapers were comparatively few, his attention being mainly occupied by other matters which left him neither much of time nor inclination to write largely on political subjects. These subjects indeed never lost their interest, and occasionly, when some topic of more than ordinary attraction came in the way, the pen moved as nimbly as ever. But as a regular contributor to the press his work may, about this period, be said to have terminated.

In devoting a portion of the following pages to matters of correspondence, the compiler may observe that he has no means of judging to what extent the discussion of subjects literary, religious, or of other kinds, in the epistolary form, might have supplied materials for the present volume. It is not improbable that in a course of a long intimacy with a large and increasing circle of friends many letters had passed, the publication of which would have been very interesting. All that can be said

on this subject is, that such applications as he has made to parties who were thought most capable of contributing to this department of the Memoirs, were generally unsuccessful; and he has therefore thought best to give a selection from various letters addressed to himself during a residence of several years in Pembrokeshire. As a gossiping comment "*de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis*," he has no doubt they will be acceptable; and although letters written for the express purpose of dealing with grave matters in religion or philosophy may, as far as direct importance is concerned, have a merit peculiarly their own, it will yet be allowed that as a *portraiture* they fall infinitely short of those free and unstudied communications which pretend to nothing but a general conversation on paper.

CHAPTER XVI.

REDRUTH, 17 *April*, 1841.

DEAR C——,

I have been for a few days so closely engaged with our Missionary Services that my letters have gone unanswered.

On the main subject of your last I am uncertain whether you are in joke or earnest, and as there is something awkward in writing very seriously in reply to a question which may possibly be nothing more than a grave jest, I must wait until this is cleared up.

I suppose * * * * will send you a very ample chronicle of the events of the past week. I have reasons for supposing that more was seen by that person on these occasions than by common observers. On the morning on which the Deputation breakfasted with me, together with some gentlemen who met them, your relative was so overawed by their presence that it was with difficulty she was able to assist at the table, and would certainly have foundered at her post had it not happened that by looking occasionally at another person of not very imposing charater, she was cooled down to an endurable state of feeling. Mr. Malkin has this day left, having spent a week with us. He is the most child-like man in simplicity that you can imagine. He idolizes Methodism, and has spent much of his time while here in social chat with G. P. and another friend. They have been good listeners, and have sung hymns to him in return for his narratives, &c. A happier trio you have rarely met with. He goes next week on the other Deputation and returns here on the Sunday to preach.

Mr. Newton seems to retain all his energy. I heard him preach at Camborne, Helstone, and here. His sermon at Camborne was merely his Centenary Address moulded into another form, but of course highly interesting in any form. At Helstone he preached on "Beloved, now are we the sons of God," &c.; and if tears testify the power of eloquence, the confirmation was ample. Here, the scene on the Sunday evening was beyond any similar occasion. The chapel was crammed soon after 5, and he commenced the service 25 minutes before 6, seeing that the house could hold no more. Crowds were still arriving. The vestries were thronged; every avenue was occupied by a dense mass; the galleries crowded. Mr. Newton said he had witnessed no such spectacle since his return from America. He gave us the sermon he preached before Congress, from "Yea, doubtless, but I count all things but loss," &c. The Deputation has been a successful one so far as collections go, the sums from 8 circuits amounting to £899, an advance of £40 on the previous year.

Next week our old friend Henry Davies will be down with a Mr. Stead, to take Truro, Falmouth, Tuckingmill, &c.

I am, dear C,

Your affectionate Brother, T. G.——

REDRUTH,——1841.

I suppose your other correspondent chronicles the intelligence for you with great regularity. I have heard however a complaint that you are very severe in your criticisms on the style of your friend's letters. The conflict between such professional persons must I presume be very awful, so I decline going into the minutiæ of the case. Do you ever get any newspapers?—I mean Cornish ones. If not I can occasionally send you one.

only on one condition—that you punctually return it. The reason for this is, that I occasionally supply articles, and wish to keep the copies. Has it ever come across your thoughts to employ yourself in a similar way? Opportunities might probably be found if your taste led to such an occupation. I have just had an offer from another journal, and should have closed with it but for other engagements. An engagement of this kind would suit you I should think very well. The matter may not be very difficult to manage. Look around you and select the most stupid paper. Send the publisher one or two good articles as leaders, gratuitously. Then stop,—and ten to one you will soon hear from him. You may bear in mind that Mr. Watson found it both pleasant and profitable to furnish a weekly article to a Liverpool paper; and Montgomery was for the greater part of his life editor of the *Sheffield Iris;* so there is nothing to shrink from in the nature of the occupation.

I am this morning called on a business which I think is well worthy of engaging in; viz., to get up an address to young men of the working class, on the importance of mental culture. Mr. L. wishes me to deliver a discourse on this subject at North Country, and I have promised to do so. My main object is to establish a small library, or book-club, for miners and others. This kind of work seems to me to be greatly neglected, but it certainly ought to be pushed with vigor, and would inevitably be attended with good results. Have you any popular institution of this kind at Haverford.

Poor P. died yesterday. Aunt has been confined to her bed three or four weeks from the effects of a fall, and seems to be in a doubtful state. Mr. S. has given up his spirit business and thinks of setting on a school. You have heard I suppose that you have a new relative.

Mr. H.—so you may now carry your head a little higher. Mr. F. H. is Grand Ruler, for the District, of the order of Rechabites.

Remember me kindly to Mr. Button, who I hope is better.

Your affectionate Brother, T. G.——

P.S. Lots of odd creatures that I occasionally fall in with desired to be remembered to you. So I include the whole nameless fraternity in this P.S.

REDRUTH, 26 *June*, 1841.

Your welcome letter duly came to hand by last post. As you are now your own master might you not as well lengthen your tour by running down for two or three weeks. If home has any charms to attract you I suppose I need not say that we shall be glad to have you with us as long as you can manage to stay. Let me hear from you in a post or two whether you think of coming.

I would have dispatched last week's paper sooner if I had been aware that our politics had any attraction for you. In the *W. B.* you will see a poem by Capt. Boundy. Pray address that paper to him instead of me. You see there is a sad change here. Three Tories will be returned for the County. Five years ago we had four Whigs, and now but one. It is no wonder the *Gazette* should crow, though on the whole H. is less boisterous in his triumph than I expected. We are endeavoring in the *W. B.* to be as merry as we can under such mishaps. To say the truth, however, I am the only merry party in the concern. My colleagues have not much mirth in them. One of them generally limits his lucubrations to 3 inches, which is too narrow a compass to admit of much humour. H. has a very lively article this week in reply to the one "in type" as announced in the paper returned, with which you will be amused when it reaches you. I

am obliged to delay sending you the papers a few days after they come out, having occasion to refer to them while concocting other articles.

I have no intention to "touch up" the gentleman you speak of, but rather think of giving up the whole business when the election is got through; for it occupies my thoughts too much, and withdraws them from business of more importance.

I am not yet decided as to what excursion I shall take during the summer, but think it most probable that I shall have to make a long round,—say Gloucester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull, Newcastle, London, &c. If so, I shall endeavour to make your port, though it lies too much out of the route to calculate on with certainty. I am very much obliged by the polite invitation of your friend.

Your affectionate Brother, T. G.——

WHEAL ELLEN MINE, 11 *Aug.*, 1841.

I have been reproaching myself from day to day with having allowed your last to remain so long unanswered. But if a press of business is at any time an excuse for such neglect, I think the engagements of various kinds that have been crowding upon me since the receipt of your letter may plead in my favor. Having lately been appointed to the charge of United Hills, I have found so many things there requiring prompt attention that very little time has been left me even for attending to my own business. But as time can be found for anything when we choose to make it, I have just now disengaged myself from some business here, and am now resolved by hook or crook to indite a sheet for your special edification before lay down may pen.

As you could not see your way clear to run down when on your furlough, I am glad that you employed your time

so agreeably on your tour. "C—— has been through seven counties," is the pet phrase of the household circle when recounting the history of that marvellous expedition. In short you are now looked upon as a travelled man, inferior only to that scion of the House of Garland whose pilgrimage to Quebec and Montreal reflected such a lustre on his kin. You seem to have exceeded our kinsman in getting your ideas into a focus, and I was very much amused by your account of the journey. It was fortunate for Mr. Antrobus to meet with so good a decipherer of your uncle's hieroglyphics. I am glad too that you have for once travelled on a railroad. It is clear that the two great classes into which society is now divided are those who have travelled by railway and those who have not. The latter exist only upon sufferance, and will not be tolerated much longer.

H. seems somewhat disconcerted at your reply to something she wrote about the Corn Laws. I do not exactly understand what her opinions are on the subject, but it appears that you invited an expression of them, and then —when she had done her best—treated her communication with a somewhat contemptuous feeling.—I send you herewith a batch of newspapers which ought to have been sent you long since. But being under some uncertainty whether any papers would find you out at Swansea, and being also anxious to give you the full benefit of the discussions arising out of the election affairs, I delayed sending them until I was certain of your whereabout.

Our list of Stations has been read to-day. We are to have, I find, Mr. Appleby, from St. Ives, of whom I have heard two accounts, — one, that he is a very popular preacher, and the other, that he is not; one, that he has refused to accept an invitation for a third year, the other, that he has had no such invitation; one, that he is leaving through disgust at the tee-total mania, the other, that

he is himself a tee-totaller.—Mr. Dunn goes to Dudley, which I suppose is quite as near as Mr. B. wishes to have him. The latter gentleman is wonderfully brightened up lately; all his nervous fidgettiness is gone, and he is quite firm and sprightly.—Mr. D. has been here to-day, heaving some dolorous sighs over the re-appointment of the Tuckingmill preacher, who it seems is to have a colleague considerably below par; so that the prospect for the next year is a blank one. Of the new Camborne preacher I have heard nothing. They expected a Mr. Henley, from Manchester, but he is kept there. There was also some hope of getting Mr. Henry Davies, but he also goes to Manchester.

There is nothing new in our family circle. I am writing these odds and ends in a stir of other business, and shall let this sheet pass for nothing in our correspondence. At the same time it will be but polite in you to acknowledge its receipt, and when you are writing you may as well fill up the sheet.

Most faithfully yours, T. G.——

REDRUTH, 23 *Oct.* 1841.

Your long silence would almost lead me to suppose that it had escaped your memory that you are a letter in my debt. I sent you about two months ago a sheet of foolscap containing divers matters of news which though not very interesting were the best that could be picked up at the time. They were therefore deserving of an acknowledgment. Whenever I used to send Capt. I. V. of Wheal Lushington, a newspaper, he sent a letter to acknowledge the receipt of it. When will you learn to imitate such a model of politeness?

I understand, however, that a letter to I. was partly intended for me, but that my absence from home induced you to transfer my interest in it to her. I beg to inform

you nevertheless that I am at this time located at Redruth, and able to conduct my own correspondence. I must therefore request that all communications intended for me, be addressed *in propria persona.*

Since I wrote you I have had a long ramble—the route being Bridgewater, Cheltenham, Birmingham, Liverpool, Fleetwood-on-Wye, Ulverstone, Windermere, Keswick, Carlisle, Newcastle, York, Hull, Derby, London, and back. As my attention was mostly occupied by business I have added but little, from the tour, to my remembrances of the sublime or the beautiful. My sense of the latter was certainly very highly gratified during the few days I spent in Cumberland. I hope that some day you will have an opportunity of visiting that delightful country. I do not wonder that a cluster of poets should have settled down in it. But they, alas, are mortal. Wordsworth, I fear, is feeling too sensibly the advances of age. He has lately been at Bath for his health. I passed one of his sons on the road under Rydal Mount, and thought it something to see even him. Southey is sunk into idiocy, and that too so singularly complete that he does not appear to have the slightest glimmering of mind. He knows no one, not even his wife; and has scarcely sense to put one foot before the other in walking, but requires to be pushed along, as though the very will were paralyzed. With all this, he is in perfect health,—much better than when he had his reason. I was sorry to find that Mrs. Southey (Caroline Bowles) is not very popular at Keswick. Since her union with Southey, things have gone unhappily at Greta Hall, so much so that his son and daughter have quitted the paternal roof and taken another house. As they are very much esteemed, Mrs. Southey naturally suffers by the comparison. Where the fault is I do not know, and would rather not know than have the moral image I had formed of the authoress of "Chapters

on Churchyards" and "The Birth-Day" defaced by ungentle qualities.—Of the Opium Eater, De Quincy, I could get no account in Cumberland. Nobody that I fell in with (so you may guess in what a dignified circle I moved) knew that there was such a man *extant*, and could scarcely believe that a person of any note bearing that name had ever been in Cumberland at all. So I gave up further inquiry.

At Carlisle I visited the Castle, and there saw the small windows, mere loop-holes, which let into the cell of Fergus MacIvor the dim light that shone upon the last few days of his existence. The flooring is fallen away, and it is only by these holes in the masonry that the spot they occupied is known.

I am writing late on Saturday night, and my object having been merely to remind you of your obligation, I hope you will duly esteem my liberality in filling up the sheet with such important news. The small talk here does not furnish me with any materials at present. I do not know whether you have heard of poor Hingston's death. He died three weeks ago of a rapid consumption. If you read the leader in the *C. G.* sent herewith, you will see what a loss the paper sustains in him.

S. P. died suddenly at Helstone on Sunday last. Daniel G. is married. Lord John Russell is on a visit to Pendarves. J. V. has sent home a dog from South America, a present to his father. Mr. H. said here in his sermon the other day, that no Radical could be a good man,—which B. has reported in the *West Briton*, and is looked upon in consequence as an ill-natured fellow.

Your affectionate Brother, T. G.——

REDRUTH, 13 *Nov.*, 1841.

I did not, as you required, answer your last by return of post, from a feeling that it would scarcely become me

to intrude so quickly upon the time and attention of a gentleman who by his own account ought to be divided into three men to go fairly through his multifarious duties. I hope that no such alarming consequence as you feared will result from your not attending the missionary meeting at which you should have been while writing your letter, for it would be very painful to my feelings to have been, however innocently, the cause of recalling one of our missionaries.

Our meetings here, being only the minor ones, have gone off flatly enough in point of oratorical interest, but have turned out to admiration in the way of raising the wind. At Bridge we had Mr. * * *, who, as ill luck would have it, happened on the morning of the same day to stumble on an old forgotten document containing the particulars of the additions made to the various classes in the Revival of 1824, at that place. This he seemed to regard as a providential discovery intended for the especial edification of the missionary meeting; it having of course a very intimate connection with the business in hand. Well, after a brief advertence to the main object, out came this document, and he began reading the list of leaders, &c. First came, as he called him—Nicholas Anthony. "What is become of Nicholas Anthony?" Somebody said he was called Nathaniel, but this passed by. "What is become of him?" he again asked. "He is gone to heaven" was the reply. "All well."—"The next is T. H.——. "What is become of him?" No answer—all looking very awful, especially Mr. T.——. "Is he here?" No. "Is he in heaven?" No. "Then where is he?" Nobody spoke.—"Ah, I hope—its—all —right," said Mr. * * *. with the feeling of a man who finds that he is stepping into a bog. However he made one attempt more. "Joseph T.——,—where is Joseph T.——?" *There* was Joseph, looking as you may sup-

pose very queer at being hauled into public notice in this way; but there was no answer, and the unlucky querist finding from the looks of his audience that he was blundering in the dark, desisted from any further inquiries.

On Sunday we are to have Dr. Alder here in the morning, and Mr. —— in the evening; and on the following day there is to be a meeting (a tea-meeting, for tea is now become a mighty missionary agent) of the leading folks of this and three or four adjoining circuits, on the especial business which has brought them down—to give precise information on the financial state of the missions, and devise means for increasing the funds. Considering what we have been doing here lately I almost feel it is spurring a free horse, but shall still be glad if the object of the Deputation is answered. Mr. —— is to be my guest. Mr. H. tells me that he is an angel; but whether he is rating Mr. —— very high or angels very low, remains to be discovered by the gentleman's actual presence.

I have been much interested by your account of Mr. P. and should like to fall in his way. The license of his conversation, however, rather detracts from the estimate I should otherwise have formed of him. We sadly want some such men in this county. Conference does not give this district all the attention it deserves.

You will see by the papers that I have been giving one of my old lectures lately at Wadebridge, and on Tuesday last at Falmouth. The lecture being a very *ad captandum* affair did very well at the former place, but being conscious of some defects in it I intended recasting it for the Falmouth audience. I procrastinated from day to day, and at length was obliged to give it without revision for want of time. I found, however, on entering the Polytechnic Hall that I had a few among my audience whose company I could willingly have dispensed with.

Mr. Croker Fox, the translator of Sophocles, was the chairman, and in the assembly which consisted I think of from three to four hundred—for even the galleries were half filled—were several men who looked more at the staple of a thought than the mere glitter of the expression. I had no alternative, so plunged boldly into the subject, and got through it with the best grace I could. Within two minutes after, up rose a gentleman unknown to me, and with the clearest comprehension of the subject, the utmost coolness and self-possession, a provoking accuracy of memory, and the greatest mastery of language I ever met with in an extempore effort, he went over the ground I had traversed, and took some exceptions so very cleverly that with my want of ready utterance I felt it would be best to decline a contest. He happened to be a Mr. Stirling, one of the crack contributors to *Blackwood*, a first fiddler in the *Westminster*, and the author of a volume of elegant poems lately reviewed with approbation by the *Quarterly*, —an excellent scholar, and so ready a man on all general topics, that a gentleman present well acquainted with Wordsworth, who I believe is considered a good converser, assured me he thinks him very superior in this respect to the bard of Rydal. Well, all this was very ugly. It would not do to fight; it would be still worse to run. He had not attempted to shew that any one position I took was radically wrong, but insisted on some modifications, the making of which *instanter* called for some nicer discriminations than my vocabulary at once afforded. So to put the best face upon the business I rose and complimented him upon the very generous spirit in which his remarks had been made, acknowledged my obligations for some hints by which to improve the lecture for any future occasion, and then expressed my dissent from one or two of the least important of his criticisms which he could scarcely think it worth while to defend. And so

the affair ended; it taught me a lesson, however, to become more thoroughly master of any subject on which I may again venture before such an audience.

You receive herewith the two last papers. One of them contains an article on the Municipal Election—a dreary subject. The editorship of —— is passed into the hands of one who formerly presided over the journal at mouth of the Fal. If his abilities have not improved since that period, I hardly think he can do much. I asked a gentleman at F—— the other day about him. His answer was, "Sir, he is an unwholesome fellow,—a living whitloe." A pleasant man, if this be true.

Odds and ends of news I have no great budget of. The Superintendent of Marazion is become insane and is placed in an asylum. He had some constitutional tendency of the kind, supposed to be aggravated by his unhappy collision with the seceding tee-totallers at St. Ives. Did you know Mr. John Carbis of this town? He died yesterday morning, after a long wasting illness. He was very highly esteemed and is much regretted.

I do not know whether any London newspapers reach Haverford. If not, it may interest you to know that the Queen has given birth to a son, who, as Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall, must be an object of livelier regard to you and me than to the nation generally. You are at liberty to make this news public. As soon as you can again find an hour to spare—without risking the recall of any missionaries—you cannot employ it better than in filling up a sheet or two for my edification.

Your affectionate Brother, T. G.——

REDRUTH, 25 *March*, 1845.

That was rather an awkward remembrancer which you cut out of my last, and I scarcely know how it is that my pen has of late so seldom pointed towards Haverford.

I suppose it may partly be accounted for by the intellectual communication I hold with you through the medium of the *Herald*. The weekly article seems so much like a *viva voce* pronouncement, that one does not feel after reading it as if the writer was much estranged; and as we are enabled every Monday morning to draw light from this golden urn, the illumination spreads through the week, and the inner eye is thus provided with a banquet which serves instead of epistolary supplies. Perhaps, however, this is but special pleading for an inexcusable neglect; so now to business.

You asked in your last what had become of the —— affair. I fear there are but faint hopes of success. Various works have been established in the north, with a large outlay, but hitherto there has been no good result. Experiments have also been carried out on a large scale in another quarter, but only with what Mr. Windham used to call "negative success." The parties at P—— cling to the sanguine hopes in which they at first indulged, and maintain that the efficacy of the process is demonstrated,—but it is only so, I fear, by taking that word in the non-natural sense. There is no doubt whatever that the article in question may be made by their process, but it is very doubtful whether the expense is less than what is incurred on the present system.

You will probably ask what influence this reverse of my hopes has upon myself. Just this much,—I have all along avoided any actual risk whatever beyond journeying expenses and a good deal of time and trouble in correspondence, &c. Still, I shall lose a fine fortune by the failure. The loss, however, will be more easily borne, inasmuch as it was a fortune which existed in the imagination only. In this way, it sometimes looked a very splendid thing. Once or twice there did arise before the "inner eye" a rather imposing sort of edifice, with great opulence of

accommodation, in which too there was a nest of rooms appropriated to yourself, something after the fashion of those in the New Place at Ellangowan, marked "Mr. Sampson's Apartments." I fear that this is one of my numerous day-dreams, for the colors are fading even from the fancy. So for the present I must content myself with plowtering about in the fumes of arsenic, and you must invigorate your spirit of philosophical resignation by dropping your bucket still deeper into the well of the Greek sages. The man who sits "cheek-by-jowl" with Homer upon Olympus deems it perhaps an impertinence to be intruded upon by the petty affairs of ordinary life.

Anything good in the way of new books? I am beginning to find that many of the best books are those which make the least noise. There is one I have lately been reading with much pleasure—pleasure of a very profitable kind—Dr. Reed's "Advancement of Religion the Claims of the Times." It is a half-guinea octavo, which is its only fault, and a great fault it is; for it attaches a kind of suspicion to the motives of a man who publishes a book which in his conscience he believes to be adapted for general usefulness, at a price which makes it inaccessible to thousands and tens of thousands who might be greatly benefited by its perusal. It might very well have been published for half-a-crown. Should it come in your way you will be much pleased with it. There is also a little book of the right sort lately sent out by Hamilton, the minister of the Scots Church in London, called "Life in Earnest," published at eighteen-pence. It contains six lectures on Christian activity, and is written in a fine, fresh, bracing style,—evidently the production of an earnest, independent thinker, whose whole soul is thrown into his subject. His imagery will sometimes remind you of Jeremy Taylor. Another book I have lately had is full of touching interest. Its title is "Perfect Peace,"—a memorial of a Mr. Howell, a surgeon at Bath, who died a year or two since,

cut off in the flower of life. He was a young man of very superior abilities, but upon whose mind religion had no vital influence till he was far gone in a consumption. The progress of his conversion is minutely detailed by a pious clergyman at Torquay, who was his spiritual adviser towards the close of his life.

I have just sent off my subscription to Edinburgh for a year's publication of the Free Church Society. Three octavo volumes, if worth anything, must come cheap enough at four shillings. They have now 47,000 subscribers. Are you not however feeling the lesson more and more strongly impressed as time moves along, that the price of a book consists less in the money you pay for it than in the time required to read it? I have been tempted often enough to buy books because they were to be had for a song, but this temptation is losing its force with me. Time is now the real price. I am beginning to watch more earnestly the diamond grains as they drop through the glass, and to read by the light that gleams from them the lesson of mortality. A long heavy book brings too much of that weariness of the flesh which Solomon speaks of, to be lightly borne. One may wade through them in boyhood or young-manhood with some celerity, but the mental appetite grows more fastidious with years, and demands solid nutrition in whatever is offered it.

There is one writer who, partly from his being somewhat of a metaphysician, and partly also from his having a strong tincture of radicalism, (and potential must be the strength of any man who could force his way into the front ranks of English literature with the inscription "A Metaphysical Radical" upon his forehead!) has never had the reputation which it seems to me he fairly deserves, —I mean Hazlitt. I have lately been picking up his works, and they are to me a mine of gold. This is not

such unqualified praise, if the metaphor be properly taken, as at first it seems. No ore is so thinly scattered as gold, yet when it is to be had at all no mines are so valuable. It is just so with Hazlitt. You come every now and then upon rich fancies and precious truths buried among all sorts of crudities, misanthropisms, and paradoxes. Without however attempting to analyse his peculiar style of writing,—no ordinary task—I *feel* the charm of it beyond almost any other. I could go on day after day, week after week, month after month, reading an endless succession of his books. They could never be too many or too long. While I think of it, let me give you a screed from his admirable paper—a perfect gem—"My first acquaintance with Poets." Speaking of Coleridge, he says, C. was one day in a company where some of his favorite authors were spoken of slightingly, as men of only small talent. "I have no doubt" he said, "that they appear so to you; they are so far in advance of you that they are dwindled by distance." A pretty pill, that!

Mr. Shoar is now going to the quarterly meeting, and I must toddle after him, as the folks are waiting. Our deputation is down. Dr. Beaumont preached at Camborne on Sunday last. Next Sunday he is here. Our meeting is on Monday.

Most affectionately yours, T. G.——

REDRUTH, 5 *Aug.*, 1845.

The splendid burst of poetical inspiration with which you prompted me in your last, came in aid of sundry twitchings of conscience which I had begun to feel on the score of a long hiatus in our correspondence. I suppose, however, that a good part of the delay may be fairly set off against the expectation you led us to indulge of a visitation in *propria persona* at the last vacation. As the letter in which you made the intimation left little room

for doubt, we were all preparing ourselves to encounter, with as unblinking optics as we could command, the luminous incarnation of the *Pembrokeshire Herald.* Seldom have astronomers gazed more intently, while sweeping the horizon with their tubes, for some anticipated comet, than we directed our looks Devon-ward for the appearance of your erratic editorship. It would now be useless to recount the hopes and fears, the ingenuities of speculation and minute calculations of probabilities, to which that tantalizing epistle gave birth;—how I went to and fro between Camborne and Redruth—how railway trains were watched—how scrutinizing the glances with which coaches were eyed—how arrangements were made for your spending one part of your time at one place and another at another—where you were to hold forth the first Sunday after you came, and where on the second,—all these things, with a variety of subordinate details, as they have been shadowed merely by the pencil of fancy, (and the visionary lines are already fading into oblivion) need not now be recounted as necessary parts of history. Of one thing you will no doubt rest comparatively assured, that you can be no ordinary man to provoke such lively curiosity and set the remotest nook of the island astir by the promise of your presence.

I am glad to see that the —— concern is progressing fairly, and cannot help admiring the courage with which you bearded the two proprietary personages in that sporting affair,—it must have been a scene. How little do we dream of the latent qualities of our souls! You have, perhaps, under that grave exterior, the elements of a more than military valor. Men are truly said to be made by circumstances, and a few such encounters as those might serve to draw forth the native energies of your nature and prompt to the most daring exploits.

The most exciting topics here, for some three or four

weeks past, have of course been our new appointments, among what Mr. B. used to call "the Methodist hierarchy." On the whole, as a district, we have reason to be satisfied. The Truro preachers have both a connexional reputation which could scarcely have been acquired without very solid merits. I do not think the allotment of superior men to this district is yet made in any fair proportion to its just claims. Other circuits are entitled to much better appointments than they now have; but it is hoped that by getting a more influential management we may be able in future to do better. The state of the district requires an infusion of new life in the ministry. We are not even at a stand, but retrograding; and I see no human remedy for this but having more attractive men to fill our pulpits, and also to carry out our general discipline more effectively.

For our own circuit you will see that we have secured * * * . He was pledged to Devonport, and the people there were greatly disappointed at not having him. He was also in request for Spitalfields. We had made no engagement with any preacher, but sent our instructions to Conference through Mr. H., that * * * must be set down for us,—so we have him. The other preacher we left to Conference. The first put down was a Mr. Brandreth, now at Frome, but they changed him afterwards for Mr. Noall. Of him we know next to nothing, except that he is a Gwennap or Crowan man. The other is from Gwinear; both of them sons of captains of mines. (You will remark how euphoniously these plurals run.) So we are dependent now upon native produce.

(To be continued.)

REDRUTH, *Nov.* —, 1845.

. There has been a greater gap in our correspondence than I should like to occur again; and it may be accounted

for partly, I suppose, by the sub-communication which I hold with you through the medium of the journal. Duly as the Monday morning arrives it ushers in that illustrious chronicle, generally for the edification of the breakfast table; and having thus a supply of your more matured thoughts, it would almost look as if any thing in the way of epistolary matters must suffer by the comparison. You are of course in the usual receipt of the *W. B.*, and will not fail on all suitable occasions to make use of it for the purpose of adorning your columns with a style of eloquence which I fancy must be somewhat rare in Taffyland. These railway advertisements, by the bye, are a god-send to the press. It is too good a thing, however, to last long. The railway mania, I take it, has been at its height. Every kind of trick is now being resorted to in order to keep up a nominal price for the scoundrel concerns which swell the share list to its present serpentine length. I met with a gentleman a few days ago, who was just returned from town. He had been a few mornings before in the office of one of the principal brokers. Every man who came there was a holder of railway shares, and the place was full of stir and excitement. But the market was all one way; everybody wanted to sell, and nobody wanted to buy. With all its shiftings I honor the *Times* for the bold stand it has taken against these swindling schemes. Every journal which makes any pretension to respectability of character should follow the example.

I am glad to find that you intend coming home at Christmas — at least, so I interpret your notelet of yesterday. It is well that you should not make the intervals too long between your visits, lest we might begin to doubt your identity. It would be awkward to have you coming here with a new set of features,

new voice, with perhaps a spice of French grimace, &c., &c., so as to have a wholly new man to deal with. You remember Lamb asks Manning, after a long absence, why he should come home at all, wandering like a struldbrug among people that were all strangers to him. I heard one of the B.'s say on Monday that on looking around the Truro chapel the previous evening he could see only three faces that he could remember. To be sure, stay away as long as you might, you would still find a home in the natural features of the country. Carn-Brea and St. Agnes Beacon retain their primitive appearance and general character. But then you are a man, and have human sympathies, and though Time might restore to you the mere theatre of your past existence, of what avail would this be without the living actors?

> "Your heart would yearn, midst all He brought,
> For all he could not bring."

Could remarks like the above be duly appreciated, they might take their place in a book I saw advertized a few days since, in the title of which, as it stands in the catalogue, the good taste of the vendor is conspicuous,—"A Collection of Sublime, &c., Thoughts." Pray give me the earliest intimation if you really intend dropping down upon us at Christmas, because coming to us now in the full blowing of your literary dignity you must be treated with more marked distinction than an ordinary person. As the conductor of that celebrated print you will be entitled to as much courtesy as Meg Dods paid "Maister Tirl" after she traced his identity, in assigning to him the Red Parlour and the Blue Bed. I think, too, that you would agreeably consult the taste of the young gentlemen committed to your charge if you were to give them a

few days "aboon ordinar." We have now a vast number of subjects to discuss in Literature, Poetry, Moral Philosophy, History, Philology, Political Economy, Jurisprudence, &c., &c., to say nothing of Wesleyan affairs, the condition of our various friends and relatives, the infinity of small news which has transpired since you were last home, and all the nameless *et-ceteras* which crowd upon the memory by the light of the fire-side. It will take all Christmas, in my opinion, to get through it, if I begin with you as Dominie Sampson began with Harry Bertram, in bringing up all arrears from our last meeting.

Your affectionate Brother, T. G.——

REDRUTH, 5 *Aug.*, 1842.

As I wish to imitate the best espistolary models I head this sheet with a somewhat similar ornament * to that which adorns your letter of the 2nd. Its peculiar significance I do not as yet comprehend, but presume it bears a latent meaning becoming the known merits of the writer. It is only by copying the master-pieces of painting that young artists learn to appreciate their merits, and it is for the same reason that I venture on the above humble attempt. It is not nearly so black as yours, and it wants too an addition—somewhat like the handle of a trowel—at the dexter end, which gives the original a more picturesque air. I hope, however, that you will enlighten me as to the intent of the design, for at present I have only some vague feeling of its imposing effect, without any clear perception of the cause.

You say you do not yet know what to make of Wordsworth. Probably not, as you are beginning at

* A large blot which had accidently got on the paper.

the wrong end. Try the *Excursion* first, and if you can make nothing of that, "take out your brains," as Falstaff says, "and butter them, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift." Most of the reading public, as they are called, have formed their notions of Wordsworth from a few light extravaganzas, such as *The Thorn, Goody Blake and Harry Gill, Peter Bell,* (although that contains some noble verses) &c., &c.; which is just as rational a mode of judging as if one were to attempt an estimate of Cowper's genius, who had read only Johny Gilpin and the Epistle to Bull, to the exclusion of the Task.

I was going to fill up this sheet, but am happily summoned off to bed. I am the more ready to stop *subito*, as you write so curt. Do you remember that you owe me a letter of fifteen pages? I trust this does not sit easily upon your conscience. We expect to have Mr. Shoar. I have taken a new house for him in the Green Lane—a somewhat dashy concern—and anticipate some grumbling from the 'country friends'; but K. and G. are resolved to give Methodism a genteel air.—Poor Appleby is in great trouble, having lost his eldest boy a few days since, almost suddenly.—I have had Dr. Cox at our house two or three days. We were greatly delighted with him. He is packed full of learning, piety, humour, and original thought, and knows everything and everybody;—of course you will take this with a slight abatement. Stovel, who came with him, preached at our chapel—a first-rate sermon.

Your affectionate Brother, T. G.——

CHAPTER XVII.

REDRUTH, —— 1846.

ON Wednesday last the new chapel was opened at Hayle. It is a beautiful building, holds about 900 on a push, and has been completed, I believe, for about as many pounds. Mr. Rattenbury came down to open it. There was a general expectation that admission would be impossible for half the number that would attend; in consequence of this so many stayed away that the chapel was not filled. I was not present. The collections I hear have fallen short of what was anticipated.

Are you reading any new books? and if so, what are they? I am doing nothing in that way, and what is worse, find that as years advance the power of attention is weakened, so that it requires a strong effort, which I do not make, to fix one's thoughts on any grave subject, any important and difficult truth. So I allow myself to be taken with just anything that comes in the way, content if it be interesting, without very closely enquiring why it should be so. Books most to my taste are such as prompt to long dreamy reveries, bring back one's childhood, and blend its vague hopes and aspirations with the experience of age and the prophecies of the future. Such a book I have lately found in the *Autobiography of Heinrich Stilling*, a thing which defies all criticism, but which, if you will read with an intention to be pleased with it and to take it simply on its own merits, will afford you a high treat. I met the other day with a passage in Lord Bacon as to the ultimate use of knowledge, which (as well as I can blunder through it in the original) deserves to be constantly borne in mind. "*Omnium*

autem gravissimus error in deviatione ab ultimo doctrinarum fine consistit. Appetunt enim omnes scientiam, alii ex insita curiositate et irrequieta; alii animi causa et delectationis; alii contentionis ergo, atque ut in disserendo superiores sint; plerique propter lucrum et victum; paucissimi ut donum divinitus datum in usus humani generis impendant." I was foolishly going to add something to this, but it is a gem that should shine alone.

Our Truro poet has again taken the field. (Here you see the evil consequences of buying under pretence of economy or what not, what the stationers technically call "outsides"—this unsightly nibble at the corner of the sheet having turned up when the first leaf had been written. As you are not a lady it must go.) His indignation has swelled to poetic frenzy about the Maynooth Grant, and he writes in anticipation of the next general election. He evidently adheres to Bacon's rule of holding his gifts in trust for the use of his kind. I enclose his last effusion, which you will I fear use for the unworthier purposes his lordship mentions—mere selfish enjoyment.

Our little domestic world is moving on much as usual. Pray remind your publisher that H——'s paper is still wrongly addressed "Redruth"—by which means she gets it very irregularly. Is your subscription list swelling? How are you going to remunerate that Mr. P——, who rushes so manfully to your assistance in a dearth of advertisements?

Your affectionate Brother, T. G.——

REDRUTH, 9 *May*, 1846.

Happening to look into "Chambers's" to-day my eye was caught by a paper on etiquette,—a subject naturally attractive to me—in which the writer says, it is one of the marks of a true gentleman to answer letters as soon as they are received. He gives what I think is a very

good reason for this,—that in conversation it would be unbearable, if a person were asked a question, to delay an hour or two in answering it instead of replying at once. The application of this to letter-writing I need not point out to your Welsh understanding. I so entirely agree with the canon that I proceed at once to answer your last, or rather to acknowledge it, for I do not recollect that it contained anything requiring a special reply.

Our attention has mostly been taken up of late here by various doings in the Methodistical world. First, there was our deputation—Messrs. O. and J. The latter was my guest from the Friday evening to the following Tuesday—a pretty good slice out of the whole time. He is a capital fellow. You, I think, have not seen him. He is about 33, short, fat, burly, and still, it appears, on the increase laterally—a bad symptom for so young a man. Of humor he is the very soul,—that is, when he finds himself quite at home as he did here. We had a pleasant time of it during his stay. His doings are somewhat peculiar. He goes to bed very late and rises very early. He manages pretty well, he says, by going to bed at two and rising about six or seven. Men seem to differ wonderfully in this respect. I should like to get a lesson from him. It would be as good as ten years added to one's life. On the night of our meeting he sat up till one, when he walked off to his room with a bundle of books, and early in the morning was as fresh as a lark.—He has budgets of stories, one of which I must give you. The Misssionary Hunt, now at Fiji, was converted under his ministry. He was a coarse, clod-hopping youth at first, but rapidly improved, and seems now to be every way a respectable man. Shortly before he left for his present station he was at a missionary meeting, and got so much excited while telling the people of his going to Fiji, that forgetting the narrow

limits of the unrailed platform on which the speakers stood, he stepped right over it, and came down into the lap of a covey of people wedged in a seat below. This little incident disturbed the gravity of the people, to restore which the chairman—a solemn personage—gave out, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

Of the other member of the deputation I saw but little; but that little seemed to confirm the opinion I have always had of him, and which I believe is general,—that he is one of the most truly excellent men in our connexion. His spiritual-mindedness is visible in the whole of his conversation and deportment. Some of his lighter brethren think he carries things rather too far.

On the other deputation we had W. and A. I was with them at only one meeting, the state of my missionary exchequer being such that I found it convenient this year to attend but one anniversary on each deputation. The Truro meeting just escaped being a failure altogether. Previous to its commencement the time of the speakers was allotted to them. M. was to have one quarter hour. W. half ditto, Y. half ditto, and A. three quarters. M. took ten minutes, W. took the odd five in addition to his own. Mr. Y. then waived his right—against the loud calls of the audience—in favor of A., who exerted himself to the utmost and restored the assembly to moderately good humor. Must close for the present.

Your affectionate Brother, T. G.——

REDRUTH, 17 *July*, 1846.

You will receive herewith certain documents from which you must infer a rapid growth in the intellectual accomplishments of this locality. First, no less than a monthly magazine in which Mr. —— is first fiddler, and the Revs. —— and —— the principal *collaborateurs*. Next,

a weekly newspaper started in this town, the leading article of which is from the pen of ——. It is not yet decided when we are to have a Quarterly Review. A hint of the thing to Murray may probably induce him to come down handsomely, and so quash that project in embryo. Next week also you may expect to see the *West Briton* in a dress in which its oldest friends will hardly recognize it. A thirty-two columned sheet, of length proportionate, will on Friday shed a flood of knowledge, wit, and wisdom, from the Land's End to the Tamar. The fact is, that old things will not do here any longer. We are mad for the march of mind, moral perfectibility, and all that sort of thing. Nothing will go down but Shakspeare, Taste, and the Musical Glasses. In the past week we have had lectures here on all creation. Two nights were devoted to the subject by the lecturer—the Solar and Stellar Systems, the Nebulæ, &c., were all explained by means of diagrams upon a screen, a series of dissolving views, and with the accompaniment of an accordion played by a Jew. You had better pack up at Haverfordwest and come into a country where there is really something to be known,—where existence is a dignified thing, where the great purposes of being are answered.

You are, if I remember rightly, in arrear to me a long letter, so the sooner you discharge the debt the better. "Owe no man anything," is an admirable maxim in every sense.

My recollections of our brief interview at Haverford are very pleasant. I don't wonder at your having a strong attachment to the place. I could soon make up my mind to live there for—say 200 or 300 years—in such society as you are favored with.

Your affectionate Brother, T. G.——

REDRUTH, —— 1846.

I shall begin by saying that we had a meeting on Tuesday last to bid farewell to Mr.——. I had previously thought that his long and faithful services entitled him to some special mark of kind consideration, and suggested to a few friends the propriety of acting accordingly. Everybody agreed in the estimate of his worth, but it was generally supposed (and I now think, justly) that from precedents of this kind difficulties might arise which it would be better to avoid. So it finally settled down into a tea-meeting. About 260 persons attended. The good towns-folk kept an eye to the main chance on this occasion, and issued the tickets at one and sixpence each, the proceeds being applicable to the new building they have in hand. Mr. Y. behaved most handsomely. He furnished the provisions for all the tables at his own expense. There was not however so good a mustering of friends from the adjoining circuits as I had expected. Still it went off pretty well. Very warm testimonies of respect and affection were offered to the departing minister, and what was wanting in eloquence was made up in cordiality. Mr.—— had quite enough to do to keep himself composed. The Sunday morning previously he had given his farewell sermon—the house crowded in every part. He could scarcely get through the service, and he does, I believe, feel very acutely at leaving the county.

We are very much gratified by our appointments here. Mr. N—— preached his first sermon on Sunday morning, —plain, clear, and tolerably energetic. His appearance is very respectable, his manner kind and courteous, and on the whole he seems likely to maintain a good standing in the regards of the people. His colleague was no stranger to us, but he has evidently been striving diligently for self-improvement. He exceeds my expectations as a thinker, and his style is exceedingly good, while his

manner is very impressive. There are few men for whom I would change him. Mrs. N—— is the best specimen of a preacher's wife that I have seen; a sunny-tempered, good-hearted, and most lady-like woman. I anticipate a considerable increase to our congregation.

Last night we had a tea-meeting at Black-water. The people there have burnished up their little chapel, and at an expense of about fifty or sixty pounds have so transmogrified it that you would hardly guess it to be the same fabric. Well, nothing can be done but by drinking tea; so an announcement was made for yesterday at half-past four, the time being certainly early enough for the occasion. I took our superintendent over, and on entering the house was surprised at the tasteful appearance it presented. The tables were very well provided, a platform erected,—carpetted every inch—festoons of evergreens stretched across the chapel, jugs filled with flowers placed along the foot of the platform, flowers around the table, flowers around the candle-stick, flowers on the table before the chairs,—in short, the whole place wearing very much the appearance of a floricultural exhibition. The tea was a very protracted affair, for it was half-past seven when the oratorical business commenced. Mr. W—— was called to the chair. You know the uncommon modesty of that gentleman. He professed himself ready to go in the chair or behind the chair, or to speak long or short, precisely as the people might wish. I must do him the justice to say that he acquitted himself on the whole remarkably well. The first of our speakers was a shoemaker of the neighbourhood, a son of my old schoolmaster. He fancies he has a taste for metaphysics, and for about twenty minutes kept the audience staring by uttering, what in an ordinary dress might be considered good common sense thoughts, but which, in the inflated style for which he is indebted to some metaphysical

books, wore a rather ludicrous aspect. Then came one or two plain men of the district, followed by your humble servant, and then our new super. One part of the arrangement was very pleasant. A bunch of evergreens hung down just before my face in speaking, and when I wanted to rally my thoughts for a minute or two, I could avoid the faces of my audience by availing myself of this leafy screen. Such a provision for timid speakers at public meetings would be a capital thing. A man, when a little hard up for an idea, by just pushing his face into the foliage, might rapidly collect his thoughts and come forth with renewed inspiration from his ostrich-like seclusion. Turn over this in your mind, and you may be able perhaps to make the Principality your debtor by introducing it into use there.

(To be continued.)

REDRUTH, 28 *July*, 1846.

I do not understand upon what principle I am to count that *undelivered* letter as reckoning one in our correspondence. It was a fine thing, no doubt,—full of wit and wisdom, and so forth, as seems to be indicated by its not being forthcoming. I rather suspect it was a dull affair. I do not now, however, ask to disturb its repose, nor to deprive it of the charm of secrecy, probably the only charm belonging to it. Let it take its place with the last fragments of antiquity; I seek not to dive among the treasures of that deep.

My hopes do not keep pace with yours about the Redruth newspaper. I shall be rather pleased if it does *not* succeed. First, because no such journal is wanted,—secondly, because it may do some harm to the *W. B.* As to editorship we are better agreed. They wanted me to edit it at first. I firmly but respectfully declined the honor. Then they applied to me for *you*. About

that time there were wild rumors of your coming down —neighbourhood in great excitement, &c. I told them that when you came they would confer with you; but your not making your appearance frustrated all that. So now it has passed into Mr. B——'s hands. He says his chief inducement is, the hope of elevating the tone of public feeling, constructing a more orthodox code of political morality, &c., &c. In short, we old stagers are to be eclipsed in the light of a political millennium brought in by this powerful organ. We shall see.

The price of the magazine * is threepence,—no doubt modest enough. My hopes of it are by no means sanguine. I am *in* for one contribution notwithstanding your solemn warning,—no time fixed. The title is very unmeaning to me, but is intended, I believe, to imply an antagonistic relation to the old lady on the Seven Hills. In what way it is to be brought about I don't know, but they mean to upset her altogether. Macaulay will regret this, because his fine image of the sketcher on the broken arch of London Bridge must go in the smash.

W—— had a narrow escape on Saturday last. In coming from Portreath a part of the traces broke, just opposite Pearce's, and the horse took fright. The boy took fright as well, and crouched in the bottom of the gig. The horse kept on at the top of his speed through Bridge and up the ascent by Mr. Trounce's, when he was pulled up for breath and laid hold of.

We are just now meditating the possibility of a remove from Redruth. Mr. H. intends leaving Fairfield, and going to Exeter. Should he migrate he will give me the option of his house, &c., either to buy or

* *Cornish Banner.*

rent. If I go there at all I shall buy it. The whole affair is in embryo, and rather a subject for the imagination than the more business-like faculties at present.

A cargo of divines sailed from Hayle this morning for the Conference. The weather is glorious, and I am glad they have so fair a passage. This day also is for the meeting of the Committee, which I should have attended, but somehow as the time drew nigh sundry small impediments gathered round me, and here I am. There is something, also, which strikes me as rather absurd in a layman going to Conference at all. To the Conference, in fact, he does not go; he merely goes to Bristol while the Conference is being held there. "He is not a Roman, but an Italian of Rome." It seems to me no very rational mode of spending a week, to be kicking one's heels all day about the streets, going to some chapel in the evening, shaking hands with some twenty or thirty preachers, and picking up odd bits of news as to what may have transpired in the course of the day in a secret assembly the proceedings of which ought not to transpire at all. Yet I am not certain that I shall not run up on Saturday next to spend three or four days after this sensible fashion.

Give my kindest respects to Mrs. P., and say that I retain a very lively recollection of her hospitality. It would give me much pleasure to return it in a more substantial form than thanks. Your friend W. P., if he has continued oozing away at the rate we saw him when in Wales, must long since have disappeared.

Affectionately yours, T. G.——

REDRUTH, 4 *Aug.*, 1846.

I hinted in my last that there was a possibility of our migrating to Fairfield The move is no longer a conjectural one. Mr. H. and I agreed yesterday that I

should take it. I am to have the house, with about three acres of plantation and shrubbery, and ten acres of meadow. So I am now to become on a small scale, arboriculturist, florist, and horticulturist. As I am very comfortable here, the prospect of moving has no charms for me in itself; but I have had for some time a sort of penchant for a house of my own and also for a little elbow room about it, within which nobody else could intrude. This possessory feeling I suppose comes on with years. If it is an evil one it has been happily checked in me by that "unspiritual god" whom Byron so energetically apostrophizes; and now that his godship has favored me to this extent I am quite willing to forego any further territorial aggrandisement for the rest of my life.

With what a plastic power the mind accommodates itself to circumstances!—a remark which I think somebody has made before, but the force of which is only fully felt by experience. A few days ago nothing was farther from my thoughts than a move of this kind. But already I am deep in clover and turnips, drawing nice distinctions between guano and town dung, and weighing the comparative merits of long-horns and short. The grazier spirit burns within me. I am beginning, too, to think that Government has been too rash about the corn-laws. Vague fears are coming over me that *we*—the agricultural interest—have been betrayed by the slippery Sir Robert. There is a fatal brevity in the ten-shilling slide. I thought the other day of subscribing a guinea to the Cobden Testimonial, but I am hesitating now. It seems like turning a grinding-stone to a knife for cutting one's own throat. I am looking more favorably than I did upon the Duke of Richmond. His speeches seemed to me at first like the bellowings of a bull-calf, (you observe that my images now are

instinctively agricultural) but as their echoes die upon my ears I catch prophetic tones in them. My sympathies go now with the "country party." Depend upon it, these men are destined to be the saviours of the state.

You must make up your mind to come down at Christmas without fail. I shall want you a week or two to lend a hand at hoeing ruta-bagas,—a nice little job which may go on without interruption to philosophic thought, and will thus enable you to blend the man of business with the scholar. When the day declines it will be an agreeable occupation to spend an hour or two by candle-light in cutting out the eyes of potatoes for seed. From tasks like these you will go back to your locality better accomplished for conducting the agricultural department of the *Herald*.

I send you this letter on the presumption that what interests one's self must be interesting to you. So no more at present from yours affectionately, T. G.——

REDRUTH, 26 *Sept.*, 1846.

On looking at your last letter I find it has no date; so it is of course out of my power to say whether there has been any great delay on my part in replying. It is convenient for a lazy fellow like me not to have this standing remembrance.

I find by your letter to mother that you have been laid by with some epidemic, but are now recovered from it; at which — like the ladies in the *Vicar of Wakefield*—we are very sorry and very glad. You have on the whole kept very clear of the doctor's clutches, and may compound for this slight acquaintance with him.

We are still here. Mr. H. is packing his furniture, which goes off by an Exeter vessel on Monday. As soon as word comes of his furniture being at that port, he

and his family will turn out of Fairfield, and we with our numerous flock will turn in. H. P., who has spent so much of his life in that most unfortunate of mines, Wheal Clarence, is to reside at Fairfield as prime minister in the Agricultural Department. I trust his agricultural doings will be more successful than his mining ones, or things will get on badly. We are to keep four cows, so when you come down you may have milk three times a day, with draughts between.

I am glad to hear that you are in such pleasant lodgings, and can sympathize with your feelings of complacency as to the furniture of your room, &c., all of which seems to be in good keeping with a literary taste. Your epicurean gusto I cannot so fully enter into. I confess to a moderate liking for the good things of the table, but Quin or Kitchener could scarcely have rapturized in higher style than that in which you describe Mrs. E.'s larder. Remember that after all, eating and drinking are but animal pleasures, and it would fill me with melancholy to think that you were allowing the intellectual and spiritual part of your being to be subordinated to the gratifications of sense. A captivity of this kind does not take place at once, and you may yet have sufficient energy of principle to rescue yourself from the insidious foe. If so, mind, you must not parley; down with the flesh-pots at a stroke. Stick for a month or two to vegetable diet—say carrots or turnips—if merely to satisfy yourself that you have power over the tempter. The self-respect which such a victory will give you will amply compensate the temporary privation. When you write be explicit on this subject.

We have lately had rather a strange exhibition at our house. I had a visitor from Plymouth, who practises as a mesmerist. One evening at tea the subject was started, and a young lady present volunteered to be mesmerised. Our visitor went to work, and in about half an hour th

coma was induced. He thought her a good subject, and the next evening repeated the experiment. After she was thrown into a profound insensibility he requested that the piano might be played. It appears she is fond of dancing, and just as the music struck up she rose from her chair and danced to it—a waltz. A quadrille was then played, which she also danced out,—then a polka, and this she also danced through, another lady present being her partner. A favorite tune of hers was then sung. She joined in it, and sung it to the close. During all the time—about an hour—her eyes were closed and her features fixed. When she was demesmerised she professed to be totally unconscious of all that had occurred since the coma had come on, except that she had a faint recollection of hearing music. Of the dancing and singing she had no impression whatever. There can be no doubt of her veracity, as we know her to be an innocent artless girl. An evening or two after, the experiment was repeated with the same results. What say you to these things? They transcend my philosophy.

Our Mr. N., who has lately had a slight attack of paralysis, and had gone to Bristol for a short time, is returned in improved health. Mr. G. is very well, and retains his popularity in the Circuit. One of the new appointments here is said to be a very good one,—a Mr. Hetherington, who is stationed for Tuckingmill. He is spoken of as a very superior man,—a thing which one would hardly augur from finding him down for that circuit. I forget, however, that Mr. —— has also honored it with his services.

Mr. H. goes to Exeter as a timber merchant. The price of the *Banner* is threepence. These things have no natural connexion, but are answers to some queries of yours.

Your affectionate Brother, T. G.——

FAIRFIELD, 12 *March*, 1847.

It seems an unconsciously long time since I have heard from you. You have in perfection the ghost-like quality of speaking only when you are spoken to. Or is it that your senses are still steeped in the fumes of that bacchanalian revel which you spoke of in your last letter to Camborne? *That* must have been a nice affair for a man of your natural gravity and official obligations to moderation and all the cardinal virtues. Did the Leaders' Meeting take cognizance of it? Or are you struck off the Plan? Or what other consequences have followed? Pray let me know what is your social status at this present.

So many things have occurred since we interchanged a sheet, that I am puzzled at what point to plunge into them. The greatest event in relation to myself has been a journey to London. I spent about ten days in the great Babel—more than ever a Babel since my sequestration—no, that is'nt the word, it means impounding—sequesterment, is that right? in this quiet nook. I am on the whole much gratified by my coming hither. One advantage of it is—one great advantage—that one's days are not cut up into fragments incommensurate with any serious engagement — composition, a book requiring continuous attention, a friend whose society one wishes to make the most of—and the like. Even in a small town like Redruth the perpetual calling of all sorts of people upon all sorts of business becomes very worrying. You remember Lamb's complaint, when he lived in Russell Street, that he could never be allowed to be simply Charles Lamb, but was compelled to be Charles Lamb & Co. Talking of Lamb, I am reminded of a trifle or two which Leigh Hunt reports of him, which may be new to you. He was one evening at a card-table with a man whose hands were very dirty. Lamb, whose habits

were scrupulously nice, said to him "If dirt were trumps, sir, what hands you would hold!" . . . . A bit about Coleridge, from the same quarter, is worth noting. He was one day speaking of the delight with which Bowyer, one of the masters of the Blue-Coat school, felt in flogging. "It was fortunate," said he, "that the cherubim who came to convey him to heaven were made up of heads and wings, or he would have amused himself with flogging them by the way." Going back to my London trip, it was remarkable for nothing but two small disappointments. One was, that in the very hotel at which I was staying a meeting was held one evening,—a tea-meeting, which generally has a charm for me—at which Dr. Alder, Rattenbury, and several other men worth knowing and pleasant to meet and hear, were present without my having any knowledge of it. My first information on the subject came the next day from a lady with whom I was dining in Aldersgate. Disappointment number two was in my hearing the celebrated Dr. —— of Dublin, who preached in Algernon Wells's chapel at Clapton. Wells is to me one of the most interesting of preachers. Of hearing him I was disappointed in the first place, and then the more so, that Dr. —— delivered one of the most arid discourses conceivable. How he has won his way to fame I cannot imagine. There was no trace of a superior mind in the performance in question. The "locals" could do as well.

Now for such news as I can give you. P—— has had a seizure—a kind of paralysis. He is confined to his bed, and it is doubtful whether he will ever quit it. He has scarcely any strength in his legs; otherwise, his general health is not bad. His sleep and appetite are good, and he suffers no pain. He professes to have serious feelings, but I am afraid he is miserably dark. He told me the other day that he felt much interested in hearing the

Scriptures read, and "took the promises" to himself very readily.

You have heard I suppose of the Revival at Truro. Five hundred have been added to the town society; and it is still going on. I never heard of such a work so admirably conducted. No noise, no extravagance, nothing to afford ground for gainsaying. The preachers have steadily devoted themselves to it, and have themselves been greatly benefited. In the circuit generally it has not spread much,—a little at Probus, and, I think, at Newlyn.—At Redruth there is now pretty much sensation. The chapel is open every evening, and about one hundred have been added, but upon many of them not much reliance can be placed. I am told that in Truro there has not been a single case of declension. The disorders at Redruth are very sad.

I saw mother on Wednesday. She improves a little, but I fear that her sight is permanently weakened.

Affectionately yours, T. G.——

P.S. I met with a little story the other day, so good, that at the risk of telling you stale news, I must send it. When Waller, the poet, waited on Charles the Second, on his restoration, with some complimentary verses, the king read them, and said,—"You wrote better verses than these for Cromwell." "Please your Majesty," said Waller, "we poets always succeed better in fiction than in truth."

Another story, not quite so good. Our chapel at P. has lately been newly burnished. While in the tradesmen's hands the folks there had the use of Dr. ——'s chapel. It put our Locals a little upon the stretch, doing their very best before such a congregation. Among others, * * * * was to preach, and had prepared, I believe, with more than usual care. He got on pretty well so far as the text, and then stuck fast. The sermon had

made to itself wings and flown away. He talked ten minutes about no one knew what, and then closed—then gave out a hymn, and before finishing one verse went to another—then tried to pray and could not. To make amends for this he gave them a capital sermon last week on what my informant calls "the mortality of the soul."

FAIRFIELD, 27 *May*, 1847.

I suppose you came to the right conclusion about the journal. B—— wrote me a day or two after I sent you my letter, that on thinking more about the matter there was a fear that your want of sympathy with the politics of the paper would be a fatal bar. I do not think such a position could be well maintained, and the affair must therefore go by. You had better try to dulcify your creed and embrace the true faith. The way will then be open for you.

Your holidays not being far off, I am beginning to look forward to your coming home. Try to make your arrangements to get away as soon as possible. You have heard I suppose of mother's decay of sight. I fear it is a hopeless case. She cannot now distinguish any object —just knows in what part of the room the windows are situate; nothing more. She bears the privation with great fortitude. Besides this, she is afflicted with rheumatism, and on the whole has suffered much throughout the winter. We hope to get her over here a week or two to spend some time. I do not like the idea of her living in a town with loss of sight, and am anxious to get her more pleasantly located.

Last week we held our District Meeting in Redruth, at which a considerable change was made in the boundaries of our circuit. Tuckingmill is extinguished as a circuit. Perranwell is also swamped, being merged in Gwennap. Several places are given to Helstone from the Hayle

circuit. Redruth remains as at present, with the exception of taking Wheal Busy. On the whole there will be one preacher less in the district. Camborne will be now one of the best circuits in the West of England, and will have three preachers. We have a decrease of 595 members in the district for the past year. A good deal of this is owing to emigration.

The latest accounts from * * * are very favorable. He says the revolution does not affect them at all at the mines, and that everything is going on as pleasantly with him as could be desired. He is sending home good supplies of cash, a proceeding which is regarded here in a very favorable light.

P. continues much as when I wrote,—if any change, rather weaker. We have sad times with our poor, owing to the excessive price of corn, but the calamity is borne with much patience, and I trust we shall be able to weather on till harvest. The weather is now glorious, and all kinds of crops most promising. Except in St. Agnes, which is the Skibbereen of Cornwall; employ is abundant, so that the half-a-loaf may be calculated upon to a certainty.

Your affectionate Brother, T. G.——

FAIRFIELD, 8 *November*, 1847.

I am rather tired—my eyes sore with writing—and altogether in a very unepistolary condition. But for some time it has been lying upon my conscience that I have been very neglectful of you. And though I do not know why you should exact a strict reciprocity from me in our correspondence, yet there is just as little reason why I should allow four months to pass without writing you.

My last was written when I was in London, and had some thoughts of being able to see you in Bristol. Did you look about for me on the Quay there? If so, the

reason for your not seeing me is that I was still in town. The affair about which I went up lingered on most provokingly for six weeks. Since that, I have been up again about a fortnight, and I suppose I must go once more—probably about the middle of next month. Whether a thousand pounds, as you modestly request, will find its way into your pocket, time alone can tell. I rather think *not;* perhaps £200 or £300 may be nearer the mark, and for a bird in the hand you might compound for something less. At present we are engaged in completing our *title*, about which there are some legal difficulties, in consequence of foreigners not being allowed by the U. S. laws to become owners of land. I believe, however, that the only practical difficulty is the delay thus occasioned, and that two or three months will see the matter closed.

The most important piece of news I have for you is that Dr. Bullmore has operated on mother's eyes to destroy the cataracts, and I hope there is a fair prospect of her sight being at all events partially restored. She has been at Truro about five weeks, and will probably remain under his care a week or two longer. That her sight will be quite restored I can hardly allow myself to hope, but Bullmore assures us that the case is on the whole a very hopeful one. She did not suffer much pain—not more than attends the drawing of a tooth? the time about 4½ minutes. It was very skilfully done.

Our family seems destined to be migratory. Some are removed to Penzance, some to Camborne. Mother and C—— go to Penzance, as I understand, as soon as they return from Truro. I hope when I write next to be able to send you a correct list of all their addresses. You have heard of course of P.'s death. It happened during my absence in town. He was almost insensible from the time of his last seizure—some three or four days before he died—to the close.

I am about becoming somewhat more of a gentleman than I could wish to be, in consequence of the present company giving up the United Hills mine. This is the last month of my connection with them. I stick to Wheal Ellen, with my old comrades Boundy and Hawke. They tell me the mine will last out our time, so we congratulate ourselves on having a snug settlement there.

With this you will receive a paper giving an account of some very wonderful proceedings at the opening of a Literary Institution at St. Just,—which news might have been a little fresher if sent you at the time. This affair has given an impulse again to the Redruth folks, who seemed determined to have an institution there at last. I had to give the first lecture there last week, and about 300 persons attended, which looked well for a start. I suppose they will do something if they get some men of weight to take the lead.

Your affectionate Brother, T. G.——

CHAPTER XVIII.

SEVERAL years had passed since the pen of the journalist was employed in opposing the high church pretensions of men who, arrogating to themselves all priestly power and authority, were better satisfied to be lords over the heritage than ensamples to the flock. The agitation which took place in the Wesleyan church in '49 and succeeding years furnished the writer with an occasion for shewing that hatred of ecclesiastical domination is not inconsistent with a due regard to legitimate authority and with a real abhorrence of that democratic spirit which in its zeal for liberty subverts all necessary order and discipline. To the Wesleyan readers of these pages any remarks as to the origin and consequences of this agitation will be needless, but to others who have but a very partial knowledge of the proceedings referred to, a brief notice of the circumstances which brought more prominently before the Wesleyan community the author of "Letters on the recent agitations in Wesleyan Methodism," can hardly be dispensed with. If private feelings alone were to be consulted, they would rather—for the present at least—throw a veil over these transactions; but although this is not practicable, the details will be dwelt upon no farther than is necessary for illustrating the following correspondence.

For some years previous to the time now mentioned, a series of publications called "Fly Sheets" had at different intervals been circulated through the connexion, in the pages of which some of the most distinguished ministers among the Wesleyans were held up to public ridicule and reproach, and were freely charged with

almost every iniquity which could disgrace them as ministers or legislators in the church. These "Sheets" professed to emanate from a society established for the very laudable object of correcting abuses which had crept into the administration of Methodism, and they were sent by post, free of expense, to the ministers and influential members of the Wesleyan community, that their eyes might be opened to see the glaring enormities perpetrated in high places, and what the professed servants of the church were daily doing under the mask of great piety and zeal for the public good. No writer's name was attached to these publications; no printer's name appeared on the pages; and they were forwarded from localities where the post-mark could give no clue as to where the head-quarters of this reforming society might be found. Their "Fly-sheets," as they issued from time to time, were read with wonder and amazement by persons who in a thousand cases hardly knew what to believe or what to disbelieve; but by those whose position enabled them to weigh their merits they were known to be little else than a mixture of distorted facts and palpable falsehood. The dissemination of such documents through a large and wide-spread religious body, the majority of whom had small means of estimating the value of the information thus brought before them, and who now saw the men whom they had regarded with highest admiration held up to them as patterns of vice and hypocrisy, could not be otherwise than mischievous beyond conception. The worst feature in the whole affair was, that it was the work not of an enemy without, but of an enemy within. That such was the fact there could be no question. The intimate knowledge of the Wesleyan system which these writings exhibited, as well as their acquaintance with a vast number of particulars respecting the public and private life of the individuals they so

violently and mercilessly attacked, was proof demonstrative—to say nothing of various other internal evidences —that they were the work of Wesleyans; and there were not wanting reasons to shew that they were the production of men who were not only Wesleyans but Wesleyan ministers, who had made this cowardly attack upon their brethren with a virulence and malignity not known to writers who at times had assailed Methodism in its general economy, without caring to meddle with the character of its office-bearers. Hostility from without, however fierce or unscrupulous, was nothing more than might be prepared for,—might be patiently borne or calmly repelled by such weapons as the armoury of Truth can furnish; but this treason within, the work of those who were called brethren in the ministry, was altogether exceptional. In the mere fact that the Fly-sheets were anonymous publications there was nothing essentially worthy of condemnation. It was certainly conceivable that any individual among the Wesleyans, whether lay or clerical, might think that the expression of his views on various Methodistic subjects, and even on the conduct of various public men in Methodism, might do some good service. If his arguments were fairly and candidly stated, the giving or withholding of his name could not morally affect them. If his facts were capable of being substantiated, and were given in a manner that shewed no wish but that of serving the cause of truth and righteousness, whatever difference of opinion might exist as to the wisdom or expediency of some of these revelations, of any low or unworthy motive he might yet be universally acquitted. But here were daggers drawn in the dark by men who dared not shew their faces in the daylight; by men who were known to be disappointed and mortified persons, and who, under the wretched pretence of exposing

religious abuses, had proceeded to vilify the characters of those whose well-earned honor and influence in Wesleyan Methodism was the object of their inveterate enmity.

In relation to the course pursued on this occasion, we may not do better than quote from an authority which has succinctly given the whole case. "From the origin of Wesleyan Methodism it has been an established and recognized practice to subject every one of its ministers to an annual examination as to his doctrinal sentiments and teaching, his moral and religious character, and his practical attention to the discipline of the Connexion. Inquiries on these several points are partly proposed to each man personally, and partly to his colleagues and brethren; and it was resolved in the present instance (at the annual Wesleyan Conference, in 1849,) to put the question candidly and directly to each of the suspected parties, whether or not he was concerned in the composition or circulation of the anonymous and defamatory pamphlets which had so seriously disturbed the peace of the body. This inquiry produced an effect similar to that which, according to Milton, was produced by the spear of Ithuriel:—

> . . . 'For no falsehood can endure
> Touch of celestial temper, but returns
> Of force to its own likeness.'"

"When this question was proposed to the man who was believed to have taken the lead in this scheme of mischief, he said, 'Why is this question proposed to me, rather than to the other ministers of the body?' 'Because universal suspicion falls upon you,' was the answer; which was echoed by a loud response from every part of the Conference, consisting of four or five hundred ministers, all of whom at that moment fixed their eyes upon him.

'I will not answer that question,' was his reply; 'I will submit to expulsion rather than answer it.'"

"Time was given him for consideration; he was expostulated with, and invited again to meet the men to whom he had long stood in the relation of a brother, and either acknowledge his sin or declare his innocence. But he was inflexible, and would never again meet the eyes which were fastened upon him when he was required to give an answer to a plain matter of fact; thus in effect declaring that while he claimed their confidence and affection as a friend and a brother, and as such, took a part in their work and sat in their assemblies, he would not deny that he was a secret and determined enemy both to them and their proceedings. He was therefore necessarily severed from a Connexion of which he had rendered himself unworthy; for what sane minister of Christ will publicly recognize as a co-pastor a man who in effect tells them to their faces that, in spite of them, he will wear a mask? Two other men, his accomplices, were discarded at the same time, but upon somewhat different grounds. They had both sorely taxed the patience of their brethren for years, and had indeed been kept in the body by an almost unexampled course of forbearance; and now, in opposition to every dictate of gratitude and modesty, they assumed an independent jurisdiction by commencing the publication of a monthly journal in which they proposed to discuss the acts of their brethren, and even to overhaul the proceedings of the Conference. This agitating project they positively refused to abandon."

"These acts of discipline excited considerable attention at the time, and in some quarters were censured as arbitrary and unjust; and one public journalist has enquired by what right Mr. Wesley, and the Methodist Conference after him, have formed rules to regulate the conduct of religious people, and have even claimed the

power to depose men from their ministry? The answer may be given in a few words. When Mr. Wesley went into the highways, calling sinners to repentance, many persons were awakened to a concern for their eternal interests, and earnestly requested him to take them under his pastoral care and guidance. He had an unquestionable right to declare upon what terms he would thus receive them; and he claimed that right. At a later period men offered themselves to labor in connexion with him. Here again he had an unquestionable right to determine upon what terms he would accept the services of these men; this right he also claimed and exercised. No men were compelled to labor as preachers in connexion with him; but all who chose to stand in that relation were bound to conform to the regulations by which their brethren were governed, and to which they had severally declared their assent. When Mr. Wesley died, the power which he possessed as the centre of operation in the Methodist Connexion had to be lodged somewhere; otherwise the Connexion which he had formed would necessarily be dissolved. By his appointment, that power is vested in the Conference. No man is compelled to labor in connexion with the Conference a day longer than he chooses; but while he does remain he is justly expected and required to submit to the Rules, which are alike binding upon him and upon all of his brethren. One of these rules is, that he shall submit to a yearly examination both as to his creed and his practice; and the object of that examination is, to afford satisfaction to his brethren that he is sound in the faith, and that in respect of his moral and religious character he is unblameable. The relation in which Wesleyan ministers stand to each other is well known to be more strict and intimate than that which subsists between the ministers of almost any other community. They exchange

Circuits, are pledged to teach the same doctrines and to enforce the same discipline; and submitting, as they do, to a yearly examination, they are answerable before the world and the Church for each other's character and conduct. Hence it is that misunderstandings among them are necessarily productive of calamitous results, not only to themselves, but to the people among whom they labor."

"The cases with which the Methodist Conference of 1849 was called to deal, related not only to opinions, but to morals. They involved not only the infringement of conventional rules, which men had promised before God to observe, but a violation of the law of Christ,—the eternal law of truth, and charity, and peace. Here were men sustaining the sacred character of Christ's ministers, who were all but universally believed to be concerned in the publication of a series of pamphlets assailing with sarcasm, contempt, and bitterness, the good name of their brother ministers, and calculated entirely to destroy their usefulness. These men were not suddenly overcome by the violence of temptation, so as to speak unadvisedly with their lips; but deliberately, and of set purpose, planned schemes of mischief, and persevered in the execution of them, from year to year, with unabated malignity; and all this for the purpose of rendering nugatory the ministrations of men who were associated with themselves in carrying into effect the great purpose for which the Son of God came down from Heaven. The sin of these unhappy men acquired a peculiar aggravation from the circumstance that they were challenged and invited every year to state whatever they knew to be matter of blame in any one of their brethren. In every District-Meeting, and at every Conference, the names of the men who were so maliciously assailed were called over. Inquiry was made whether there was any objection to their ministerial, religious, or moral character. A pause was

then made, inviting scrutiny and animadversion; and repeatedly did the accused ministers themselves stand up in these meetings, declare their innocence of the things that were charged upon them, and call upon their accusers to shew themselves, and produce their proofs. When the men thus cruelly slandered were present to answer for themselves, their accusers were as silent as death; and yet year after year did they persist in their course of anonymous defamation."

"If the men whom the Conference of 1849 discarded had not been actually guilty of writing and publishing the vile pamphlets of which we have spoken, they rendered themselves unfit for the Wesleyan Ministry by their unwillingness to purge themselves of the baseness and sin which the authorship and publication of these pamphlets involved, and by refusing to declare their abhorrence of practices so mean, impious, and immoral. If any doubt remained as to the propriety of their severance from the Wesleyan body, that doubt must be for ever removed by the subsequent conduct of the parties. They have since thrown off the mask: with the aid of their confederates they have reprinted the obnoxious pamphlets and given them the widest possible circulation through the country. They have perambulated the land, holding public meetings, appealing to the bad passions of the populace, attempting to 'stop the supplies,' and thus effect the starvation of aged ministers and widows, to embarass the trust-estates of Methodist places of worship, and to break up the Wesleyan Missions in the heathen world. At the same time they have clamoured for organic changes in the Wesleyan economy, which, if adopted, would effect the disruption of the Societies and the Connexion. In this course they have had the support of the infidel press of this country; and—tell it not in Gath!—they

have been abetted and urged onward in their evil career by a large portion of the Dissenting press, which has sent forth weekly, monthly, and quarterly insinuations and invectives against the Wesleyan ministers and people, who offered the writers no provocation whatever."*

So much may be useful by way of explanation to those who would not otherwise find so intelligible the Letters from which the following extracts are made. The extracts however are not given merely for the interest which a bygone ecclesiastical movement can occasion, but also for their composition, which, like the political letters of PETER PRY, gives them an attraction independent of the topics they discuss. The first is supposed to be addressed to a friend, and takes up the general question of the justice which marked the treatment of the expelled Ministers:—

"Dear Sir,—You appear to be very much hurt at the decision of the late Conference in the cases of Messrs. Everett, Dunn, and Griffith. You say that they have been expelled from the ministry without any just cause; that the Conference has assumed an inquisitorial and despotic power, and that the 'liberal' part of the Connexion ought to make a strong protest against its decision. I agree with you that a watchful eye should be kept upon the acts of all governing authorities, and I respect the ready sympathy you feel for men whom you believe to be oppressed. But the virtues have their limits; and it is well to see that reasonable watchfulness does not degenerate into unreasonable suspicion, and that the sympathy we give to one is not coupled with injustice to another. Your philosophic habits of observation must have taught you how rapid are the decisions of feeling compared with those of

* Jackson's Memoirs of Dr. Newton.

reason; and how often men's judgments are confused by this movement of the sensiblities in advance of the intellect. It may not have occurred to you, however, while taking your notes as an observer, *ab extra*, that you are in yourself a rich example of this disproportionate action. Your tears flow at the sight of distress before you inquire the cause of it. I remember your giving alms to a man who shewed you a wound which it afterwards appeared was caused by his resistance to a constable. And in the case of the reverend gentlemen who are now exhibiting their scars to the public, it may be well to inquire whether they came by them in honorable warfare, or through rebellion against lawful authority."

"The cause of Mr. Everett's expulsion was his refusal to answer the question whether he is the writer of certain obnoxious publications called 'Fly-Sheets,' which, it is allowed, contain falsehoods and slanders in reference to many of the leading ministers, and calumnious imputations touching the management of the connexional funds. Messrs. Dunn and Griffith were accused of promoting strife and division in the body, by a monthly publication of which they were the avowed conductors; and also, by communications to a newspaper which is regarded by the Conference as a hostile and mischievous print. In their case, however, it was considered that their past doings might be forgiven if they would pledge themselves to abstain from similar proceedings in future. This they refused to do, and for such refusal were expelled."

"Now in strictness, it must be remarked, this is not a *connexional* matter, but purely a ministerial one. Directly, the ministers only are concerned in it,—the people only reflectively. No popular right is touched. By the constitution of the Wesleyan body the Conference has an

absolute right of self-government, and is not accountable to the Connexion for any exercise of authority, as between its own members. Whether this power be right or wrong, is not the question. The fact of its existence is all we have to do with; and that being admitted, it follows that the body are not directly concerned in the matter. Still, as the power of the Conference rests upon the support of the people, and without that support would vanish, and as the people naturally expect, as the condition of their support, that this power shall be rightfully exercised; so the cases in which it is enforced must always be open to free and various comment, and thus a reciprocal and healthful action will be established between the authority of the Conference and the public opinion of the Connexion."

"The power of the Conference consists partly in its written laws, and partly in its independent authority. Mr. Everett's case came under the former. That his expulsion was in accordance both with the letter and the spirit of the law of 1835, there can be no question whatever. In the case of Messrs. Dunn and Griffith the laws of the Conference were not so definite, and they were subject rather to its general authority. In virtue of this authority they were expelled. It is fair to ask whether in this the Conference exceeded the just limits of its prerogative. As there is a material distinction between Mr. Everett's case and theirs, so that they cannot be dealt with in common, we will advert to his first."

"The objectors to the sentence of expulsion against Mr. Everett, at the head of whom I may place the *Times* newspaper, allege that it is contrary to the usages of justice to question men as to their guilt or innocence; that the laws of England require no man to become his own accuser; and that thus the Conference has acted

in an oppressive and anti-English spirit. You will observe that according to this reasoning the standard of the ministerial character is lowered to the same level with that of coiners and sheep-stealers. The pulpit and the felon's dock are placed side by side; and to depose a minister from his office there must be the same force of legal evidence as is required to send a burglar to the hulks. Above all, however suspicion may darken around them, both are to be sacredly secured from any criminative question. Now it must be admitted that this is an exceedingly enlightened view of the ministerial office, and of the moral qualifications it demands; but even upon its own wretched Old-Bailey standard, the *Times* breaks down, not merely in its reasonings, but in its facts. It is *not* the usage of English law to avoid putting a question to an accused person. On the contrary, the first step in every criminal trial is to put a question to the accused, the most criminative that can be asked,—whether he is *Guilty* or *Not Guilty*. Parallel with this was the proceeding of the Conference with Mr. Everett. He was required to plead Guilty or Not Guilty. He refused to do either. It may be said that here the parallel fails; for that as he did not admit his guilt, it was incumbent on the Conference to produce proofs of it before proceeding to judgment, just as a criminal can be convicted only upon evidence of guilt, and not merely upon suspicion of it. But the cases are widely different. In that of a person charged with some crime resting upon documentary proof, the law enters his house, ransacks his repositories, and brings to light the evidence that convicts him. If the Conference possessed a similar power, does any reasonable man doubt that Mr. Everett's study would have furnished all the proofs that were necessary? And was he to brave the authority of the Conference, merely because it had not the aid of the police?"

"If this jealous horror of putting questions to men suspected of wrong practices were of an earlier date than September, 1849, it would have saved some public men of our times from great inconvenience. With what peculiar feelings must Mr. George Hudson, for instance, regard this new-born sensibility. Had it animated the public mind but twelve months sooner, he might have met the inquiries of the various railway committees before whom he so unpleasantly figured, by simply standing upon his rights as an Englishman, and refusing to answer any question tending to criminate himself. If such refusal was taken as evidence of his guilt, he should then have had a great meeting at Exeter Hall, and appealed to its sympathy against this outrage upon the liberties of a British subject. There are people enough in London, having an equal antipathy to all questioning processes, to fill that edifice as densely, and cheer as lustily, as when the expelled ministers proclaimed their grievances."

"But the views of the *Times* are miserably defective in holding up its favorite code of Newgate as the only standard of English law. There are in this country two kinds of law. We have not only the law of the statute-book, but the law of public opinion; and this last is incalculably the most powerful. It has a wider range than the common law, is more discriminative in its operation, and more correct in its decisions. It takes cognizance of innumerable offences which the statutes do not touch, and graduates its punishments more nicely to the shadings of guilt. How many men who never committed an act which brought them within the grasp of the criminal law, have yet been tried and condemned by this higher authority! It handles no whip, but inflicts pain for which flogging would be a happy exchange. It immures in no jail, but it turns men's homes into prisons. It cannot banish offenders,

but it renders them exiles in their own land. If it were necessary to jog the memory of the *Times* as to any special instance of the exercise of this power, I might advert to the case of a celebrated morning journal, which, about fifteen years ago happened to make so sudden a wheel in its politics as was deemed inconsistent with an honest conviction. How rapidly did public opinion try the case and assess the damages! A turn upon the tread-mill would have been a light penalty compared with the run upon its subscription list, the gibes and floutings of the press, kept up for years, and a shock given to its reputation, from which it has hardly yet recovered. You remember the case of a man who a few years ago rose to the highest civic honor the metropolis can bestow. He was afterwards detected in a falsehood. This was merely a moral offence, not a legal one; yet the public feeling was so roused that he would have given half his wealth to remove the blot from his fame. I mention these as instances of the retributive power of opinion, acting in the community at large. It is still more stringent in select companies and associations. What a watchful jealousy of personal honor is maintained, for instance, by the Bar! You must be familiar with the name of a gentleman who went through a regular professional training, whose legal qualifications were of a high order, who was also one of the most graceful speakers in the House of Commons, but whom the Benches have refused to admit to practice on account of one questionable act; not that they can prove him guilty, but that he has failed to prove his innocence. In some mercantile associations the *esprit de corps* is just as sensitive. It not unfrequently happens that a merchant is accused of dishonorable dealing, not palpable enough to challenge legal punishment, but sufficiently so to damage his character and cloud his

name for life. In such a situation, for a man to shrink from inquiry, and to skulk behind the felon's plea of *not proven*, would be equivalent to a confession of guilt."

"Now to Christian ministers, of whatever sect or party, I should apply at least as rigid a test of personal character as belongs to any secular community. And as in many such communities it would not be endured that a man should refuse to answer a plain question upon a matter vitally affecting his reputation, so no such license should be allowed in a ministerial assembly. If, however, there is any one section of the Christian Church in which such a refusal is not only unwarrantable but even absurd and ludicrous, that section is the Wesleyan Methodists. There is nothing that more peculiarly distinguishes that community than this spirit of mutual inquiry. It runs through and colors the whole system. The private members are subject to a weekly questioning by their class-leaders upon any points connected with their religious character. The leaders, in their turn, are open to a similar inquiry at their own meetings. Every local preacher passes a quarterly examination, in which he may be freely questioned upon any matter bearing upon his moral repute. At their District Meetings the Itinerant preachers are separately brought under the same discipline. Would it not be strange if, while in all the subordinate parts of the system this right of inquiry was freely exercised, the Conference should itself repudiate it? The probability is, that during his ministerial life Mr. Everett has in many cases put to others questions of as much importance to them as that which the Conference has put to him. If he expected a direct answer, why should not the Conference expect the same? Why should he himself shrink from the test which he applies to others? As a Wesleyan Minister he was bound by the usages of his own com-

munity. Why should he act upon these in reference to other people, but run to Coke and Blackstone for protection when they apply to himself?"

"So much for Mr. Everett's case. In that of Messrs. Dunn and Griffith, the Conference acted not so much by express law,—for it is impossible to meet every kind of offence in this way — as by its own independent authority. The unanimous conviction was that these Ministers were creating by their various writings strife and discord in the Connexion. It is clear that there was every disposition to deal with them as leniently as possible. An admonition, and being made ineligible for some time to the superintendency of a Circuit,—no very heavy penalties,—were all that was required for the past; while for the future, they were to pledge themselves to discontinue any offensive proceedings. Such a pledge they refused to give, and of this refusal their expulsion was the unavoidable consequence."

"It is said by some, that this power of dealing so summarily, even with its own members, is too great an authority for the Conference to possess. That assembly is accordingly described as 'inquisitorial,' 'tyrannical,' 'aristocratical,' 'unconstitutional,'—great, high-sounding words, for which I have so much respect that I am sorry to see them turned to an improper use. If I understand the argument of the *Times*, it amounts to this,—that in a free country the forms of religious government should be modelled upon those of civil government; but that the authority of the Conference is much more absolute .than that of the Legislature, and is thus at variance with the spirit of the Constitution. I am indebted to the *Times* for thus turning my attention to what I never before noticed,—the close analogy between the House of Commons, as the main governing authority in the nation,

and the Conference as a governing authority among the Wesleyans. The members of the House of Commons are elected by the people; the members of the Conference, to a man, have been chosen by the Connexion. The whole authority of the House of Commons could not add one to its number; the authority of the Conference is under the same restraint. At every election, the House of Commons is recruited by some addition from the ranks of the people; every year a similar addition is made to the Conference. But the House of Commons, though elected by the people, claims when elected the power of self-government, and punishes or expels its own members by its own authority. The Conference claims the same power, and makes precisely the same use of it. The House of Commons forbids the publication of its debates; the Conference sits with closed doors. But though the publication of what passes in it is nominally forbidden by the House of Commons, yet the attendance of reporters is permitted; and so the proceedings of the Conference, though professedly private, are made known through so many channels that the public are just as well acquainted with them as if they were regularly reported. Instead of the authority of Conference being out of keeping with constitutional forms of government, it appears to be as much in harmony with those forms as the nature of things admits."

"You say, that though you no longer feel any respect for the Conference, your attachment to Methodism in the abstract is unabated. This is somewhat as though a man should profess a great reverence for the Constitution, wishing at the same time to limit the royal prerogative, abolish the House of Lords, and remodel the Commons. The Conference bears pretty much the same relation to Methodism that the main spring of a watch bears to the other workings; and by touching that, you would assuredly

derange the whole machine. You profess also that for your ministers individually you have as much respect as ever, but that you have none for them collectively. I suppose there must be some logical refinement in this distinction which I am unable to discover. To me it seems just as reasonable as that you should like a man by day and not by night, or that your affections should cleave to him when standing, but that you should have a perfect hatred of him when he is sitting. How the man who in the pulpit and by your fireside wins your esteem and approbation, should become the object of your aversion the moment he enters the Conference, is more than I can imagine. It is owing, I suppose, to some dullness on my part, that my attachment to the Conference is made up of my separate regards for the individuals of whom it is composed."

"In truth, it is the implicit confidence which I feel in the leading men of the Conference which satisfies me, as much as my knowledge of the cases, that in their late decisions they have judged in an equitable and even merciful spirit. You think that *no* men are to be trusted with such authority. This is a sour creed, at the best. Whatever the defects of our common humanity, there are surely *some* men whose minds are upright and whose hearts are pure. And if such are to be found under the sun, I believe they formed part of the assembly which pronounced sentence on Messrs. Everett, Dunn, and Griffith. I may instance, first, the President of the Conference. Have you ever met with a man in whom a ripe maturity of intellect is so happily blended with a youthful freshness of feeling? Clear, calm, penetrating in his judgment, yet alive to every kindly impulse, and his voice tremulous with sensibility. I have long been accustomed to think of him as one of the finest specimens of our nature. Associated with his there are other

names, each of them a tower of strength — Newton, Hannah, Dixon, Scott, Mc. Owan, (I speak only of those of whom I have some personal knowledge,) men who would pass through the fires of martyrdom rather than do anything dishonorable or oppressive. In my estimate of such men I feel that I can be under no mistake. Of Dr. Bunting I know but little; but if Shakspeare's marks of green and flourishing old age are correct, — 'honor, love, obedience, troops of friends'—he seems to have them in great plenty. Dull men complain of his authority in the Conference. When Joan of Arc was questioned by her judges how she acquired such influence over her followers, she answered, 'By the power which a strong mind exerts over inferior ones.' This is the secret of Dr. Bunting's authority. He is not a man of genius, nor of eloquence; but he is eminently distinguished by sagacity of intellect, that quality which enables its possessor to fasten, as by instinct, upon the two or three main points into which all cases, however apparently complex and intricate, ultimately resolve themselves, and decide accordingly. This quality naturally gives him great influence in a popular assembly. It is the opinion of those who are best acquainted with Dr. Bunting, that had he been a Chancery Barrister he would have risen to the highest eminence in the profession. He has been content to forego all the worldly advantages which his talents might have procured, and devote his life to the public good. For this he has had the splendid pecuniary reward of about £150 or £200 per annum,—a temptation which must, of course, induce a host of aspirants to aim at his 'tyrannical power!"

"I thank you for compassionating my 'low notions of religious liberty.' It is, however, a superfluous tax upon your sympathies, for I can assure you that as a Wesleyan Methodist I enjoy all the liberty I desire. My notion of

liberty, either religious or political, is, that it consists in an equality of mutual concessions. For the protection which the State affords me, I cheerfully submit to its legislative authority. For the advantages I derive from the labors and talents of the Wesleyan Ministers I as cheerfully yield to them the absolute right of self-government, and the chief management of the connexional affairs. Have you yet to learn that the highest style of liberty is a self-imposed restraint? The lark feels as free in her grassy nest as when 'singing at heaven's gate'

> 'Bees that soar for bloom
> High as the highest peak of Furness-fells,
> Will murmur by the hour in fox-glove bells,'

and enjoy as lively a sense of freedom when imprisoned in the flower-cup as when winnowing the mountain breeze. The articulate voice of nature might have warned you against falling in so readily with the crude notions now a-float. Your feelings are naturally generous, but they sometimes play tricks with your understanding. I invite you to a dispassionate review of a case in which you have certainly come to a premature conclusion,—a conclusion which somehow acts unfavorably upon your temper. Had you been led astray by some great but erring intellect, there would be something respectable even in such an aberration; but to be misled by such lights as twinkle through the *Wesleyan Times* is inexpressibly humiliating. You have hitherto occupied a post of usefulness and influence. Do not surrender it for the honors of a back-seat in the cave of Adullam. If there is to be a mischievous agitation, leave it to those who are specially adapted to such work,—to men whose voices, like birds of ill omen, are never heard but in storms. You require

only patient thought to work your way again into the light of truth. May it speedily dawn upon you, and henceforward be ever bright upon your path. Yours very truly."

"*October* 2, 1849."

This letter was first printed in the *West Briton*, then in the London *Watchman*, and subsequently circulated as a tract through different parts of the Connexion. In the meantime the three expelled ministers had adopted the policy of making their grievances known to the Wesleyan public as well as the public in general by going through most of the important circuits in the kingdom and holding meetings in which the conduct of the leading men in the Conference was discussed in a very plain and homely English style. In this way the "agitation" was got up,—with what calamitous results to the Connexion at large, needs not here be detailed. Cornwall was one of the counties that came in for a full share of the excitement. It was one of the strongholds of Wesleyan Methodism; it was Mr. Dunn's native county; and he had not many years before labored as a minister in one of its most important circuits. It was therefore thought expedient that while Messrs. Everett and Griffith satisfied themselves for the time with a single visit to Cornwall, Mr. Dunn should give a larger share of his attentions to a district which promised no small amount of success to the work he was engaged in. From this cause he was naturally brought into antagonism with the writer of the letter; but some statements made when the three visited St. Columb originated the next communication on this subject, addressed to the Editor of the *West Briton*:—

"Sir,—In the reports which have been given in your journal of the proceedings of the three expelled Wesleyan

Ministers, I observe that two of these gentlemen have honored me with more especial notice than the slight share which I took in their controversy would have led me to expect. I must therefore claim permission for a few brief explanations in order to remove any misapprehension from the minds of some who may otherwise be misled."

"At St. Columb, Mr. Dunn addressed his audience as follows :—'We shall be prepared to discuss the recent acts of the Conference with Robert Young and Edward Nye, with George Smith and with Thomas Garland; all of whom, when we were two or three hundred miles distant, have thought proper to take up their pens, assail our characters, hold us up to ridicule in some instances, and to condemnation, as far as they have had it in their power with the public, in others.' Now the impression which the speaker endeavoured to make was plainly, that an unfair advantage had been taken of his absence by the parties named, to say what they would not dare to assert in his presence. What are the real facts of the case? Mr. Young and Mr. Nye each wrote a letter in your journal, Mr. Smith published a pamphlet in London, and you also did me the favor to publish a letter of mine; which was reprinted in London as a tract. The *West Briton* was as open to Mr. Dunn as to Mr. Young, Mr. Nye, or myself, and he made use of its columns in reply. The London press was as much at his service as at Mr. Smith's. What, then, does he mean by complaining of an advantage being taken of his *absence?* If we were appealing to the public *in person*, this would be intelligible; but when using only our pens, what difference would it make whether the writer was at ten miles distance from the place of publication, or three hundred? Yet Mr. Dunn stoops to the disingenious artifice of persuading

his audience that he had thus been wronged. He complains also that we have assailed the characters of the expelled, and held them up to ridicule. As Mr. Young, Mr. Nye, and Mr. Smith, are too well able to defend themselves to need any assistance from me, I will only say that I have no recollection of a single expression in their writings on which such a complaint can be grounded; and my own letter is free from any offensive personality. If, by 'assailing character' Mr. Dunn means only that the correctness of his conduct as a Wesleyan Minister has been impugned, I freely grant it; but if he means that he has been made the subject of indiscriminate ridicule and abuse, such as he and his friends are in the habit of lavishing upon Dr. Bunting, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Osborn, and others of the most excellent and estimable men in our community, then I deny it *in toto*."

"It has been a favourite part of Mr. Dunn's tactics to challenge the gentlemen I have named, with myself, to a public discussion. Supposing, for a moment, such a thing were gravely contemplated, there are some preliminary considerations which would require attention."

"First, the *time*. Due notice should be given by the challenging party, that the other might have time for preparation. Mr. Dunn's challenge to me was given at St. Columb,—with a special request to the reporter of the *West Briton* that it might appear in that journal of Friday, the 12th,—to meet him at Redruth on Thursday, the 11th; that is, on the day *previous* to that on which the notice reached me. I object to this, on the ground of physical impossibility."

"Secondly, the *place*. Failing Redruth, Mr. Dunn proposes the Gorse Moors. Now to these moors I should object altogether. I have gone over them scores of times, without discovering any thing which makes them

eligible as the arena of a discussion upon questions of ecclesiastical discipline. In wet weather it would be very inconvenient. Damp feet, ague, rheumatism, and other disagreeables, readily suggest themselves. None but men of the toughest constitution should venture upon such a spot. He next proposes Gwennap Pit. The Pit, however, is not public property; and the gentleman who has the charge of it, thinking its historical reputation would be tarnished by such a discussion as Mr. Dunn proposes, would not consent to have it there."

"Thirdly, the *judges*. On this head I should at once decline making any appeal to members of other communities. Good taste and good feeling dictate alike as to the course which every right-minded man should take when invited to interfere with the internal discipline of a community to which he does not belong. Such interference is not merely an error of judgment; it is a sheer impertinence. Some intrusive persons of this kind have sought to justify their meddlesome propensities by a reference to the countenance which the Wesleyans gave to Mr. Shore. This is a fallacy. The Church of England is the church of the State, and as such compels support from all the subjects of the State, who have thus a right to interfere with her discipline. The Wesleyans are a voluntary association, and it is as officious and intrusive for other communities to intermeddle with their discipline, as it would be for any man to interfere with the household concerns of his next-door neighbour."

"Respecting the opinions of members of other bodies, on such points, as absolutely worthless, I hardly need add, that I should still more emphatically decline any appeal to the public at large. The qualifications which I shall propose, at the lowest, to fit any man for giving

judgment on such a case, would be, 1. Membership; 2. A complete knowledge of the question on both sides; and 3. Cool, dispassionate reflection, to guide him to a correct conclusion. The only qualification which Mr. Dunn requires is the payment of sixpence to the expelled ministers' fund. To this I should demur. I could not consent to discuss such questions before parties, many of whom might be drawn off the ground, before the case was closed, by the appearance of a conjuror or a caravan of wild beasts."

"I have made these remarks on the supposition that a question of this kind might properly be submitted to some public discussion. But no one knows better than Mr. Dunn that nothing can be more absurd than such a proposal. The Conference is the highest court of appeal in the Wesleyan Connexion; and after a case has been decided there, the re-opening of it in a single town or circuit would be just as though the Gorham case after being settled by the Privy Council, had been remanded for the decision of the parish vestry at St. Just. Yet, knowing this, and being quite aware that no man in his sober senses would engage in so useless a contest, Mr. Dunn did not hesitate to state at Penzance that Mr. Young had run away from that circuit rather than meet him! He knew while uttering this, that if Mr. Young had remained at home, his meeting him in the way he proposed was quite out of the question; and he was also aware, or might readily have known it, that his absence from Penzance was in consequence of his appointment by the last Conference upon a Deputation to Birmingham. It is painful to be compelled to notice such sad perversions of truth."

"It may not be amiss to mention, for the information of your readers in general, that they are greatly in error if they suppose that the intemperate Resolutions passed at

the various Meetings which have been reported, express the sentiments of any considerable portion of the Wesleyan body. In so large a community there are always some restless spirits who are anxious to signalize themselves on occasions of this kind; but even of such the number is greatly over-rated. Take the Penzance meeting as an instance. An unconcerned spectator entering the Corn-Market there, and finding eighteen hundred persons assembled on a Wesleyan question, would suppose the whole of that community in a stir. He finds, however, on inquiry, that the chairman is an Independent Minister, who has the ill-taste to interfere in this way with the internal discipline of another church; that so far from the Wesleyan Society countenancing such proceedings, not one individual belonging to it will so far degrade himself as to form part of the committee by whom the exhibition is got up; and that even the mover of the Resolution is a stranger to the town."

"With regard to Messrs. Everett and Griffith, it is much to be regretted that the former did not avail himself of the fine opportunity which these meetings afforded him, to relieve himself of the odium of the slanderous trash entitled 'Fly-Sheets.' Had he but stood up and boldly said, 'I am not the author of these things,' what a splendid illustration would he have given of the fidelity with which a lofty spirit adheres to a great principle 'at any personal sacrifice. What a proud avowal it would have been for him to make, that when before the Conference he refused to answer the question, solely because it trenched upon his moral freedom; but now that the penalty was paid, he would shew the purity of his motive by a declaration of his innocence! In this case, how the honors of martyrdom would have gathered in a halo of glory around his head! Why renounce such pure fame as this? Why content himself with ingenious fencing,

like a man who *is* guilty, instead of speaking out in the clear decisive tone of one who is *not!*"

"A word as to Mr. Griffith. I find myself placed in a very peculiar position as it regards this gentleman. It is now upwards of twenty years ago since the public was horrified by a rumor of his having been waylaid by night, in returning from Cawsand to Devonport; and from his disappearance it was concluded that he had been *burked*. Never, in my remembrance, was there such an effervescence of popular sympathy, nor in my own life has any circumstance taken a livelier hold of my imagination. I can recall, as it were but yesterday, the hours I passed in pacing the woods at Mount Edgecombe, while the visionary tragedy rose fresh before me. The concealed assassins listening to his step—the rush upon their victim—the fatal struggle—the sack—the boat rocking on the strand, and then disappearing, with its awful freight, into midnight darkness—all the frightful imagery of the plot impressed itself in vivid colorings upon my mind. Some months afterwards it was found out that the whole affair was a delusion. There had been no ambush, no stifling, no sack, no boat,—yes, there had been a boat, but into that boat our hero had stepped, and paddled off in perfect security, leaving the forlorn public to conjure up all the terrific phantasms with which it was so long distressed. Now, it is sufficiently painful to the sensibilities to witness the sudden exit of a human being from this world, and watch the mists of death closing over him; but it is still more shocking to see the defunct coming back from the spiritual region and taking his place again among living men. In such a case I think it should be optional with every man to recognize him as having any social status, or not. For my part, I decide in the negative. When a man's life is fairly wound up, and there is an end of him, I don't feel that he has any

further claim upon me. For this reason it is that I regard Mr. Griffith's as but a *post mortem* existence. To me his ramblings through the country appear merely as the wanderings of an unhappy ghost. He is therefore exempt, by the singular condition of his being, from the strictures to which his companions are fairly subject. I am," &c.

"*April* 22, 1850."

The next communication was addressed to the *Watchman* newspaper in the month following:—

"To the Editors of the *Watchman*,

Gentlemen,—In the last number of the *Wesleyan Times* there is an article which may be regarded as an official bulletin, on the part of the expelled Ministers, of their apostolical visit to Cornwall. The concluding sentence contains the substance of the whole report: 'St. Columb, Mevagissey, St. Austle, Truro, Falmouth, Redruth, Camborne, Penzance, welcomed the Reformers, and committed themselves to the cause of liberty, in the course of a brief but successful tour through Cornwall and its vicinity.' The literal construction of the sentence would imply that these towns had themselves been upon a 'brief tour'—going about to see each other in a social way. But as I presume the cause of liberty is hardly got to that pitch, I take the meaning to be, that they have all declared themselves in favour of the expelled."

"As the circuit in which I reside, Redruth, is thus claimed as a conquest by these gentlemen, I am desirous, for the credit of a numerous society, to relieve it from such an imputation. A meeting was held there in the Association Chapel. The number of persons who attended was reported in the *Wesleyan Times* as a thousand. A gentleman who went there expressly to take notes of the proceedings assures me that there was not half that number. Of these, it is doubtful if fifty

were Wesleyans,—from a society of above two thousand members. There are thirty-four local preachers on the circuit, of whom *one* only took part in the meeting, in which he was joined by one solitary class-leader. There were not even persons enough present, connected with the circuit, to propose and second the two Resolutions. The first was moved by a stranger from Exeter, and supported by a gentleman who is not a member. The next was moved by a local preacher from Camborne, and seconded by another from St. Columb. Yet, after these absurd proceedings, Redruth is reported as having declared in favour of the expelled ministers! and this transparent fiction is given to the public, upon their authority, as grave matter of fact."

"I have no doubt that a similar abating process might be applied to the statement in reference to most of the places named in it. Penzance, for instance, is set down among the sympathizing towns. The truth is, that not ONE member, out of the large Society in that place, could be got, either to join the Committee by whom the arrangements were made for the meeting, or to take part in conducting it. You may judge from this, to what extent the crowd of persons who assembled in the corn-market at Penzance, were representatives of the Wesleyan Society. In every large town there is a loose floating population who are swayed in any direction by the impulse of curiosity; their main object, apparently, being a kind of organic gratification of the eye. Before such a tribunal, Messrs. Dunn and Everett have in several instances taken great credit to themselves for challenging the respected chairman of our District, the Rev. Robert Young, with my friend Mr. Smith, and myself, to a verbal combat. As a mere *ad captandum* flourish, before a gazing crowd, this might be allowed to pass; but I was not prepared to find so senseless a bravado recorded in

the article (I presume, from Mr. Everett's pen) which called forth these remarks; and from which it would really appear that these gentlemen no longer recognized the distinction between literary debaters and mountebanks. To the first character I have myself but slender pretensions; yet I confess that my tastes, such as they are, run in that line, and with an utter aversion to the other. Supposing, however, that I thought the proposal worthy of consideration, I might fairly ask some little time for *training*, before entering on such a vocation. The fences of natural modesty cannot be leaped at a bound, though to break them completely down seems to be the preliminary qualification. This achieved, it remains to make a sober estimate of the necessary accomplishments. So far as I can judge from the best performers who have come under my notice, these consist mainly in a dexterity in making a one-sided case look like a whole one, with the art of varnishing over cracks and sore places,—great intrepidity of assertion—a pleasant way of twisting facts into the shape of fictions, and *vice versâ*—prodigious power of face,—a talent for mimicry, without being particular about the line which separates it from buffoonery,—a droll manner of dealing with sacred things,—ingenuity in filling up small gaps in stories,—ready adaptation to the humors of a promiscuous crowd,—with a loud profession of zeal for their interests,—a keen eye being kept the while upon the man who carries about the hat, with an occasional wink, to quicken the motions of that functionary. If this is a correct inventory, I must fairly own that I have no hope of success in that line; not only because the needful versatility of talent is wanting, but also in other respects I should deem it dangerous. At the same time, I lay down no law for others; nor do I undertake to decide whether a man of extraordinary parts and attainments might not succeed in

blending these accomplishments even with the ministerial character, making them serve for agreeable interludes between the more solemn duties of his office. The most unfortunate result of such a combination might be, that people who witnessed his performances in both lines would ignorantly suppose that on the boards he appeared in his real character, and in the pulpit in an assumed one; while others, who set no value upon ministerial gifts, would regret that by meddling with things out of his province, a capital mimic had foolishly thrown away his talents."

"In the article under my notice, we are favored with a specimen of the 'true sublime,' which should be treasured for the use of any future Burkes or Whatelys who may discourse upon that ethereal quality. A friend, writing to Mr. Everett, quotes a description of the Cornish miners, which is said to have been given by Dr. Clarke; and adds, 'Is the testimony still borne out? I should like to hear you say "YES"—standing on St. Michael's Mount. That, to me, would be the true sublime.' This friend of Mr. Everett's must be a grave joker. To detect the sly hit he gives, you have only to notice that of the forty thousand words or thereabouts, of which our language consists, this little vocable 'Yes' is the one to which Mr. Everett has the most mortal antipathy. It is only by some violent hypothesis that he can be supposed to utter it at all. His quizzing friend, being aware that under no ordinary circumstances would it escape his lips, places him in imagination upon St. Michael's Mount, and fancies that *there*, standing on the dizzy eminence, amidst the surging waters, and the sound of winds and waves, so lively would be the inspiration of the scene, that he would even pronounce that obnoxious word! But as 'Yes' of itself, without some previous interrogatory, would be but an unmeaning exclamation from a man so situated, his

correspondent supposes him to utter it in affirmation of the correctness of a portrait by Dr. Clarke. Now, with all due respect to the Doctor's memory, I must add that the description here given belongs to that particular style called 'fustian'. Not that this abates from the merit of so great a man, for it is the privilege of great men to talk nonsense; and they are damaged by it only when their undiscriminating admirers have not sagacity enough to distinguish between the impure ore and the sterling metal. It may be presumtuous in me to enter the list, with a literary veteran like Mr. Everett, in a discussion of the elements of the true sublime; but a circumstance suggests itself to my imagination which seems more in harmony, than that which his correspondent pictures, with the accessories of natural grandeur around St. Michael's Mount. Fancy Mr. Everett standing on that fearful crag on the seaward side of the castle, whence gazing on the watery waste, he beholds a shadowy form hovering o'er the crested billows, and slowly approaching, till there stands revealed before him—the Patron-Saint of the Isle! Suppose that, while his blood curdles with terror, there rings in his ears a spirit voice, 'Art thou the author of the "Fly-Sheets?"' and that instantly, in an agony of apprehension, his fears alarmed, and conscience springing from its slumber, he sings out 'Yes,'—that word, I conceive, uttered under such circumstances, would have a touch of the true sublime, a long way a-head of the sample we are offered."

"Whilst I am occupying your columns, permit me to allude to a paragraph which recently appeared in the journal from which I have quoted, stating that Mr. Osborn, who lately visited Cornwall upon a Missionary Deputation, was very coldly received, and that in some of the towns which he visited, insulting placards were

posted on the walls. The impression on the mind of any reader unacquainted with the facts, would be, that Mr. Osborn was generally treated, on his Cornish tour, with marked disrespect. The person who communicated this valuable piece of news to the print in question was not perhaps aware that while volunteering as a false witness against Mr. Osborn, he was in truth, defaming the character of his own countrymen. Without arrogating any undue merit on behalf of the Cornish, I may yet claim for them a native courtesy which forbids their treating strangers with insult. *No* minister of the gospel, even if he were unpopular on other grounds, would meet with any open expression of disrespect while addressing a Cornish audience. Even at a Missionary meeting the religious character of the service is felt to be a sufficient protection to any speaker, whether minister or layman, against interruption, or any rude form of dissent. I have not known nor heard of a solitary instance to the contrary. We leave it to the enlightened religious reformers of the metropolis, to give to a meeting for the extension of the gospel the character of a street brawl; to put down a speaker, known to them only as a stranger and a gentleman, by brute clamour, and to salute venerable men, bending under the weight of years and honourable service, with that peculiar note which belongs only to serpents and geese."

"In reference to our late Missionary Deputation, it is also stated in the paragraph I have adverted to, that in some cases they left the towns as the 'expelled' entered; and that in others, they followed immediately in their wake. I am bound to admit the truth of this extraordinary fact, though what inference is to be drawn from it I cannot imagine. It seems merely to be a roundabout way of saying that both parties displayed the ordinary powers of locomotion. Coleridge says that the meanest thing

under the sun is, a fact which illustrates nothing; from which predicament this fact might have been extricated, had the writer added that, notwithstanding the hopes that the visit of the expelled ministers would have had some damaging effect upon the labours of the Deputation, no such result followed. On the contrary, the attacks made by these unhappy men upon the Wesleyan ministry in general, and, in particular, upon the individual preachers in most of the circuits through which they passed, (a distinguishing feature of their policy) in addition to the calumnies which have been circulated respecting the management of the Mission funds, caused, by the indignant feelings they excited, such a flow of liberality as raised our contributions to a level they never before reached."

"I remain," &c.

"*May* 11, 1850."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE next of the letters in this correspondence is addressed to Mr. Dunn himself:—

"Rev. Sir,—If I were to follow the example you set, of calling even venerable men by their plain names, instead of giving them those titles of courtesy or honor by which they are commonly distinguished, I might address you merely as 'Samuel,' or perhaps 'Sammy Dunn.' But I have yet to learn that because of any difference with others in opinion or sentiment, we may be vulgar or contemptuous in our mode of addressing them. The spirit of a gentleman blends by natural affinity with the spirit of a Christian, and it may be fairly suspected whether the latter is in a very flourishing condition when it divorces itself from the former."

"My personal recollections of you go back more than thirty years,—to the very time when you entered on your ministry. There then seemed every probability that in that ministry you would acquit yourself with credit. You had more than ordinary talent; your style of address was fervent and impressive; and I believe your heart was devoutly engaged in the solemn duties of your profession. You read much, thought much, labored much. Nor, for a long period, did your after years disappoint the promise of your youth. I believe I speak only the sense of your late brethren, and thousands among whom you labored, when I say that throughout your ministry you sustained the character of an able, zealous, and faithful preacher and pastor. Even in the minds of those who regard your subsequent career with severest reprehension, nothing

can blot out the remembrance of a part of your life on which you may always look back with satisfaction and delight."

"I do not know whether it ever occurred to you that with your good qualities there were mingled some faults. If you were not conscious of them, your friends were. It was generally thought by those who knew you best, that you were inclined unduly to magnify your own abilities; that you formed your opinions with too absolute an independence of the opinions of others, and asserted them in a dogmatic and unconciliatory tone. You were apt to mistake harshness of temper for strength of principle, and to act upon impulses of passion as though they were decisions of the intellect. There is a story current, that when you were appointed to Shetland, Dr. Clarke, (to whose authority you are fond of appealing,) in speaking of your qualifications for that missionary station, instanced as one, that the devil himself could not turn you. Though the events of the last two years have given a melancholy contradiction to the Doctor's opinion, it would seem, from the form of his expression, that even then, to his practised eye it was perceptible that the Christian zeal proper to the office was backed up with a good deal of dogged obstinacy peculiar to the man."

"I believe in my heart it was this infirmity of temper, growing with your years, which mainly led to your expulsion. You are aware to what an extent, in cases of dispute, our impressions of the parties are decided by their manner and deportment; and how imperfect often is any written report of the case, wanting this living commentary of looks, tone, and gestures. Now if the people who have heard only *your* version of the proceedings at the Conference of 1849, could have actually witnessed them, to what different conclusions would they come! By the concurrent testimony of men whose words

admit no shadow of doubt, I am as sure as I can be of any fact beyond the evidence of my senses, that during the sitting of that Conference your general conduct was uncourteous in the extreme,—your language rude, petulant, offensive. I could mention the name of a brother minister, (but your memory will supply it) who happening to meet you *out of* the Conference, volunteered some information which he thought would be of deep interest to you, but was instantly met with such tart, snappish replies, as made it painful for him to stay in your presence. In short, the impression on the minds of the whole Conference was, that they were dealing with a thoroughly impracticable man, upon whom all attempts at conciliation would be utterly wasted. We have it upon high authority, that there are tongues which no man can tame; and unfortunately, they are sometimes heard in the Church as well as out of it."

"It forms no part of my purpose in these remarks, to go into the particulars of your case with the Conference. I will even admit, for the sake of argument, that your expulsion was unjust; that you are in reality one of the meekest, humblest, most forgiving of men; and that your brethren forced you out of their ranks only because they could not endure the lustre of your superior virtues; which I think tallies pretty nearly with the account you give of the affair. Admitting all this, I ask, what, upon every principle of right, should have been your course when severed from your old connexion? Ought you not then to have joined some other community, or become the pastor of an Independent church? In either way, you might have passed the remainder of your life with honor to yourself and benefit to others. Unfortunately, your angry passions led you in another direction. With the First Expelled you took for your motto, 'Evil, be thou my good;' and most faithfully have you acted up

to it. For two years you have been engaged in disturbing the peace of the Wesleyan Societies,—in scattering the seeds of envy, hatred, and strife throughout the land. The result of your labors, with the aid of your friends, Everett and Griffith, has given us a new conception of what may be accomplished by the humblest instruments when strengthened by the deadliest passions. In that brief period fifty-six thousand souls have been rent from the Wesleyan community. What part of them have united themselves with other Societies, I have no means of ascertaining; but I fear that a great part are now in connexion with no other Christian society whatever. The religious peace and comfort of multitudes have been destroyed, and a torrent of angry passions let loose, the traces of which will hardly be effaced for a generation. And for what has all this been done, but to gratify a revengeful feeling against the Conference? Your *professed* object has been to regain your former position, by the power of the people exerted against the authority of that assembly. But you could not have been sincere in this. You never really thought such a thing was possible. You must be aware that no recantation, however ample—no penitence even, however abject—could restore you to your forfeited place in the Wesleyan ministry. Your severance is complete and final. The Conference must lose all respect for itself and for the Connexion before you can again be admitted into it."

"Is it possible, however, that while inflicting such irreparable injury upon others, you can yourself escape unhurt? Allow me to draw your attention to one particular. When you were down last year, you indulged, in your addresses, in a recklessness of assertion which surprised and pained those who remembered you in your best days. In your recent tour you seem to have given proof of this habit having acquired a fatal ascendancy.

Do you ask for instances? It is impossible, within ordinary limits to expose all the liberties you have taken with facts; but I select two of the most prominent of your statements, and when they are scrutinized any dispassionate man may place what faith be likes in the others."

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The remainder of the letter, with four letters that follow, are devoted to an investigation of Mr. Dunn's public charges against some of the leading Wesleyan ministers,—a tissue of calumny and misrepresentation, the details of which may here be passed over. After thoroughly sifting all the fictions of the expelled minister, the writer concludes,—"And now, sir, I bid you farewell. The sprinklings of abuse with which you have honored me I freely forgive. For any damage my letters may cause you in the minds of the public, I cannot consider myself responsible. As a general rule, men are not damaged in their reputation, but by their own acts; and whatever loss of this kind you may sustain you must impute to your own misconduct, and not to my exposure of it. If you choose to go about the country defaming men whose talents and virtues are the common property of a great religious community,—men so immeasurably your superiors in every quality which commands respect or veneration, that in common charity it is to be hoped you would not invite a comparison,—you must not complain if, from such attacks you retire in dilapidated plight. You have, however, some slight consolation in the knowledge that your labor has not been wholly in vain. It is something for such stories as yours to have three months'

run. And even now, there are many who will not be undeceived. It can hardly be supposed that all who have heard your statements will see the refutation of them. So you will have the satisfaction of knowing that there are some who have settled down into a comfortable conviction that the standard writings of the Connexion have been shamefully corrupted; that this has been done with some dark and mysterious design; and that Dr. Bunting and Mr. Jackson are two great literary forgers. Nor will you sustain these charges upon your single testimony. Your friend of the *Wesleyan Times*—the same gentleman who vouches for the Champagne dinners at the Mission House—has already volunteered his aid; and his intrepidity is such that I think you are not likely to exceed what he will be ready to confirm. I fear, however, that beyond this select circle you must look for no encouragement. Men may play tricks for a time with truth and common sense, but after all they are fearful antagonists and will have the best of it in the long run. You may now and then dip them under the surface, but they will come up again, and avenge themselves for their temporary submersion. You have had ample opportunities for stating *your* case to the public; I have now in my humble way stated *mine;* and I await with perfect confidence the decision of all candid and dispassionate men."

"I am, Rev. Sir,

"Your obedient servant, T. G."

"*December* 1, 1851."

One of the strangest features of this Reform agitation was the part taken in it by several ministers of other denominations, and by various sections of the newspaper press. Equally curious is the fact that with scarcely an exception they all blundered in the same manner as the *Times* itself, by assuming that there could be no distinction

in the laws which govern a great religious community and those which regulate the proceedings in a common court of justice. They were all strangers to the details of Wesleyan church government; they knew little or nothing of its internal polity; they overlooked the obvious principles that every church has a full right to make and settle its own laws, which no other church is warranted to meddle with; and fastening on the one obnoxious fact that three ministers against whom *no crime could be proved* had been expelled from the Wesleyan pulpits, they became full of indignation against what they deemed such an abuse of *English* liberty. Among the ministers who thought proper to enter a public protest against the Conference proceedings, was Dr. Jabez Burns, of London, who took the chair at a public meeting held by the Reformers at Exeter Hall. To this gentleman the following letter was subsequently addressed:—

"Rev Sir,—I feel pleasure in paying a merited tribute of respect to the Independent ministers, as a body, for the neutrality they have preserved during the late unhappy dissensions in the Wesleyan community. Of those who are most distinguished by their virtues or their talents, I cannot name one (unless Dr. Campbell's friends wish to include him in the number) who has acted otherwise. They have had the good sense to perceive that questions of discipline among Wesleyans must be decided by their own laws, and not by the usages of Independency; and they have the good feeling to admit that rules of church government, though framed on contrary principles, may be maintained with equal integrity. For your own credit, it is to be regretted that you have taken a different course."

"A meeting of persons calling themselves Wesleyan Reformers was held in Exeter-Hall on the 12th inst. It does not appear from the published report, that it was convened for any especial object; but chiefly to afford an

opportunity to two ministers, now under suspension, and one who has resigned his office, to lay their complaints against the Conference before a promiscuous assembly. Supposing the evidence in the case of those ministers had been given in full, on both sides, before a court competent to pronounce a decision upon it, and you had been asked to preside as judge, I should presume that as a minister of another denomination, you would at once, from a natural feeling of delicacy, have declined such a proposal. Yet at a meeting where it was intended only to present an *ex parte* statement, to an audience whose opinion could be of no appreciable value, you thought it decent and becoming to preside. You not only did this, but you pre-judged the cases before they were heard even by this grotesque tribunal; and in doing so you attacked the whole body of Wesleyan ministers with a bitterness and ferocity of language with which we are familiar only in times of revolutionary violence."

"This was bad enough, but were this the worst I should not trouble myself to address you. In your opening speech you adverted to the secession which took place in the past year, from the Wesleyan community, in terms which implied that the fifty-six thousand persons thus separated had been expelled—forcibly *expelled*—by the preachers! You described this alleged expulsion as 'one of the most sanguinary immolations' of character, membership, and piety, the world ever beheld. There must, you said, 'be a grand Methodistic carnival, and on the altar of that carnival day fifty-six thousand Methodists, collected from the world, united together, loving God, and loving each other, must be ruthlessly immolated; the like of which sacrifice the Protestant world never witnessed,—a monstrosity almost too vile for human conception. Surely, if anything will satisfy priestly arrogance, here is enough." Now on reading such a passage as this, a man instinc-

tively rubs his eyes and asks whether anything in this world is what it appears to be?

"If white *is* white, or black so very black?"

"In reference to the speaker, one first asks whether he is sane? Next, whether, from his general habits he is supposed to have any sense of the distinction between truth and falsehood? And then, if he knows anything at all of what he is talking about? Presuming that you claim no allowance upon these grounds, and confining my attention to the passage I have quoted, I think that more falsehood—more absolute, unmitigated falsehood—false, not merely as not true, but as the direct inversion of all known facts—could hardly, by any effort be condensed into an equal number of words. It is after an extravaganza of this kind, that Gulliver and Munchausen look tame and poor. The invention of fiction is but a slight accomplishment compared with the transmutation of truth into falsehood. There it is that the hand of a master is seen. I do not wonder that the Hall rang with cheers and cries of *hear, hear!* There were men upon the platform who must have been charmed into involuntary admiration of a flight by which they were so suddenly distanced in what they had regarded as their own peculiar walk."

"While uttering these words, you knew that for two years past the Wesleyan Connexion has been subject to incessant agitation; that the purpose of such agitation was to disturb and rend the societies; and that, as the result, fifty-six thousand members have been lost to the community. You knew also that nearly the whole had been lured into a voluntary renunciation of membership. Yet, knowing all this, you chose to represent a voluntary secession as an arbitrary expulsion, and to charge upon the Conference, as its own act, what it regards only as the most deplorable event that has transpired in the history of

Methodism. If you read all contemporary history in the same way, you must be qualified to throw some new light upon it. Indeed, no limit can be placed to the discoveries of a gentleman whose moral optics are so singularly constructed."

"But this is not all. In the crusade against Methodism you know what a variety of agencies have been employed. Of the reverend agitators I need not say anything here. I may grant, as you state, that 'James Everett is the author of certain wonderfully-taking books,'—one of which was so 'taking' that it took him out of the Connexion; that Samuel Dunn has waded through large folio volumes of old theology,—although Samuel Dunn has lately been displaying some accomplishments which it is not supposed that he picked up among the old divines; and that William Griffith is 'a man of herculean physical strength,'—though it is the first time I have seen that item included in the catalogue of ministerial graces. But you did not limit your praise to them. You were pleased to bestow it upon a weekly newspaper which claims a considerable share in the advancement of what is termed the 'reform' cause. Now, whatever variety of opinions may exist about the gentlemen I have named, there can, I presume, be but one opinion among men of intelligence and piety as to the character of that paper. I do not know to what extent it is to be regarded as the organ of the dissentient party; but I feel that no Christian church could be more degraded or defiled than by a union with persons whose views and feelings are in harmony with the spirit of that journal. Yet this is a print upon which you bestow marked and emphatic praise, and describe it as a well-conducted and honourable publication! If you said this in ignorance, there might be some excuse; but you spoke with a perfect knowledge of its character, for you said you had read it from its commencement to the

present time; and added, that you were so enamoured of it that when from home you pay for an extra copy, so impatient are you for your weekly gratification. Then, sir, you must have waded through the deluge of slander poured upon the most venerated men in the community; and these waters of Marah have been to you as a refreshing bath! Pray, in the church which is honored with your ministration, is there a table of the ten commandments? If so, in what condition may the ninth happen to be? I fancy a painter or gilder might find something to do there."

"It might perhaps be urged in your favor, that though expressing yourself generally in favor of this infamous print, you did not mean to indorse with your especial sanction all its separate atrocities. Unfortunately you have deprived yourself even of this miserable plea. Among all the slanders it has published, the one which was most cowardly and ferocious, you, sir, have selected for express commendation."

"As in this remote part of the kingdom we have but a thin sprinkling of doctors of divinity, and therefore note their sayings and doings with more interest than those of ordinary mortals, you will excuse the liberty I take in thus addressing you. You intimated to your friends at parting, that you are so delighted at all their proceedings, that whenever they want a helping hand they may send for you. It must have been an agreeable announcement. As they pretty often have work on their hands which needs a little friendly aid, it is not improbable that I may again have the honor of paying my respects to you; and whether you find our acquaintance particularly agreeable or not, it will be your own fault if it be not profitable."

"I am, Rev. sir, your obedient servant,

"A CORNISHMAN."

"*Nov.* 22, 1851."

To the above letter Dr. Burns sent a reply in the *Watchman*,—as follows :—

"To the Editors of the '*Watchman*.'

"Sirs,—In your last week's journal I find a long letter addressed to me, under the designation of 'A Cornishman,' in reference to my speech in Exeter-Hall, Nov. 12. I avail myself, therefore, of your columns, to request my masked opponent to oblige me, first, by taking the mask off and showing me his real cognomen. Secondly, I request that if he condescends to notice anything I may say or write, that he will endeavour to reply to statements, and furnish his arguments and proofs, as is usual in polemical contests, as it strikes me that to call his opponent '*insane*' or a '*liar*,' just amounts to nothing, and cannot confer on him very great literary renown. Thirdly, that, be the 'Cornishman' whom he may, if he has anything like Christian respectability about him, as he has thrown down the gauntlet very valorously in his epistle, I will meet him publicly before an English audience in Exeter-Hall, London, to substantiate the truthfulness of my whole speech. Fourthly, if Exeter-Hall, or a journey to London, by the 'Cornishman,' be inconvenient, I will meet him at Bath, Bristol, Exeter, or even Devonport; so that his vaunted prowess may not lack a trial before an intelligent and impartial public. Fifthly, if my proposition should meet with the concurrence of your correspondent in the Cornish mask, then let him doff it, and either through your journal, or by letter to myself, let the acceptance of my proposal be announced, and, rely on it, it shall have the most prompt attention. I am yours most truly,

"*Nov.* 29, 1851." "J. BURNS."

To this very singular challenge the subjoined reply was sent :—

"Rev. sir,—I have read your letter in the *Watchman* of this week. I cannot call it an answer, because it does not attempt any defence. It is due to you, however, that I should make a few remarks on it."

"1. You wish me to give my name, or, as you express it, to take my mask off and shew my cognomen. You are not happy at a metaphor. By dropping a mask, the wearer shews a face, not a cognomen. You are quite welcome to my name, if you can shew any reason for asking it; but I can see no reason, nor do you give any. Our case is precisely the same, with my name or without it."

"2. You say that, in reply to your statements, I should have furnished arguments and proofs, as is usual in polemical contests. But ours is no polemical contest. We are at issue, not upon matters of opinion but upon matters of fact; and no arguments can make facts stronger or weaker. You complain also that I called you '*insane*' and '*a liar*.' You italicise these words, and give them in inverted commas, as literal transcripts from my letter. But neither of them is to be found in it. What will the reader think of *your* veracity? I fear the *Wesleyan Times* does you no good."

"3. You propose to debate the matters on which I addressed you, either in Exeter-Hall, at Bath, Bristol, Exeter, or Devonport. Well, there seems at first to be something valiant in this; and I must acknowledge your courtesy in giving me the choice of Devonport. Suppose *that* to be the place; there are then a few preliminary considerations. First, I do not know *what* we are to debate. Are we to discuss such questions as, whether 56,000 Wesleyans have been 'immolated' during the past pear? whether the *Wesleyan Times* is a respectable journal? or whether its unhappy proprietor is entitled to testimony of respect for his libels? These are the three

main points on which I addressed you; and surely *they* need no discussion. You may depend upon it that very little interest would be excited at Devonport, nor would the inhabitants feel at all honored by having their town selected for such a debate. There might be some stir at Paddington, when it was known that you were setting off upon so valorous an enterprise. I can fancy you escorted, in gay procession, from the Cock and Bottle—brass band —showers of bouquets and laurels—a great rush to the railway station to see you start—and shouts and cheers mingling with the screech of the steam-whistle. But the interest would diminish along the line; and from what I know of the intelligent people of Devonport, they would think your pastoral duties must be very light, at finding you come there on such an errand. We should have a thin house, sir. We might pick up any idlers that were about, and a few sailors might drop in; but the thing would be decidedly unpopular. Any small novelty would be fatal to us. A stuffed crocodile, or a two-headed cow would draw away all our audience."

"4. But there is another reason for my pausing before meeting you in any public discussion. Since I first wrote, you have drawn to yourself an unenviable share of public attention by an act which demands a serious notice. I should think that any man of reflective habits would be slow to place himself in opposition to the judicial administration of the laws. If he were a Christian minister, then, looking to the effects of such an example, and remembering by what solemn authority respect for the law is made a part of religious duty, he would refuse to shew hostility to its decisions unless in a case where, under judicial forms, there had been committed a plain and palpable wrong. Further, in a case in which a brother minister had been made the subject of an atrocious charge, and on appeal to the law it had flung over him its pro-

tecting shield and punished its accuser,—surely, under such circumstances his sympathies would naturally go with the aggrieved party; and only upon the clearest proofs of guilt would he turn against him and openly side with the accuser. I need not dwell upon the particulars of a case which has so recently been before the public. It is sufficient to advert to the slanders by which an innocent and unoffending man was subjected to indescribable agony, and a gentle-hearted woman hounded to her grave. Yet to these atrocities you have made yourself a party, first, by praising the wretched print in which the libels were published, and then by proclaiming your sympathy with the libeller. After this, we may waive your proposal for a debate. While such are your views and feelings, I feel that I cannot be at too great a distance from you, either in person or in sentiment."

"I am, Rev. sir,

"Your obedient servant, A Cornishman."

The tenth Letter in the series is addressed to the Editor of the *Cornish Telegraph*:—

"Sir,—It appears that the people who call themselves 'Wesleyan Reformers' have got a fresh importation into Cornwall, in the person of a Mr. Burnett, a preacher now under suspension by the Conference. I find that the Music Hall in Truro was enlivened on Tuesday last by some voluntaries performed by this gentleman."

"As Mr. Burnett informed the meeting that he had been travelling with the greatest possible speed for eighteen hours, to insure being present, it was natural to suppose that the importance of his communications would have some proportion to the celerity of his journey. But in this I confess to a disappointment. It seems a pity that any man should deprive himself of sleep, and travel at an uncomfortable rate, in the dead of winter,

merely to deliver himself of such a speech as Mr. Burnett uttered at Truro. The means are out of all proportion to the end. An easy walk—say a couple of miles at most, is quite as much exertion as such a performance would justify. The most prominent topic was his personal complaint against the Conference; on which it is not necessary to remark at length. Nobody can come to any conclusion upon a statement of this kind, in which we have only Mr. Burnett's own story, without any of the evidence against him. Supposing, however, that the case on both sides had been presented in full, I should not feel quite certain that a miscellaneous crowd gathered in the Truro Music Hall constitutes a sufficiently grave and authoritative court of appeal to reverse the decisions of the Wesleyan Conference. I fear such proceedings can be regarded only as a waste of time, both to the speakers and the audience."

"But though Mr. Burnett's personal narrative is of no great interest, he gives some importance to his address by propounding a new scheme for altering the constitution of the Conference, and bringing it more into harmony with the views of the Reformers. Now, considering how many schemes of this kind have been devised, and that the author of this last project had all the others before him when framing its details, and might therefore be expected to originate some grand and comprehensive plan, one could but feel curious to learn the particulars. Mr. Burnett modestly informed the meeting that he could not himself claim the credit of this fortunate suggestion, but that it comes from a friend of his, 'a wise man, who knows,' he says, 'the constitution of Methodism thoroughly, and understands it throughout.' Such at least are the words of the report; though after an assurance that a man 'knows a thing thoroughly,' it would generally be thought superfluous to add, that he 'under-

stands it throughout.' Perhaps, however, the speaker had a design in the duplication,—to intimate the amazing profundity of this man's knowledge. Well, the scheme is as follows:—'The preachers who have travelled fourteen years are to stand up in a body in the Conference, and demand the dissolution of the legal Hundred.' This is the long and the short of the plan. *Why* the dissolution of the Hundred should be demanded at all; or why, if demanded, it should only be by preachers of fourteen years' standing; or what good could result from such a dissolution, either to the fourteen years' men themselves, or to anybody else; are little points to which Mr. Burnett makes no allusion. He says, the sage propounder of this scheme, in looking forward to its consequences, is of opinion that if the fourteen years' preachers were to get up in this way in the Conference, they would at first be laughed at. This I should think very likely, unless laughter were repressed, by a conviction that these men, by some mysterious visitation, were all gone mad together. Then, he says, on finding their demands resisted, they should all take up their hats, walk out of the Conference, and go to meet the Reform Delegates. Whether the Conference would feel justified in allowing men who had made such a display as this, to go at large and issue forth in a body in the streets, is a question which would probably be felt as somewhat embarrassing; but presuming that no personal restraint would be thought necessary, it seems clear enough that the modern Delegates are just the kind of people whom these unfortunate men would then be in a fit state to join."

"Such is the latest scheme for revising the constitution of Methodism, and which Mr. Burnett has had the honor of propounding to a Cornish audience. The man who can detect in it any glimmering of common sense, must have keener optics than mine. My objection is, not that

it is difficult or impracticable, but that it is unintelligible and silly. Yet the Truro audience are reported as having saluted this unmeaning prattle with cheers. Johnson said that when Wilke's hearers "could not understand him, they still cheered, presuming that he *meant* revolution."

"But while Mr. Burnett's statement does not present so complete a view of the case between him and the Conference as to enable the reader to come to any conclusion, its tone is yet so moderate, and he expresses himself with so much considerate feeling, that it is clear as an agitator he will never succeed. His abilites, slender as they are, might sustain him; but other qualifications are necessary, in which he lags at a great distance behind his predecessors. The buffoonery of Everett, the inventive fancy of Dunn, the brutal energy of Griffith,—to these accomplishments he has no pretension. What time and training may do, it is impossible to say; but at present it seems a hopeless case. He has evidently a respect for truth, a delicacy in dealing with character, and a reverence for sacred things, which will stand much in the way of his advancement. With these qualities he has weak feelings, and a very infirm judgment. Charles Lamb notices, as a mark of the lowest order of minds, that when they apostatize in religious matters, *they apostatize all*, and think they never can be far enough away from their former associates. So Mr. Burnett, in leaving the Conference, throws himself into the ranks of the agitators. Did it never occur to him that there might be a medium,—that though the Conference were wrong, it was not a necessary inference that its enemies were right. If he has not made these discoveries, they will break upon him ere long. Unless I have formed too favourable an opinion of him, he shews marks of correct taste and feeling,—qualities which will soon make his new connexions very unpalatable. For anything Mr. Burnett may do or say, the world will never

be much the better nor much the worse; but for his own comfort and credit, I should be glad to see him engage in some more honourable vocation.—I am, Sir," &c., &c.

"*Dec.* 16th, 1851."

The letters concluded with one upon the general question, addressed to a Wesleyan Reformer:—

"Dear Sir,—I suppose I may consider myself at liberty, on the ground of an old friendship, to address you upon the unhappy dissensions in which we have lately been involved, and in which I venture to think you have gone in a wrong direction. I claim the privilege of speaking to you with great freedom, and feel certain that you will excuse my plainness of speech, from a conviction that I can have no feeling inimical to your happiness."

"You have recently withdrawn yourself from a religious community with which you had lived many years in peaceful and happy union. You profess to have done this from a conviction that some considerable changes are wanted in its discipline; and you say also that in order to effect such changes you have placed yourself in a hostile attitude until they are made, with an intention in that case to return. In this, I think you make two capital errors. In the first place, you admit that the grievances you complain of are such as do not effect your personal comfort, but relate only to the general discipline of the Connexion. But as the benefits of membership are mainly of a personal kind, and as whatever aids your individual advancement in the Christian life is of infinitely more importance than any forms of church government, you renounce the most valuable of your religious privileges for the sake of an abstract and merely theoretical good. Is this not giving up the substance for the shadow? What would you think of a man who, living under a government which gave him ample protection in person and property, should

emigrate to another country merely because the theory of the constitution was not quite in harmony with his own views? Again, if you are sincere in your desire to bring about the alterations you propose, could you take a less likely way of effecting them, than that of separating yourself from the community? *In* the body, you might avail yourself of all legitimate means of enforcing your views; *out of* it you can exert no influence whatever. Suppose a party of political reformers in Parliament, on failing to carry their measure, should quit the House and make their appeals only to the people, would this add to the chances of success, or destroy them?"

"So far then I must consider that you have acted unreasonably. But without remark on these points I pass to a consideration of graver importance. Having placed yourself in this position towards the community you have left, in what spirit and temper have you carried on the controversy? To what extent you may be personally implicated in the proceedings of your party, I do not know. I can judge of them only as a whole, from the conduct of their leading men, and from the manner in which their views are advocated by a weekly journal which professes to represent them."

"In 1849 you thought the expelled ministers had been dealt with unjustly by the Conference. You professed a great personal esteem for them; and I think it was much more from this feeling than any correct knowledge of their case that you sided with them so openly. But now two years have elapsed, and in their passage have shed a clear light on the character of these men. Estimating their qualifications as religious teachers by their doings since their expulsion, can you think there is any cause for regret that they were not retained in the Wesleyan community? Is *any* church so fallen and degraded that it could be honoured by their services? Not only can

there be no reasonable regret at their severance from our ministry, but if it were possible to look into men's hearts and see that any other preachers in our ranks were capable of acting, in the event of their expulsion, as they have acted, who but would rejoice at their instant dismissal? The existence of such a spirit would be a moral disqualification of more weight than any breach of discipline."

"A comparison has sometimes been made between these men and the seceding ministers of the Scottish Kirk. It is said, they shewed the same heroic spirit, and are entitled to equal honor. I wish, for their sakes and for the sake of thousands they have deceived, that this was true; but I am at a loss to discover the resemblance. The Scotch ministers quitted their church because they refused to compromise a great religious principle; these men, because they were not allowed to circulate anonymous calumnies and set up trumpery periodicals at the cost of their brethren's reputation. The former set themselves, on their separation, quietly and devotedly to the spiritual instruction of their peopie; the latter went through the land pouring out torrents of abuse upon their old friends, and trying to set them and their flocks at variance wherever they went. The first have borne the trials of their lot with a fortitude which has won for them the admiration of all Protestant Christendom; the last have made the country ring with their imaginary grievances, and sacrificed the peace of multitudes to their intense selfishness and vanity."

"You must be familiar with the style of their addresses since they entered on their agitating career. Now, as an honest man, having respect for truth and justice, I ask you to say candidly what you think of them. I need not recapitulate the staple topics of their harangues; they are patent to all the world. Garbled accounts of the causes

of their expulsion, ridicule and abuse showered upon almost every man of eminence in the Connexion, inuendoes and insinuations of the vilest kind, where it would have been impolitic or dangerous to make direct charges; inflammatory appeals to the worst passions of their hearers; wholesale allegations of oppression and tyranny against the Wesleyan ministers as a body; persuasives to annoy and harass them by refusing any pecuniary support; attempts in the same way to damage the Connexional funds, especially those for the missions and for the maintainance of disabled preachers, the two which, being most sacred, have naturally called forth their hostility in its bitterest form;—these, with all sorts of tittle-tattle stories and gossiping scandals, have been the burden of their apostolical discourses. And all this has been done with a professed desire to *reform* Methodism! And is this the agency by which you aim at changing the Methodistic laws? Do you trace in it the ordinary relation of cause to effect, of means to end? But I need not ask such a question. You know that this profession is now too thin a disguise to deceive anybody. It never was sincere, and only people of the greenest hue can be deluded by it. Yet, as a convenient fiction, it is still kept up. You still like to call yourselves "Reformers." There is something taking in the title; and it favors a notion that you are in some way promoting religious freedom. You indulge a pleasant vanity in the thought, and give yourselves the airs of patriots. There is so much talk and bustle about the *cause* and the *movement*, that people take it for granted there must be some cause, and that something, though they do not know what, is moving. It would be well if the worst of this was a little harmless vanity; but unfortunately you are open to a graver charge. Under the pretence of a love for religious liberty, your proceedings are marked by the most revolting tyranny. I am not

using too strong a word. Do you think that tyranny can be exercised only by large and powerful bodies, or by people high in authority? May there not be tyrants in cottages as well as upon thrones? May not any man of dogged pertinacity and revengeful temper, become a tyrant over any other man, or over great numbers of men? Suppose the case of a person who had conceived against yourself a mortal enmity. Imagine him going through all the towns and villages in your neighbourhood, covering you with ridicule and abuse for the entertainment of promiscuous crowds, and loading your name with as much opprobium as could be heaped upon it, so as just to keep clear of the law. Suppose this going on from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, the tide of slander still flowing upon your reputation. Would you not feel that this was a most grievous tyranny? Yet is it not precisely in this way that the most eminent men in our Connexion have been assailed by men whom you pay to perambulate the country upon this honorable service? I have before me a paper called the *Bridgewater Times*, from which it appears that about three weeks ago one of your most ardent apostles, Mr. Dunn, collected the people of that town to favor them with a character of Dr. Bunting. A person having no other knowledge of the Doctor than what could be gathered from Mr. Dunn's account, would picture him as a grim, haughty, ecclesiastical despot, ruling the Wesleyan Connexion with a rod of iron, and bending preachers and people under a selfish, grasping policy. Now there are few men who can afford to be more indifferent to such attacks than this venerable man; but to all good men a good name is so precious that you cannot suppose him to be insensible to its value. You know how delicate a thing is ministerial reputation, and how easily it may be damaged by an artful style of mob-oratory. Nor can you be ignorant of the infamous use

to which that power has been turned. In this respect the visits of the expelled ministers have been felt like a moral pestilence."

"If I may speak of your party as a religious community, it is certainly one in which religion appears under a new and strange aspect. Your prosperity seems to consist not so much in any good you are doing among yourselves as in the mischief you are doing to others. Whatever ordinarily produces pain and regret in Christian men, is with you an occasion of joy and triumph. A peaceful society is disturbed and split into hostile parties, and at once you raise a note of victory. There is a deficiency in a missionary collection, and you are filled with glee. A circuit is in difficulties, or a preacher and his family are embarrased, or the widows' annuities are reduced; and these things make you wild with delight. In quiet times and places you are silent and cheerless; but as soon as a sound of discord is heard, and feuds and disasters occur, you begin to revive, and things with you are "looking up." This is surely a new style of Christianity, and if you think it an improved one, would it not be well to embody its tenets in a formal creed? The world is not yet so wedded to the old system but that a bold enunciation of your principles might bring an unexpected succession of adherents."

"Whatever you may think of this suggestion, depend upon it, you must do something more than you are now doing, if you wish to be heard of ten years hence. No party can survive merely on the ground of its enmity to another. A hint has been thrown out, which may be worth your consideration,—whether by a union with some other small unpopular bodies your reversionary prospects might not be improved. There are, for instance, the homœopathists, who maintain that the great want of the times is a reform in medicine; but whose theories make hardly any impression upon the public bowels. There are

also the advocates of phonetic reform, who complain that the country is held in slavery by the present modes of spelling, and with whom I fancy many of your friends will sympathize, as in some local specimens of Reform literature which have come under my notice, I have remarked a similar impatience of orthographical restraints. If you could in any way unite with these people, and make a fair start altogether for reform in religion, reform in medicine, and reform in letters,—upon a great catholic basis like this, you might possibly take a permanent stand. I do not go into particulars as, if you approve of the plan it is your business rather than mine to work out the details."

"But the freedom of my remarks may impose too heavy a tax upon your friendship. If your errors were ten times as many they would not prevent the expression of my personal good wishes. Old remembrances come over me while I write, and shed a redeeming light upon what you now are, by turning to your former and better self. You are the victim of bad company. I look to your heart, after all, for correcting the infirmities of your head. Evil passions would not have misled you had they not come in the garb of generous feelings. But as a storm cannot become the natural state of the atmosphere, I will wait for it to pass. Last night the winds were roaring in the trees, the sea was swept with tempests, and the sky darkened with clouds and rain. It seemed as if nature were given over, a helpless prey, to the fury of the elements. But this evening the sun is shedding his parting beams upon a landscape as tranquil as the blue heavens above it. So die away the storms of human passion!—so the hurricanes of the mind, even in their fiercest march, are on their way to a haven of repose! That such a haven may be at no great distance from your present wanderings, is the sincere wish of yours ever truly."

"*Jany. 8th*, 1852."

The motto to these Letters was a quotation from Pascal, to the effect, that laughing at persons who profane religion by their extravagant sayings and doings, is a very different thing from laughing at religion itself. The majority will admit this, though there will always be a few whose minds are cast in that matter-of-fact mould that makes the line of demarcation between these two things to be scarcely perceptible. Certainly, there were not wanting in the defence of Methodism and its leading supporters, able tongues and practised pens; but its present assailants were men of a peculiar stamp, who thought proper to conduct their warfare against the Conference by a course of tactics hitherto unknown in church controversy. While other writers, therefore, confined themselves mainly to a vindication of the principles which the three expelled were everywhere denouncing, there was still some good service to be done by one who would fully expose to the public view the absurdity as well as the palpable wickedness of their proceedings. It never seems to have entered into the thought of these reverend agitators, that the very means they adopted for securing the public sympathy would only leave on every reflecting mind a full conviction of their own worthless characters, had no such conviction existed before. No just and righteous warfare ever was or could be conducted with such weapons as they handled; and although they succeeded well enough in the mere work of rousing the passions of that low and ignorant portion of the community to whom something of a stiring and exciting character never comes amiss, yet as far as the real cause between themselves and the Conference was concerned, they were at once condemned out of their own mouths.*

*A gentleman who attended one of their grand meetings in Cornwall was asked by a friend who met him on his return, what he thought of the three men and their cause. He replied, that as to their cause, he knew too little of Methodism to say much about it; but that as to the men, they were three ———, in fact, employing an epithet generally considered to be one of the plainest in the language.

These "storms of human passion," as the concluding Letter calls them, have now very nearly died away; and if they presented nothing more than a record of strife and bitterness between individuals, it were a thoroughly ungrateful task to revive the memory of scenes and circumstances which all would rather wish to be buried and forgotten. But in questions affecting the peace, purity, and progress of the Churches, the good and the evil are alike stereotyped for the page of history, and once placed on record can never be blotted out. It is not only impossible, but undesirable, that the case should be otherwise. The events of one generation are the lessons of another; and the calamities to which a church has been subjected through the reckless conduct of men who would move heaven and earth to gratify their vindictive passions, will not be without a salutary effect upon others, when the main agents in this unhallowed strife have long passed beyond the reach of human praise or blame.

CHAPTER XX.

THE papers thus far given to the reader have been carried on consecutively as far as the order of the subjects would permit. It only remains to supply a few others of a miscellaneous character.

THOMAS MOORE (1827.)

Moore is the greatest of our living poets, and a new work from his pen is hailed like the appearance of a new star. None of our bards have done so much towards delighting the heart with discoveries of its own undreamt of treasures, opening its hidden springs of feeling, and peopling it with images of beauty. We have none who can with equal felicity go down into its troubled depths, and from its very sorrows extract the balm which, hid like the invisible honey in the flower, it no sooner administered than it turns tears to smiles and sadness to song. The divine art of the poet is too frequently undervalued. We ourselves class the children of song among the greatest benefactors of mankind. They, more than any other writers, increase the stock of national happiness. Historians, Essayists, and Divines, are all excellent in their spheres, but how few understand and appreciate their merits compared with the countless number in whose bosoms the spirit of poetry is become a distinct and powerful passion. The pages of Bacon and Locke, bestrewed as they are with the richest manna of wisdom, have not conferred on mankind a tithe of the happiness felt by the thousands who have delighted in the beauties

and danced to the music of the Irish Melodies. Poetry is the language of the heart. Its subjects are the hopes and fears and passions that live and breathe in every human bosom. And therefore it is, and ever will be, more popular than any other species of literature. Well was it said by Lord Chatham, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I will not care who makes its laws." How many a heart has been animated to strength and victory by our national sea-songs. How many an humble and unlettered Christian has been comforted in life, and even in death, by that glorious burst of inspiration, beginning, "Vital spark," &c. The more purely intellectual that knowledge becomes, the more fewer will be its admirers and pursuers. The strength of a person's intellect may often be tested by gradually withdrawing it from the broad roads of poetry and fiction to the higher and more difficult paths of science. How many a man who has wandered widely in the fields of the novelist and the poet, finds himself cramped and fettered among the facts of history, breathes with difficulty within the severe rules and limits of philosophy, and absolutely expires in the fixed air of a metaphysical abstraction! . . . . . To Moore belongs the high honor of having opened up a new path in English literature. The gorgeous splendor and magnificence of oriential scenery—its natural beauties—its wonders of art—its temples, and palaces, and pyramids—mysterious in their structure and mighty in their decay,—were wanting to lend their inspiration to the Poet, and be "married to immortal verse." Fifty years since, a volume was put forth expressly for the purpose of rendering the richly poetical and figurative language of the east familiar to the British Muses. But it was a mere vocabulary of glittering words and stray metaphors. The path was still open to one worthy of treading it, and Moore was the first to enter it with success. Richly did it reward his adven-

turous attempt. Fountains flashed before him, and flowers sprung up beneath him at every step. Around him lay the talismans at whose bidding came voices of love and forms of beauty, and ministered to him abundantly. . . . We are not blind admirers of the genius of this distinguished poet. But with his failures as a political writer—his rancorous and ungrateful slanders as a satirist—and the impure and unholy strains which in his earlier days were warbled forth by his licentious muse—we can at present have nothing to do. Polluted as the medium may be through which the inspirations of genius are delivered, genius itself must ever demand our homage. However debased and vitiated by the corrupt influence of human depravity, it is still the noblest ornament of humanity—the attribute which connects man with angels—and is in itself a sublime revelation of a loftier and purer state of being.

Address at the Opening of the Camborne Literary Institution (1842).

I remember to have met with a remark made by Sir John Herschel, on the opening of a similar institution to this at Windsor, that the human mind is so constituted as to demand recreation in some shape—that its natural appetency for enjoyment would compel nurture from some source or other; and that therefore it is the province of wisdom to direct it into those channels whence it may draw the most pure and invigorating aliment. Now this truth is of so much importance that I cannot but regard all social institutions as imperfect which do not give it a practical recognition. In legislating on popular education the mind is too commonly regarded as an inert power, a dormant energy, which if not quickened into life will slumber on in a state of inactivity. It is not so. It is of

all powers the most essentially vital and active. It cannot rest in a motionless equilibrium. By a necessity of its nature it must be always in exercise. As Paley says of infants, that they are always walking without having any where to go, and talking without having anything to say, so the mind is constantly trying and putting forth its faculties even before it knows their nature or their use; and as it acquires strength, it will direct them to worthy or unworthy purposes. Its energy cannot be smothered, and if not active for good it must be active for evil. The intellectual soil may remain uncultivated, but it will not therefore be unproductive. We need but look around us to see some of the crops that are native to an uncultured soil. What are Chartism and Socialism but the noxious weeds that spring from the ground where no care has been taken that it should produce healthful fruits? And much as we may lament the prevalence of popular and mischievous delusions, what right have we to complain that if we have taken no pains to sow good seed, there should spring forth the fruits of bitterness,—that the tree which we have neglected to train into shapely appearance should shoot up into deformed and monstrous growth? The uneducated masses are conscious of a mind stirring within them—to use the words of Burns—"Like the gropings of the blind Cyclops in his cavern"; and if we refuse to couch the giant, what wonder we should sometimes suffer from his blind misguided strength? Suppose that in this parish every individual was able to read and understand the "Vicar of Wakefield," what would be the result? You might send back your police—you might disband your constabulary—you might abolish your petty sessions. Dr. Primrose and Mr. Burchell would keep the whole parish in order. The man who could enjoy that tale could not be a disturber of the public peace, simply because elegance of moral taste, and low brutal

habits do not naturally coalesce in the same individual It is therefore of the first importance that the mind be furnished with pure and healthful pleasures, instead of those that are mischievous and debasing; and this excellent purpose your institution answers. The communication of knowledge is the cheapest of all charities, because it enriches the receiver without impoverishing the giver. It is one of the most politic kinds of benevolence, because the good it produces is reflected back in a variety of forms on ourselves. And it is the most catholic in spirit, because it binds men together by the purest of all relationship, that of mind to mind; and apart from all social, political, or religious distinction, establishes among all men a common brotherhood on the ground of their common humanity. While thinking of the benefits of this institution, and of the pure happiness which it is the means of diffusing, I have been carried back in memory to that delightful period when through the medium of books we made our first excursion into the province of the imagination—when we passed the bounds of sense and reality into that new and brighter world of which genius is alone the creator, and which is peopled only with the beings on whom it has set the seal of its own immortality. No impressions are more durable than those which were then stamped upon the mind. The gravest events in the history of our times do not leave such imperishable traces. To preserve the recollection of social and legislative changes we require chronicles, and annual registers, and artificial aids of all kinds. But who forgets the period when he first traced the fortunes of Bunyan's Pilgrim, or wept over the fate of Paul and Virginia, or listened to the tale of Wordsworth's "Margaret." Suppose it were possible to serve a process of ejectment upon the memory, and it lay at our choice whether it should be dispossessed of the images of some grave historical personages, or of some others who figure

only among the impalpable creations of the mind,—I think there is but little doubt as to what the decision would be. Suppose such a choice to lie between Archbishop Laud, who stands prominently on the pages of history, and Dominie Sampson, whose only existence is in the fictions of Scott,—I should for my part be content to let the Archbishop vanish rather than part with the warm-hearted Dominie. It would be making a gap in one's historical recollections to part with James the First; but if the choice lay between his Majesty and a countryman of his,—Bailie Jarvie, I should feel compelled to give royalty the go-by, and keep hold of the honest Bailie, and his father "the deacon." I do not think I should long hesitate whether to part with Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, or George the Second and his man Sir Robert Walpole. If this institution assumed no other purpose than to stimulate the agreeable exercise of the imagination in those whose means or opportunities debar them from severer pursuits, I should think it worthy of all the labor and cost that have been bestowed on it. The grand distinction of life—that in which all other distinctions merge—is between those who are compelled to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, and those who are exempt from that necessity; and the most comprehensive benevolence—that which is conceived in the finest spirit of humanity—is the communication by the latter to the former of whatever tends to lighten the burden of the primitive curse. Now, if I understand rightly the purpose of this institution, its doors are open to the mechanic, to the poor, to the husbandman, to the laborers in every branch of industry. Wherever the disposition is found to make the benefits which it offers available, thither those benefits are allowed to flow. And I confess that (apart from those subjects of contemplation that have reference to our future existence) I know

of no greater blessing that you can confer upon the laboring man than to light up within his mind that inner world of thought and feeling into which he may retire at will, and find a compensation for the asperities of outward fortune; to confer upon him the power by which, while his hand is busy at the loom, or the anvil, or the plough, his mind is following with Spencer the fortunes of the Red Cross Knight, or pursuing with Fenelon the dream-like adventures of Telemachus, or wandering with Milton through Paradise. If I thought I were speaking to any who deem it idle talk to speak thus of the unsubstantial beings who exist only in the sphere of imagination, I would tell them that to me scarcely anything speaks more impressively of the brevity of our own existence than when I compare it with the undying creations of the poet or the painter. An incident occurs to me, which is recorded by some traveller in Sicily, who visited a monastery there in which are preserved some of the portraits of Titian. The aged monk who conducted him to the picture-room turned to him while gazing on the canvass, and said, "When I think of the many generations of my brethren who have successively exhibited these faces, which still stand here in the freshness of life while we are passing away to the tomb, it appears to me that *they* are the substance and *we* are the shadows." I see in an institution like this a practical testimony to a truth which ought never to escape our observation,—that mind is the great instrument on which the advancement of society depends. In the surrounding universe I see nothing so glorious as the mind by which it is surveyed; nor, apart from that mind, would the varied phenomena of the universe have any meaning or significance. The slightest change in the structure of the human intellect would inflict an injury upon nature which storms, or whirlwinds, or earthquakes, or any of its most destructive agencies, would but faintly image. Suppose there

were withdrawn from the mind the powers of abstraction or analysis, leaving all our other faculties untouched,—why, we can hardly estimate the disastrous consequences that would accrue to the world around us. The withdrawal of those faculties would incapacitate us for the science of number and magnitude, and without these mechanical genius would be useless. Our mineral treasures would still be imbedded in the earth, but for want of the mechanism by whose aid we explore them they would be sealed in impenetrable darkness and would thus be virtually annihilated. The sea with all its waves would still murmur around us, but no bark would again venture on its trackless expanse, and the highway of all the world would become as perfect a solitude as if wrapped in ice from pole to pole. We should still see the sun shining in the heavens, the moon walking in brightness, and one star differing from another in glory; but they would appear to us only as so many inexplicable riddles. And thus, though untouched itself, all nature would be eclipsed through the obscuration of the light by which alone its mysteries can be interpreted and its latent powers brought into effective action.

Dr. Channing (1842.)

It is with feelings of deep regret that we see announced in the American journals the death of that distinguished ornament of his country and his times, Dr. Ellery Channing. Men like him appear but at such rare and distant intervals, that the whole commonwealth of humanity lament their loss. "They darken nations when they die." No public man in the States sustained so high and pure a reputation as Dr. Channing. In any age or country his great intellectual endowments would have lifted him into fame; but his true fame does not rest so

much upon their mere possession as upon their consecration to the enduring interests of his race. He valued them only as means to an end—and that end the freedom and happiness of mankind. The spirit of philanthropy never glowed more warmly in a human heart. To him all men were brethren. The claims of man, as *man*, were stronger than any founded on mere external distinctions. His intense sympathy with humanity, whether suffering from oppression, or error, or even from crime, breathes through and gives a tone and coloring to all his writings. Every word comes direct from his heart; and though sometimes differing from his views, we are compelled to respect, to admire, nay even to love him. No man so soon makes himself felt as the *friend* of the reader. In this respect he equals him, the portrait of whose character is perhaps the noblest of all his writings—Fenelon. In his most elaborate performances this pervading spirit of a living humanity never escapes us for a moment. He seems indeed to have been fitted for some of his highest efforts as much by his moral as by his intellectual qualities. He understood the catholic temper of Milton by likeness, —the essential selfishness of Napoleon by contrast. His denunciations of slavery are uttered in the tone of one who would deem it as great a calamity to impose a yoke as to endure it. The best parts of his writings are those which reflect most faithfully the hues of his own feelings.

The Americans may well be proud of Dr. Channing, for apart from his moral merits he is with reference to his intellectual claims alone, the first man on their rolls of fame. We say this with a distinct remembrance of the achievements of Washington Irving, who is probably the only one besides for whom such an honor would be claimed. In England, he did not for a long time, win the reputation he merited. This was partly to be attributed to the ungenerous tone in which his works were

spoken of by our leading literary journals. The treatment he received from the *Edinburgh Review* was shabby in the extreme. It made no direct attack, but attempted to "damn him with faint and feeble praise." In the first notice of his writings which appeared in that journal, the longest extract given as a specimen was taken from his sermon to children, a discourse of singular merit in itself, but not calculated to display any of the higher qualities of his mind. The *Quarterly* has not, to our recollection, noticed him otherwise than incidentally. On one occasion it spoke of him "as one of those men who are a blessing to their age and country,"—an encomium which makes its otherwise unbroken silence respecting him the more reproachful. Slowly, however, and on their own merits alone, the value of his works become appreciated, and they are now "beyond the reach of praise or censure."

The loss of Dr. Channing at this particular juncture will be more especially regretted by all who are watching the tendency of events to the extinction of slavery in the United States. He had recently posted himself in the foreground of the contest between the slaveholders and the abolitionists. His public addresses on this question are exhaustive of the subject, and through them "he being dead yet speaketh." The seed he has thus sown cannot fail to bear fruit. From his silent grave his testimony against that giant iniquity will still be given, nor can it be given in vain.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1844.)

The reader who has looked through the obituary list in the journals of the last month may have noticed the following brief record among the catalogue of persons undistinguished save by the transient interest with which death invests the humblest being it touches.

"At Boulogne, Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' aged 54."

We must be excused if we turn aside a little from the subjects which claim our weekly notice, to devote a few passing remarks to this melancholy event. We cannot imitate the brevity with which our brethren of the press record it. A statesman dies—and all the journals of the kingdom are filled with the mournful details. A great poet passes away—and these two lines are all that tell the loss. Yet, if all our living statesmen were to die to-morrow, their places might be re-filled the day after, and we should be unconscious of any loss that had not been repaired; while the loss of a great poet is total and irreparable. "Of all the members of mankind," says Sir William Temple, "that live within the compass of a thousand years, for one man that is born capable of making a great poet, there may be a thousand born capable of making as great generals and ministers of state as any in history."

Thomas Campbell had in him the soul of a true poet. He was an honor to the country that gave him birth, and his memory is now a part of that country's renown. He had the great fortune to shoot almost at once to the zenith of his fame. His "Pleasures of Hope" placed him instantly, on its appearance, among the master spirits of his time. In one respect, his sudden fame was *too* great. It filled him with a fear of losing it by his after efforts. The standard which he had himself erected for the trial of his future productions was so high that he feared to fall short of it. "Campbell" said Sir Walter Scott, "is afraid of the shadow that his own fame has cast before him; he has wings that would bear him to the skies, but he is afraid of venturing off his perch." But we see no reason why, because a man gives the world one great poem, they are entitled to demand from him a

second. If he produces another, well; but if not, the intrinsic worth of the first is not lessened by it. The fame of "The Pleasures of Hope" was enough for one man. It is not however the whole of Campbell's fame. His noble lyrics "The Battle of the Baltic" and "Ye Mariners of England" will give him the most enviable portion of his immortality. We do not feel ourselves competent to say what are the very purest and richest bursts of inspiration in the whole compass of British song, but at the moment of writing we can remember nothing superior to these. When they were first sung they struck at once into the national heart; and they will live there till it shall cease to beat. To their stormy melody the blood ebbs and flows like the tides to the moon.

Few men who have written so little have risen to such celebrity. A tiny volume contains the whole of Campbell. But it is a cabinet packed full of essences. Between those slender covers what forms of power and beauty are imprisoned! Open them and the whole field of sight is filled with the moving visions. The poet is the true magician. His talismans unlock at a touch the secrets of the great deep. He breathes upon a few common words, and what a glory they kindle. He flings a few sounds upon the air, and they become eternal melodies.

Like his countryman Burns, he was a patriot. His large humanity took fire at great wrongs and burned to avenge them. In the works of no other man of equal genius is there so large a portion traceable to a warm sympathy with the victims of political oppression. The struggling Greeks, the exiles of Poland, the few noble spirits of Spain,—they were all his brethren. Wherever freedom was battling with oppression, he rejoiced in its triumph or wept over its grave.

We have referred only to those productions by which Campbell is most distingushed,—by which he will be

best known to posterity. His other works abound with bright sprinklings of song, which alone would have placed him on a respectable level among the poets of the age. Next to his poems we value his criticisms on poetry,—those brief but spirited and suggestive notices prefixed to the "Specimens." His later prose works were not worthy of him. His genius burst into flower in the spring. Compared with his earlier efforts his later were failures. Other causes than a natural decay of his powers, have been assigned for this,—whether true or not, we feel no right to inquire. We have only to do with the poet, not with the man. There have not been wanting—shame to humanity!—men who could triumph over his mental fall. Of whatever seductions he might himself have been the victim, they had no influence on his writings. In his whole works there is not a line which dying he would wish to blot. Contemporary with the courtezan muse of Moore and the profligacies of Byron, he kept the purity of his page inviolate. He sleeps in Westminster Abbey; and while many have descended to their last abode with more funeral pomp, none have left a purer, and few a higher fame, than that of Thomas Campbell.

MISSIONS.

(Wesleyan Anniversary, Truro, 1845.)

I think it impossible to witness the crowded audiences which from year to year assemble on these occasions, without having the conviction forced on my mind that the cause of Missions has now passed its transition state, and gone out of its nonage into the years of discretion; that it now no longer occupies the debateable ground of speculation, but is ranked among our acknowledged duties, and is looked upon as worthy of the steady and general support of the Christian world. If I were required to state

the principal grounds on which I rest my humble support of Missions I should do so in this way,—that we profess to be followers of Him who came into this world to shed illumination, not merely on one people or on one province, or on any particular family of mankind, but to be the light of the whole world; and that the spiritual blessings which He dispensed came with an injunction that as we have freely received, so we should freely give. And if you ask to whom we must go to impart these blessings, the answer is furnished in the words of His own lips—"Go ye forth into all the world and preach the gospel unto every creature." These simple words form the most elevated platform on which the argument for Christian Missions can be placed, and if we are animated with the spirit which they breathe, we may, in an assembly of this kind, without voice or sound, proceed to deposit our gifts upon the altar, every man as God has prospered him, and then part with the conviction that we have obeyed the requisitions of the Divine will. But as this duty is not yet perfectly recognised, I may advert to two or three particular arguments for the cause. We take broader grounds than an appeal merely to the members of Christian communities. Wherever there is a man interested in the spread of social freedom, who wishes well to the general interests of his kind, and who is anxious to promote the advancement of science and intellectual cultivation,—to that man we feel ourselves at liberty to appeal, because these minor blessings cannot be diffused so widely and efficiently by any means as by Christianity. Cast the eye over the world, and we shall find that when we have passed the limits of our religion we have passed the limits of whatever adorns or dignifies our common nature. All history and experience, since the introduction of Christianity, concur in shewing that wherever Christianity has had the freest expression, there also has

the human mind produced the richest and noblest fruits. In a country like our own, where this religion numbers its growth by centuries, it may reasonably be expected to put forth its natural accompaniments of schools, colleges, universities, churches, and chapels. But how comes it to pass that where we find these things we never find them alone?—that where we find them there we find the halls of science, the galleries of art, the observatory of the astronomer, the laboratory of the chemist, the cell of the solitary student, and the workshop of the artizan? So that, whatever is original in discovery, or noble in invention,—whatever is striking in conception or beautiful in thought,—whatever are the productions of philosophic genius, of poetic inspiration, or imaginative art, we behold them all constellated and clustered around this religion. By an effort of fancy we may summon before the eye a long array of Christian reformers, martyrs, philanthropists, and defenders of the faith; but the procession will not stop with these. I can see one whose eye rolls in vain to find the day, whilst he sings

> "Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, with all our woe."

And there is Bacon, the prophet of Nature; and Newton, crowned with stars; and Addison, who first carried the light of Christian truth into the philosophy of daily life. And there is Watt, with his steam-engine, and Dalton, with his atomic theory; and Davy, with his safety-lamp. Am I told that all this is an exaggeration of the fancy? Am I asked for arguments in proof of the natural connection of Christianity with philosophy, science, and poetry? I answer, that I am prepared with no arguments, but with the fact—which supersedes all reasoning—that wherever Christianity is, they are, and wherever it is not, they are

not. I would advert to a topic which may not claim the attention of any other speaker. I refer to the condition of the wandering tribes of the house of Israel, in favor of whom a very general and increasing interest exists amongst the friends of missions in this country. To me there is something more touching in the judicial blindness of the Jews than in the natural blindness of the heathen. The one appears to be the darkness that has never been disturbed; the other, that intense gloom on a spot from which the sun has just withdrawn. Apart from other claims, there is something in the historical lineage of the Jew which creates for him a deep and lasting interest. Look at the splendor of the lineage of our most illustrious houses,—for instance, the Howards, the Tudors, or Plantagenets; they all fade away before the historical splendor of the lineage of the humblest Israelite. The ruined thrones of all the great nations of antiquity are but as so many landmarks in the pathway of Jewish history. The Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman—the Jew is before them all, and he survives them all. They have all been by turns his oppressors, and he has lived to write the record of his deliverance on the dust of their tombs. *They* have passed away, they survived not in their children, the souls of Empires have died. But *he* remains the same, unchanged by time or circumstance. We meet him at this day, wearing the very looks and speaking the very tones of the men who marched in triumph with Moses through the Red Sea, or the captives who wept by the waters of Babylon. The Jewish women to this day reflect the forms of Sarah and of Esther, and the poor Israelite we pass in the streets has in his veins the very blood that flowed in the veins of Abraham. But we ought not to forget that our sympathy for the Jews should be greatly increased by the thought that we have stepped into their forfeited possessions. Do you ask where we are to send

missionaries to the Jews? Alas, the Arab has his desert, the Indian his forest, but Israel has no home, the people are wanderers and strangers in every land. It is gratifying to find that the Christian world is, however, beginning to take such interest in their case, and that, from the accounts of the deputation lately sent to the Continent by the Jewish Mission connected with the Free Church of Scotland, whilst missionaries are debarred from approaching the natives, they are permitted free access to the Jews. This cheering fact fills me with hope of the speedy advent of a better and brighter day. The history of the Jews reminds me of that continental river, which, after running some hundreds of miles, is suddenly submerged and lost to the sight, but still works its way in silence and in darkness underneath, till at a great distance it rises again and flows on in its regular course. So the stream of Jewish history flows up to a certain point, and is then suddenly lost sight of; but it still silently works its way underneath till in the track of the future I see it emerge bright with prophetic light, and flowing on in brightness and glory until it mingles with that stream which makes glad the city of our God. The funds of this year show a marked increase, and their object is still the same—to diffuse a free Christianity throughout the world by a free ministry, —a religion which we believe is able to go alone. "I cannot conceive," said Robert Hall, "of a revelation which is not able to be trusted by itself." Some think they may be content if they can maintain the position they have reached, without going further. But I do not think that we shall be so contented; and I believe that whenever the spirit of renovation comes to the Church, it will be heralded by a spirit of self-sacrifice of which we can scarcely as yet form any conception. I feel, as surely as if by prophetic instinct, that the day is not far distant when we shall not be able to endure idol sacrifice and

worship to be continued in the sight of God, for if a single people or nation can be delivered from a false religion, why not the whole world? Two or three centuries ago Scotland was delivered from the dominion of the Church of Rome,—a task much more difficult than that of delivering a heathen nation from a cart-load or two of wooden gods. And how was it done? Because John Knox and his associates calculated what they had to do, and trained up their energies accordingly. They were not content with cutting off a few streams and leaving the fountain-head still flowing; but they resolved not to leave them an inch of ground, or stop till they had driven the pestilential heresy beyond the boundaries of their land. And what do we want but the spirit of Knox to win the victory of Knox? There are difficulties in the missionary's path, but none which Christian faith and hope cannot overcome. If the instruments with which we work are divine, what will be the effects? Look at all the Christian churches and establishments throughout the world, and when you ask whence came those glorious spots that begem the moral horizon, trace the rays of light as they narrow back through the mists of antiquity till they all converge over the babe sleeping in the manger at Bethlehem—and then ask whether the divinity of the instruments is not authenticated? The gospel, with silent but mighty power, shall spread around irresistibly, until the idols of eastern idolatry shall collapse and fade, and those of mystic Babylon shall totter to their fall, and it shall yet go on expanding in wider and wider circles till at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God."

The flight of time brings us to 1865; a long interval from the period when the letters on the Wesleyan Agita-

tion were written, and during which, anything in the shape of composition for the press was mainly in the way of relaxation from other engagements. The general election which took place this year, was attended with some circumstances of more than ordinary interest, and as the writer was at that time occupied with business to a somewhat greater extent than was beneficial to his health and spirits, he found it an agreeable diversion to draw up for his old acquaintance the *West Briton*, an elaborate article on the position and prospects of the Palmerston Government. He entered into this question with all the zest which attached to the productions of earlier days; and, although for many a year he had been rather a reader than a discusser of politics, the vigour of the article is perhaps, not surpassed by his best efforts on former occasions.

The Elections.

Liberalism or Conservatism? Lord Palmerston or Lord Derby?—these are the questions which the country has been called upon to decide; and the answer has been most unequivocally given—Liberalism and Lord Palmerston. By Liberalism we understand political freedom, religious freedom, and commercial freedom. An amended representation, and exemption from obnoxious ecclesiastical imposts, are what the nation expects in extension of the two former. The latter has been already so successfully opened up that its benefits have been presented to us in a palpable form. Free commerce is not now a mere notion in the public mind—it means wheat at sixteen shillings a bushel instead of twenty-four shillings, tea at half-a-crown instead of five shillings, sugar at sixpence a pound instead of a shilling, and French wine at a shilling a bottle instead of three and sixpence. Winthrop Praed

says he once saw in a dream a happy land where twopenny loaves were sold for a penny. Liberalism is an approach to this state of things. We pronounce any rules of political economy to be sound ones, if by them a sovereign can obtain for us as much food and clothing as could have been bought for thirty shillings a generation ago. The grandest result of all the philosophy which can be brought to bear upon the subject is to enable us to make the most of our money.

The last Parliament showed no improvement in the policy of our Conservatives. There was no good measure which they did not oppose, nor bad one which they did not support. Happily, their numbers were never sufficient to give them a victory, and so it was not necessary to make an appeal to the country. Still, there were occasions in which parties were too nearly balanced for the safety of the Government; and when a dissolution took place by mere efflux of time, we could but watch with the liveliest interests the currents of public feeling as indicative of our future policy. Whatever doubt may have been felt on the subject has been pleasantly removed. The result of the elections gives to the Ministry a working majority of seventy for the next parliament. The Government is now so strong that we have no wish to see it stronger.

We shall not weary ourselves by going over the stock topics of the electioneering speeches and addresses. But one word upon parliamentary reform. There is no violent excitement upon the subject; but it is unreasonable to infer from this that the public do not feel a deep interest in it. We do not remember to have seen an address by any Liberal candidate in which it was not prominent; and even by Conservative candidates it was generally alluded to,—many of them indeed acknowledging that something must be done in that direction, and offering to support any

scheme that may meet with their approval; which we verily believe they will. Now surely after so much has been said it will be most unfortunate if nothing is done. We go into no details of the measure, but if *some* scheme should not be brought forward, sufficiently strong to give to the general intelligence of the people, whether in the working classes or any other, a weight in the representation which it does not now possess, and also to smooth down such rugged inequalities as we witness amongst ourselves, in that while Bodmin returns two members to Parliament, Penzance, and Camborne, and Redruth, and St. Austell have not between them a voice in the representation; and if, when such a measure proposed, it be met by the Conservatives—as we expect it will be—with deadly hostility, and if the Liberals divide into small sections, each one standing upon its own crotchet, and not yielding to a spirit of mutual concession, without which they know that nothing can be accomplished; and if, as the result of such hostility and such divisions, the proposal be again shelved, then the next Parliament will close with a very cloudy and equivocal reputation. It will have created a general feeling of the insincerity of public men and the hollowness of all political professions, of being deceived and betrayed in our just and reasonable hopes and expectations; and will thus have done more to alienate the confidence of the people, and tarnish the honor of the senate, than any parliament within living memory.

We must glance rapidly at some of the elections on which the public eye fixes with peculiar interest. We hardly know a finer specimen of the majesty of the people to exhibit to an intelligent Frenchman, than to show him the first minister of the State, clothed virtually with greater power than the monarch, taking his carpet-bag in his hand on the dissolution of parliament, and going down

to ask the tradesmen in a small Devonshire town to give him a seat in the new House of Commons. Every tailor and shoemaker in Tiverton must feel himself an inch higher when Lord Palmerston comes to ask him for his vote. His lordship did hint in his address at overtures having been made to him by other constituencies; but this must pass as a bit of hustings brag. We dont think he would have got in for Launceston or St. Ives; but though not up to the mark for these places, he shews no sign of decay. Now past his eightieth year, his eloquence is as fresh and vigorous, his humour as lively, and his animal spirits as exuberant as when he was forty. The only thing wanting at the Tiverton election was somebody for him to buff at and toss. We were disappointed that Mr Rowcliffe did not make his appearance. What is become of that patriot? Has he kept staunch to his principles? We confess to some misgivings. It was rather ominous when his lordship stated in the House of Commons that he and Rowcliffe after all were very good friends at the bottom. His creed, if we remember rightly, was not well defined; but what was wanting in that way was more than made up by the pluck and hardihood of the man; and it lessens one's faith in human nature when such men turn out in the end to be reedy and flexible. To what spells did that apparently invincible mind succumb? Was the change within him a thing about which he talked freely with his friends? or did it take place in the solitude of his own thoughts? We must be content to remain in ignorance, but with the feeling that it might be an instructive record if we could trace clearly the phases of doubt in the minds of the Tiverton butcher.

The election for Oxford University created probably a deeper interest in the public mind than any other. A contest in which every voter is a man of education and

refinement, in which the candidates themselves do not even approach the scene of contest, and in which not a sound of popular clamor can be heard,—these are circumstances which must always give a special interest to a University contest. In this case the interest was heightened by the opposite character of the candidates. One was a man distinguished by his scholarly accomplishments, his statesman-like wisdom, and the splendor of his oratorical genius; and who had, moreover, represented the University in parliament for eighteen years. His opponent was a Mr Gathorne Hardy, of whom but little is known twenty miles from his own dwelling, and of whose coarseness of mind we may judge from his having had the execrably bad taste to speak the other day, in a hustings speech, of a man so immeasureably his superior as Earl Russell, as "a whipped hound,"—this gentleman has been chosen by the most ancient seat of learning in the realm, to represent its intellect and its dignity in the House of Commons. How strange it seems that if the choice between these two, instead of being made by men of learning and talent, had been made by the lowest constituency in England, by creatures with their hands stained with bribes, and their brains muddled with beer, they could not make a worse decision than has been come to by the University of Oxford. Mr Gladstone's offence was, that he would extend the franchise to a humbler class of voters than are now admitted to it. The University fired at this, on the ground that such men are incompetent to exercise the elective trust with discretion; and to show the soundness of this opinion, of two men the very antipodes of each other, one whose voice charms a listening senate, and the other, whose flowers of rhetoric are best adapted to a brutal crowd, they dismiss the first in disgrace and elect the second as representative of the most ancient and celebrated academy in the world!

But let us be just to Oxford. Nowhere is this humiliating result so deeply regretted as by the University itself. Within its halls Mr Gladstone is at this moment the most popular man in England; and if the votes of the resident electors had determined the contest, he would have been returned by a triumphant majority. But, by an unfortunate extension of its privileges, the votes of the University extend to non-residents, scattered all over the kingdom; and it is by men buried in country solitudes, filled with what is called "port wine orthodoxy," and having a jealous horror of any enlargement of popular rights, that this inglorious contest has been decided. Sydney Smith complained of the deplorable state of mind in which he generally found men who lived twelve miles from a market town. And if a search were made through the country, it is surprising what a number of people of this kind might be ferreted out—men whose notions of government have undergone no change for a generation —who still stick to the maxims current in the days of Lord Eldon, and instead of progressing with the course of events, remain moored by a chain which they can neither lengthen or remove. It is at their hands that Oxford has sustained such a disgrace as has not befallen her for a century.

Our county elections have been merely ceremonies. The former members have been returned without any opposition. For West Cornwall no Conservative would stand any chance. In the eastern division parties are more equally divided, and there seems to be a tacit understanding that each shall return a member. In the boroughs victory has inclined to the Liberal side. The return of Mr Young for Helstone marks the revival of an independent spirit which had been too long depressed by the acre-ocracy. The crowing on the Conservative side before the election was very loud, and from an ill-written

parting address by the defeated candidate, we fear he does not bear his reverse with the equanimity which becomes him. At St. Ives a valorous effort was made to gain a free voice in the representation; but, although the flame of liberty burned brightly in the town, it was extinguished by the mephitic vapors of Towednack and Lelant. At Launceston we have a specimen of Conservatism in its palmiest days. There the happy electors live in a blissful freedom from political responsibilities, having precisely the same influence in the election of their member as they have in the choice of the Lama of Thibet. As part of the chattels of the Warrington estate, they have lately had a change of owners; and we must admit that the mode in which the transfer has been made is rather complimentary to them, in contrast with the usual procedure in such cases. Instead of going with the estate, they have been sold as a separate lot,—a distinction of which we trust they are duly sensible. They are said to have fetched £5,000. Mr. C——, their new master, is a Conservative of a milder type than the run of members under the reign of the Percys. One of his supporters on the hustings—himself an avowed Liberal—said that the hon. member's views are so undecided that he may be looked upon as in a transitorial state, with a fair prospect of coming round to a right way of thinking. This was a singular style of eulogium, but as it drew forth no disclaimer, it was, perhaps, not far from the truth. At all events, Mr. Disraeli will hardly be safe in putting down the member for Launceston among his reliable forces.

To men familiar with electioneering matters forty years ago, the quietness and despatch with which they are conducted now-a-day must shew a striking contrast. At our county election last week our thoughts naturally reverted to the scenes of former times at Lostwithiel, when a turmoil was kept up for fourteen days from the Land's End to

the Tamar, while the politically halt, and lame, and maimed, and blind, were being brought up to the contest, and that ingenious little mechanical instrument, the screw, was at work in every variety of application. The Cornish elections alone, in those days, would furnish materials for a volume. Fancy the returns for Truro being made by four-and-twenty electors; and even when that venerable conclave was assembled, having to wait—as was once actually the case—for a messenger from Tregothnan, with the names of the candidates, before they could proceed to business. A batch of the "free and independent" members of Penryn were once sent to another nobleman's seat to be kept out of the way till the contest was over. We knew an astute old lawyer who, on one occasion, had the delicate task of taking care of a squad of voters at a borough election, on the night previous to the last day of polling. His business was to keep them snug till the election was over, and this he accomplished by plying them with abundance of good cheer at an inn where the rooms were darkened. There they were kept in a muddled condition, unconscious of the flight of time, till it was no longer in their power to do any harm. But one of the best stories on record is told of a county election. A party of voters were on their way to Lostwithiel from the Far West. Their geographical knowledge, as was common in those days, was limited by personal observation, and of the land east of Truro they had as indistinct notions as Lord Poppington had of the country beyond Hyde Park. "I am told, said his lordship, "that beyond Hyde Park, it is all a desert." The adventurous band made their way successfully to Truro, but passing beyond, they entered upon a *terra incognita*, and it was while travelling through what is called "The Gregor Country," that their perils began. They were met, however not by enemies, but by friends,—people who shewed an unac-

countable delight at seeing them, and were singularly pressing in their hospitalities. Before such ardent friendship they succumbed, were separated from each other, and led away to the houses of their entertainers, and it is said that of that devoted band not one ever made his appearance at Lostwithiel.

For more than twenty years the counties have been the strongholds of the Conservatives. There they regarded themselves as impregnable. They did not generally return statesmen of a high order. There was a strong muster of baronets, men of old country families dating back to the flood; not remarkable for the clearness of their views, but filled with a vinous hot-headed zeal for keeping all things as they are. One of their own order is pleasantly described by Washington Irving,—"a fine old worthy, who always protested over his third bottle that there was no distress in the country." There was also a large sprinkling of retired colonels. Their heavy tramp was heard especially in the Midland Counties,—men who in point of political intelligence were pretty much on a par with the redoubtable Major General who spoke of the Permissive Bill the other day at Falmouth, as a bill for regulating attendance upon public worship. At the last general election even the Liberals seemed to acquiesce in leaving the Counties to the Conservatives, but this time they resolved upon storming some of those citadels. The results have been such as must prompt to fuller aggression. In South Lancashire—Lord Derby's own domain—where three Conservatives had been returned, Mr. Gladstone at two or three days notice wrested one of the seats. In Hertfordshire, held by Sir Bulwer Lytton and two other Conservatives, as apparently secure as a family property, the Hon. H. Cowper (a classic name in Hertfordshire) has tried his strength with them and placed himself at the head of the poll. In North Essex Sir

Thomas Western has ousted Major Beresford. In North Wilts, Lord Charles Bruce is in the ascendant, leaving one of the Conservative candidates, Sir George Jenkinson, undisturbed leisure for burnishing up the family plate, about which he made such a stir. In Cardiganshire and South Shropshire a Liberal displaces a Conservative. The Southern division of Yorkshire is a new electoral district, succeeding to the forfeited franchise of a corrupt borough. The contest was one of the hottest we have had, but was carried by two Liberals. On the other side, the most noticeable reverse is in Berkshire. That county returned two Liberals and one Conservative; and as parties were pretty equally divided, this was an arrangement of which the Liberals had no right to complain. In an evil hour they resolved on having the whole representation to themselves. The solitary Conservative was more than they could tolerate. The royal county was not to be so dishonored. They could have no peace while this Mordecai sat in the King's gate. So they resolved upon a thorough sweep; and as a natural consequence the Conservatives rallied all their forces, and they succeeded in gaining the three seats for themselves. We must admit that the effort did them honor. It is melancholy to see one's friends floundering in a ditch, but we cannot pump up a tear for their reverses. Such sottish hardihood deserved the punishment it has met with. In East Norfolk there has been a slight reverse, owing to the illiberal act of a professedly Liberal nobleman, who sent a circular to his tenantry requesting them to vote for his brother Col. Coke. This raised a storm of indignation and lost Col. Coke his seat. Oddly enough the tenant farmers of Norfolk have replaced the Colonel by returning one of themselves, a Mr. Read. What a shock must this have given to the aristocratic sensibilities of the county!—a tenant farmer returned to Parliament, with a baronet and a colonel left

at the bottom of the poll. Mr. Read said on the hustings with great *naivete*, that he could not fancy how he should feel "when sitting with six or seven hundred gentlemen." He goes to the House of Commons, by his own account, to shed some clearer light upon the malt-tax, with a view to its repeal. It is certain that light upon this matter is very much wanted. We know of no proposal brought before the last parliament, against which so much is to be said, and in favor of which so little, as to the repeal of the malt-tax. We have never heard one solitary argument in favor of its repeal worth a minute's attention from any intelligent or thoughtful man. We have fresh in our recollection at this moment all the arguments which have been pleaded for its remission, and there is not one which, if Jeremy Bentham were alive, he might not appropriately include in a new edition of his Book of Fallacies. The last time the proposal was made it was very properly entrusted to Sir Bulwer Lytton, as the most accomplished master of fiction in the House. Under his charge it met with but very indifferent success, and we shall be curious to see what new aspect the question will assume in passing from the hands of the sprightly novelist to those of the tenant farmer.

In no part of the United Kingdom have the results been more gratifying than in Ireland. For once that unhappy country seems to be governed by common sense. Never was the House of Commons so disgraced as by a section of the Irish members who sat in the last Parliament,—men by whom all imperial interests were subordinated to any party crotchet or local job. If the Government had been tripped up on the Denmark affair, it would not have been by the English and Scotch members, of whom a large majority were the supporters of Lord Palmerston, but by a score of Irishmen bent simply on making their power felt by damaging the Ministry. These men would run with

the hare or the hounds. They sat with the Liberals but voted with the Conservatives,—having fronts of brass but not a rag of character—their presence an offence to the whole House—scorned and detested alike by the friends they betrayed and the enemies they served. The most honourable *soubriquet* by which they were known, was "The Pope's Brass Band." Happily the Irish constituencies have seen through these impostors and sent most of them in search of more honest employment.

Scotland has again been eminently faithful to the Liberal cause. It is remarkable that the Scotch boroughs, without a single exception, have returned a Liberal representative, while most of the counties are also on the same side. Conservatives in that country must be very rare or very unpopular. If we have any fault to find with Scotland, it is that Liberalism is there rather *too* strong. Lord Palmerston freely admitted in his speech at Tiverton, that the Government worked best with even a strong and vigorous Opposition; but if all the returns were fashioned upon the Scottish model the few Conservatives in the House might just as well vacate their seats and seek their happiness in domestic life.

Mr. Disraeli has been summing up the results of the election to the farmers at Newport Pagnell. The hon. gentleman has long been known as a master of eloquence; he now comes out as a master of arithmetic. By a curious process of calculation he makes it appear—more satisfactorily, we fear, to his audience than himself—that on the whole the numerical force will be just the same, on each side of the House, as in the last Parliament. Thus it is that

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

He reckons, as two main sources of his strength, upon several Liberal members being unseated upon election peti-

tions; and also upon the support of a few professed Liberals, whose sympathies, he says are with the other party. As to his other ground of hope, the thinning of the Irish clique, to whom we have elsewhere alluded, has very much narrowed it; and amongst English or Scotch members politicians of that type are fortunately but rare. We need not envy the Conservative leader any banquet he can prepare from such crumbs of consolation as these.

CHAPTER XXI.

WITH the foregoing article the writer's contributions to the press terminated. He had intended to resume the subject in the following week, but ere then he had passed away from among the living.

The preceding pages will have given the reader the means of forming a general estimate of the subject of these memoirs, and it only remains now to supply such additional observations as may be necessary for the understanding of a character of more than ordinary interest in the social, intellectual, and religious sphere in which he moved. As a literary man, his strength lay chiefly in certain departments which were especially congenial with his tastes, and his intimate converse with which made him comparatively indifferent to that wide and multifarious range of subjects which is often identified with book-learning. He had received in his early years nothing beyond a plain elementary education, and was thrown into the active business of life while yet scarcely able to appreciate the value of intellectual wealth. To classical scholarship he made no pretensions, though the study of Latin was at one time prosecuted with considerable diligence in the way of self-tuition. This was carried on by early rising in the long summer days, when the hour of 5 A.M. would find him seated at a desk in his chamber fully occupied with some author whose rank among the Roman writers never reached quite so high as Cornelius Nepos. The possession, however, of any quantity of latinity could not fail to invest him with much importance in a household to every other member of which all lan-

guages, save that of the mother tongue, were entirely unknown. It also served as a key to many classical proverbs and aphorisms, scattered on the pages of the family library, and was sometimes called into exercise, though seldom with much effect, in the interpretation of a volume which we all regarded with wonder and astonishment. This was a huge book of the folio size, entitled *De Re Metallica*, and professing to give a full and comprehensive description of the various methods employed in raising, reducing, and manufacturing the different metallic substances known to the world about two centuries ago,—as far as the date can now be remembered. It was illustrated rather than adorned by very numerous engravings of the various machinery and operations connected with the art; and having come into the parental hand as a present from a friend who thought it would be interesting to a practical miner, was considered a somewhat valuable curiosity. The great drawback on the pleasure it might have afforded was, that it was written in Latin, so that much more was really learnt from the pictures than from the letter-press. The assistance of the young latinist, however, was in frequent demand if happily some particular passage of seemingly great interest might be rendered intelligible. It was not, however, to be wondered at that, although the style of composition was of the plainest and homeliest description, the vocabulary of such a book—dealing with subjects altogether different from the Ciceronian class of meditations—made the interpretation of its dark pages a work of no ordinary labor.

To this stock of Latin was added a sufficient knowledge of the French language to read it with tolerable facility. In the mathematics he did nothing, and though his aversion to this department of learning was certainly far less than that of one of *Blackwood's* heroes, who "hated Euclid and all his propositions," it may safely be asserted

that for few persons had the science of number and quantity less charms than for him. He had indeed procured a copy of the famous Greek geometer at a time when this, in common with many other things, was thought necessary to intellectual accomplishment. But that fatal fifth proposition in the first book was never surmounted.

At the period now alluded to, the books which formed the staple of his general reading were those which are popularly styled the English Classics, of which a very neat and uniform edition was at that time issued by a well-known London publisher. A small deal book-case, measuring some four feet by three, manufactured at the mine and conveyed thence to the house over three miles of ground by himself and one of the laborers, was destined to receive the books which formed the foundation of what was eventually a rather imposing library. Of the large and miscellaneous collection of volumes which were thus for more than forty years accumulating, his attention was mainly given to those which dealt with poetry and criticism. Among the poets he was of course sufficiently orthodox to place Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton in the first rank of those with whom any one pretending to literary taste must be familiar; but he never affected to disclaim the fellowship of that very numerous class of readers who, while duly acknowledging the supreme merit of these great masters in the poetic art, turn for the most part to authors of a less gifted but more attractive character. Moore and Byron had probably the greatest share in his regards before he had cultivated that severer taste which relishes the productions of Coleridge and Wordsworth; and of the latter of these it is perhaps hardly saying too much to state, that in his after years, had he no other alternative he would have secured the writings of Wordsworth at the sacrifice of every other poet. Without making him the object of an undiscriminating admi-

ration, without being blind to the fact that Wordsworth had justly exposed himself to ridicule by the adoption of a poetical theory which he was generally far too wise to follow up in practice, he could not but see in this great author's writings a combination of the richest and rarest excellences. The simplicity of his style, the chastened beauty of his imagination, the breezy freshness of his communings with Nature in all her forms of loveliness, sublimity, and grandeur, the mystic spirituality with which his genius imbued the scenes and incidents of every-day life—all coupled with that pure morality to which no polluting or debasing thought dared to present itself—could not fail to make him the acknowledged favorite. If a volume of poetry was to be taken from the shelves for the entertainment of some friends, there was small difficulty in guessing what that volume would be; nor was it an unpleasing task to take by surprise some one whose estimate of the bard of Rydal had been chiefly influenced through the medium of *Peter Bell* and the *Idiot Boy*, by acquainting him with the fact that the man who stood chargeable with puerilities that no logic could defend, had yet indited such lines as the following:—

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, a lovlier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be,
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That, wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.

"Thus Nature spoke. The work was done.—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene,
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be."

As a *reader* of poetry it may be questioned if he was surpassed by any but those who make reading a profession. A melodious voice, a clear and distinct intonation, and that rare faculty of breathing a living soul into his author's verses, generally made poetry with which the hearer might think himself tolerably familiar, seem as though he had never heard it before. So in respect of his favourite prose

writers; they seemed in his hands to speak a different language from what could be heard through another medium. No higher treat could well be looked for than his reading a paper from the best pages of Thomas de Quincy, an author who in prose held in his estimation nearly the same position that was assigned to Wordsworth in poetry. There is still a vivid recollection of an evening spent at Fairfield many years since, when the summer was fast dying into autumn, and when the fading of the daylight found us at the closing part of that most affecting story of Charles Lloyd and his mental troubles. The writer's description of his own reflections on the instability and vanity of all worldly good, as one evening shortly after Lloyd's death he sat within the sound of a waterfall whose solemn and reiterated cadences seemed gradually resolved into a voice that came echoing through the aisles of a vast cathedral—the whole scene illustrated with a power peculiar to that master of language—was fascinating in the highest degree; and so complete was the spell by which it held the hearer, that in the general hush of nature which then prevailed it might be imagined that everything within and without was listening to the tale. So with the story of John and Sarah Green sleeping in Grassmere churchyard, after perishing in the mountain snows; or, with that still more extraordinary narrative, the flight of the Calmuck Tartars to their future home in China—a freak of genius in the main, but marked by some most magnificent painting—these were passages which, though read many a time, never became tiresome. In meet companionship with such authors would be found Macaulay, Hazlitt, and Charles Lamb, of which trio the last, in his inimitable *Elian* Essays, always found a reader who could appreciate the fine sense that went hand in hand with his indescribable quaintness and humour.

Of his estimate of Sir Walter Scott nothing needs be

said; for whatever may be thought of the permanent value of the works produced by that universally popular writer, the strength and fertility of his genius is a question about which no controversy that we are aware of has existed. Nor would the subject be here mentioned but for the circumstance that on one occasion when travelling through the South of Scotland he visited Dryburgh Abbey and stood by the tomb of the once Great Unknown. Some years afterwards, when giving an address at a literary institution, in his own neighbourhood, he adverted to that memorable day when he looked on the mound of earth which covered the dust of the mighty magician who had so long held the intellectual world under the spell of his enchantment, and was now slumbering just by the towers of Abbotsford. *There* indeed was

> "the stately column broke,
> The beacon light all quenched in smoke;
> The trumpet's silver sound was still,
> The warder silent on the hill."

The reflection of "what fountains of thought were sealed up" within that narrow tenement; what a strange succession of worldly triumph, disappointment, and wretchedness, had found its termination in the place where the weary heart and brain were resting; and for what true and worthy ends the possession of those glorious faculties must have been given,—might have pressed on a much less thoughtful mind with a power not easily described.

In common with most persons devoted to elegant literature, he had slight interest in mere questions of science; and although in some parts of the correspondence there is a playful allusion to agricultural matters, his actual knowledge of husbandry was almost limited to the fact that fields were more productive in summer than in winter. To name a few plants in the shrubbery, a few trees by the

way side, and a few flowers in the conservatory, was a satisfactory amount of natural history. At the time when youthful enthusiasm suggested the expediency of becoming acquainted with everything, there were more serious intentions of doing something in the way of experimental philosophy; but these notions were gradually elbowed out of the way by pursuits more in keeping with the mental bias. It might however be generally supposed that where the ear was so finely tuned to the harmonies of language, there would be a corresponding appreciation of music; but to this, whether vocal or instrumental, he was strangely indifferent,—a fact still more singular, from the circumstance that when a lad he had given to music a considerable share of attention. Many a tune had been fingered on the German flute, and he also owned to the possession of a neatly-bound music book in which he had copied out a number of favourite airs, the notes being formed with as much precision and regularity as if they were meant to be models for printing types. These melodies were both sacred and secular, and being inserted with small regard for classification, exhibited the appearance of a "happy family" composed of most incongruous characters,—*Shirland* making no objection to company with the *Spanish Convention*, and the *Old Hundred* lying placidly side by side with the *Duke of York's March*. To whatever cause the fact may be attributed, this early predilection for sweet sounds was all but lost in after years; and in occasionally listening to the finest of Handel's pieces, he confessed himself scarcely conscious of any higher feeling than that of astonishment at so many voices and instruments working together. He has observed, however, that there were times when amid those peals of richest harmony he felt something like a dim consciousness of an awakening musical power, as if a faculty long gone torpid was about to be quickened into new life and energy; and

half suspected that a persevering attendance on such performances would enable him to enjoy them, not merely as a cataract of sound, but as music of the highest order. How far this dream would ever have been verified we have no means of stating.

It has been seen that he very early became attached to politics, and this attachment continued with him through life, being at all times keenly interested in every question relating to the public good. It might also to a considerable extent be the natural consequence of his possessing a peculiar aptness for the discussion of political subjects, as well adapted to that smart and racy vein of writing in which he always excelled. It is generally taken for granted that he commenced his political career by serving in the ranks of toryism; but it does not appear that he had much general sympathy with that cause beyond the contributing of some articles to a Conservative journal, in which he figured as the opponent of Catholic Emancipation, of which measure he subsequently became the strenuous defender. It would be little else than a play upon words to call this a shifting of politics. From the earliest dawn of intelligence he had been accustomed to regard popery as the incarnation of evil, and to associate its power with the rack of the Inquisition and the fires of Smithfield. The wide distinction between investing that religion with secular domination, and giving to a large and important section of British subjects the representative privileges enjoyed by the other part of them, had hardly received anything like thoughtful attention; and with his altered views on this question his toryism may be said to have virtually ended. For the future he was almost invariably identified with the advocacy of every public measure that was called Liberal. As a thorough-paced upholder of parliamentary Reform the articles already quoted from the *Cornubian* may speak for them-

selves, and as to Free Trade, he may be said to have been a man entirely after Cobden's own heart. The essential iniquity—to say nothing as to the bad policy—of that class legislation which made the poor and laboring masses support the landed aristocracy by an artificial price on their bread, was only regarded by him with still deeper indignation as being defended on the ground of protection to the British farmer—a safeguard against the perils of foreign competition. With many other equally sincere opponents of the Corn Laws there would be a disposition to apply a much milder and more gradual method of bringing them to an end; and for this reason, that however unsound in principle they were, their imposition on the country was rather a political blunder than anything worse; and as landed property had thus in the lapse of half a century become subject to privileges and obligations depending on a legislation to which few of the present holders were parties, the sudden destruction of the protective system must for a time fall heavily on those who thought their former rent-rolls to be nothing more than their just patrimony. With these moderate views the conductor of the *Cornubian* had little sympathy; and although it is probable that had the question been really brought to such a practical issue he would have advocated a more lenient policy, he has said that he saw no reason why the abolition of the Corn Laws should be delayed a single hour if it involved the ruin of every farmer and landholder in the kingdom. An examination of his general political articles will shew that nothing pleased him better than writing down all sophistry by which the higher classes thought themselves entitled to lord it over their inferiors; and the language not unfrequently used on such occasions would give a stranger the impression that the writer had something of that democratic spirit which hates all distinctions of birth and

fortune. No conclusion could be more erroneous, nor could any man be more thoroughly alive to the fact, that to a well-proportioned admixture of the low and the titled in the population of this country we have the best security for the happiness and the rights of all. So while he uniformly pleaded for the rightful privileges of the people, as distinguished from the nobility, the thought of giving them an undue share of political power was to him more abhorrent than despotism itself. No man was less of a demagogue, less disposed to truckle to the rabble, or to give the working classes credit for one iota of intelligence to which they could lay no just claim.

As a member of the Christian Church he was from the first identified with Wesleyan Methodism. To the Wesleyan ministry he had been trained from a child, but he was not just the person to adopt on such grounds any Christian denomination as the people of his choice. He sincerely regarded that religious system as one eminently calculated for most extensive usefulness; by no means free from certain defects and disadvantages, but admirably adapted to produce—and especially within a certain sphere—an amount of spiritual good scarcely to be effected by any other agency in the world. John Wesley was a man held by him as hardly second to any man living since the days of the Apostles; and without indorsing everything he did or said, he regarded the piety, the wisdom, the legislative tact and skill exhibited in the gradual organization of his society, together with the vast and unintermitting labors of half a century in spreading scriptural religion through the country, as quite enough to make any man justly proud of being enrolled among his followers. So in the Wesleyan church, he saw in its unrivalled blending of the clerical and lay agencies,—that wise economy by which the highest and the humblest talents were all called into action and provided with

a suitable field of labor—an adaptation to the wants of the masses such as no other religious body possessed. Among its ministers were numbered men whose sanctified learning and eloquence would have adorned any Christian community; it had its lay supporters of high standing in the literary and commercial circles of the land; it had gathered into its fold an innumerable company to whom its ministry had been life from the dead; and in its wide-spread missionary agency had made to itself a name famous in all climes. Such a system could afford to be sneered at by bigots of every party; and indeed between intolerant churchmen on the one hand and intolerant dissenters on the other, its passive graces had always been kept in healthy exercise. In the mean time it had held on its way without returning railing for railing; satisfied with vindicating itself from the attacks of others without attacking in return; and ever regarding its own work to be, not that of meddling with the polity of other churches, but that of preaching the gospel and saving souls.

With this predilection for one religious body there certainly existed not the slightest disposition to underrate the excellencies of any other branch of the Catholic Church. Of that Church he regarded the national Establishment as possessed of peculiar facilities for becoming a national blessing. The exclusive claims put forth by a section of its clergy in behalf of a lineal apostolical succession, with other dogmas held by the same party, were certainly treated with sovereign contempt; and the extracts given in former pages will afford ample evidence that in dealing with this class of divines he thought that to give them grave and sober argument was doing too much honor both to them and their cause. This view may be substantially correct; and as far as a *Punch*-like vein of philosophy has exercised a wholesome influence on many

persons who were in doubt as to the real merits of the new doctrines, it has probably done some good service. But its efficacy in the way of disabusing the actual teachers of those doctrines has, it is to be feared, been infinitesimally small. It would seem that Nature, in selecting a class of persons as the exponents of modern ritualism, has seen proper to fill up the ranks of Anglo-Romanist theologians with men who for the most part are endowed with extra solemnity and impervious to jokes; and indeed it is hardly possible to imagine that any keen sense of the ridiculous can co-exist with a liking for those childish fooleries which men, calling themselves ministers of the New Testament, have lately been seeking to blend with the services of the national Church, and for which they clamour with as much zeal as if they formed the very pith and marrow of the gospel. It is not much that powerful reasoning, aided by all the forces of the most approved Logic, can do with gentlemen of this description; but when assailed with the shafts of ridicule they have their convenient answer in the fact that religion has in all ages been made the butt of the scoffer.

The writer of those severe philippics against High Church pretensions was also quite aware of what state of things had been exhibited in many a Cornish parish long years before Puseyism was either born or thought of; and when the people, fed by pastors to whom all theologies were equally acceptable if equally productive of tithes, presented a most pitiable spectable of brutal ignorance and degrading vice. The history of Cornish morality when the national clergy had no other religious teachers to dispute the ground with them, was, as he always thought, a full and sufficient reply to every complaint against the unauthorized ministrations of men on whose heads no bishop's hand had rested. Whether a people thus circumstanced should live and die like heathens

in order to escape the character of schismatics—whether they should perish in their iniquity rather than hear the trumpet's warning from a watchman not known to Oxford or Cambridge—was a question not considered to be very difficult of solution. On those who insisted that Wesleyanism was an unwarrantable innovation,—on those he laid the burden of accounting for the fact that it had in some way become an agency of unprecedented power in turning thousands of the most abandoned characters to a course of sobriety and godliness;—a fact at the present day most cheerfully acknowledged by many clergymen who gladly give the right hand of fellowship to men who with themselves labor for one common object; that object being, not the maintenance of a system, but the salvation of mankind.

We may here revert to the ecclesiastical questions discussed in the *West Briton* in the years 1844-5. It will be remembered that these originated in the attempt on the part of a Cornish clergyman to introduce into his church some novelties savouring of the Tractarian doctrines at that time making so much stir in the country. These novelties were defended, as far as he thought it safe to do so, by the bishop of the diocese; a man to whose high intellectual qualities, and untiring energy in his work, few will deny the just tribute of admiration. But what kind of spiritual light the people of Devon and Cornwall would have in their dwellings, if in the absence of what he would call heretical and sectarian teachers, they were shut up to the faith of this prelate, may be conceived from the calm and deliberate statement which he thought proper to make on that occasion when publicly rehearsing the articles of his belief. These comprehended—"The necessity of the use of the Sacraments to salvation; the new birth given to us by God in baptism; the actual communication of the body and blood of Christ

to the soul of every faithful receiver of the Lord's Supper; the sinfulness of violating the unity of the Church; the apostolic succession of its ministry; and *the want of any covenanted promise of salvation to those who have never been added to this church, or have renounced its communion.*" These are the doctrines which the Bishop would have had preached in every pulpit from Sidmouth to the Land's End; doctrines, to maintain the purity of which he would have silenced all sectarian tongues. This, in his judgment, should be the faith of all England, and which he professed to regard as entirely in harmony with the teachings of the New Testament. With men holding such views and yet calling themselves members of the reformed Church of England, it is useless to argue. As a reviewer of Tract No. 90 well observed, we never think of encountering such persons with the forces of logic, but stare at them as we stare at a new comet, and wonder by what strange process they have managed to divest themselves of so large a portion of what is generally deemed essential to our common humanity. We do not think the writer of the *West Briton* articles far out of the way in saying that as a general rule no men really believe such doctrines until they *wish* them to be true. These doctrines give so much pomp and pretension to the priestly office that they are welcomed and cherished in spite of all the glaring absurdities that follow in their train.

Rejecting, then, those groundless assumptions of exclusive sanctity which have nothing but sacerdotal pride at their foundation, he yet recognized in the National Establishment something very different from a gigantic apparatus for enslaving thought, freedom, and conscience. A church on whose altars such men as Jewel, Hooker, Taylor, Barrow, Pearson, and other distinguished sons of genius and piety had laid their offerings; whose services and liturgy have neither been surpassed nor equalled by

anything of the kind since Christianity was planted on the earth; whose seminaries of learning have given to the pulpit and the senate their brightest ornaments; and whose parochial clergy, from their privilege of access to all circles of society, have means of usefulness possessed by no others within the same limits,—such a church he could not but regard as claiming a somewhat better treatment than it would get from those whose cry was, "Down with it, down with it, even to the ground." That there were great and glaring evils of more than one description, from which the best friends of that church would devoutly wish her to be free, was undeniable. But unless these evils could be shewn to be things not accidental, but the natural and inevitable offspring of a state religion, they could do small service to the cause of ultra-voluntaryism.

Nor could he overlook the fact that the opponents of a national establishment comprehended two widely differing classes of men. There were the Ultras of the Liberation Society, who, with all their professed zeal for the purity of religion, seemed principally animated by a hatred of the wealth and influence attached to the Church of England; and there was another section, who, while sincerely and conscientiously opposed to all national patronage of any one form of faith or worship, most readily and cheerfully recognized whatever they believed to be good and scriptural in a church with whose communion they yet could not be joined. It was his privilege to be acquainted with some of the leading ministers of the Dissenting churches, whose qualifications intellectually and spiritually for their sacred duties would not, has he conceived, be a whit the better, though it were proved on most indubitable evidence that their ecclesiastical pedigree could be traced all the way up to St. Peter. He was a great admirer of the late Mr. Nicholson, of Plymouth; and it is needless to say in what estimation he would hold

another minister of the same persuasion—Robert Hall, from whom he once heard two sermons in his chapel at Broadmead, Bristol. In the annexed Lecture, of which that celebrated man is the subject, there is a vivid description of the impression produced by these sermons, at a time when physical pain had almost done its work upon him, and when his failing bodily energies were so strikingly contrasted with the fire and animation of his preaching. In many a visit subsequently paid to the metropolis, he would reckon it among his greatest privileges to be found among the hearers of some of the Nonconforming brethren,—luxuriating in the chastened eloquence of Wells or Staughton, or sitting under the minister of Surrey Chapel, or standing (for in this case sitting was sometimes out of the question) amid a densely packed mass of promiscuous humanity in the great Music Hall, while Mr. Spurgeon kept his attention rivetted from the beginning to the ending of his pithy and powerful discourses. But his favorite place of resort was the Weigh House Chapel, and his introduction to its distinguished minister Mr. Binney formed unquestionably one of the red-letter days of his life. It had long been the wish of his heart to get Mr. Binney to pay a visit to West Cornwall, and in the summer of 1861 he had the pleasure of receiving him as his guest at Fairfield. Mr. B. preached in some of the Wesleyan Chapels in the neighbourhood, delighted with the hearty religious feeling of the congregations, which, though mainly composed of the laboring classes, could yet thoroughly appreciate a style of preaching marked by a high order of thought, but eminently plain and practical. It so happened that on one or two occasions the fervor of the people was rather too much for the equanimity of a minister accustomed to the well-bred sedateness of a London audience; but the conclusion eventually arrived at was, that if the overplus

of Cornish enthusiasm were transferred to many localities in which that element was by no means redundant, the advantage on both sides would be unmistakeable.

A season always anticipated with pleasure by the host at Fairfield was that which brought under his roof the annual gathering of ministers and friends when the Anniversary Missionary Services were held in the county, and which generally took place in the early part of April. As there was frequently a demand for his assistance either as chairman or speaker at the public meetings on these occasions, his intercourse with the ministers both at his own house and elsewhere was a source of high gratification. On looking back over a distance of nearly twenty years since he first received the yearly deputation at his residence, there come a crowd of strange and solemn thoughts on the fleeting and visionary character of every thing we are here concerned with. The names of Newton, Barton, Young, Thornton, will suggest to many a reader a number of others whose presence once gladdened that fireside, and whose genial spirit once lit up the dwelling —now, all gone under the shadows.

> "Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
> Or waves that know no curbing hand,
> So fast has brother followed brother,
> From sunshine to the sunless land!"

But the great religious festival which eclipsed all others was that of the year 1862. In this year the annual Wesleyan Conference was held in the neighbouring town of Camborne, in accordance with a resolution passed at the Conference of the previous year held in Newcastle-on-Tyne.* The proceeding was a high tribute of respect to

* On the day when the resolution was passed a communication was forwarded to Mr Garland by his long known and highly-esteemed friend, the late Rev. John Hobson, at that time filling the office of

the status which the Wesleyan Church had acquired in the county, and the selection of Camborne as the Conference town was suggested from its being the most convenient centre at which the ministers, located for the time in various parts of the district, could daily assemble. On other grounds Camborne could hardly lay claim to so lofty a distinction. The reverend gentlemen who had been long accustomed to Conferences held in Bristol, Leeds, Manchester, London, and the great cities of the land, almost wondered whether seeing was believing, when they found that their grand annual conclave was to take place in a town largely composed of miners' cottages. But the heartiness with which they were welcomed, the efficient arrangements made for their accommodation in the town and neighbourhood, and the lively interest manifested by the eager multitudes that thronged from

Chairman for the Cornwall district. Mr. Hobson had for many years exercised his ministry in various Circuits in the west of this county, and was everywhere endeared to the Wesleyan community by his kindly and benevolent spirit, and by the hearty interest with which he entered into everything affecting the religious welfare of the people. Rejoicing in the prosperity of every section of the true Church, he was yet in heart and soul devoted to the well-being of Methodism. The vision of a Cornish Conference had long floated before his eye among the brightest of his day dreams, and no prouder day of his life could have passed over him than that on which Camborne became the scene of this great gathering of Wesleyan ministers from all parts of the Kingdom. The pleasure afforded him by the resolution passed at the foregoing Conference is not unambiguously expressed in the communication just referred to :—

Newcastle-on-Tyne, *Friday*, 30th.

My Dear Sir,—The Conference has this morning heard our reasons for requesting the Conference next year in Cornwall ; and, after they had heard Dr Waddy's reasons for holding the Conference in Sheffield, and mine for our holding it in Cornwall, they did in the most *hearty* and *one* and *all* manner decide that the Conference shall be held in 1862 in CORNWALL ! ! !

This is now settled. I am, my dear Sir, yours most truly,

J. Hobson.

every direction to the public services connected with this Conference,—all compelled the acknowledgment that no happier season of the kind had ever been known. It was a high day for "my landlord and his lodgers" at Fairfield. He had gathered round him a circle of men whose society he valued beyond any other, and as morning after morning he despatched them to their business about three miles from that spot, the evening re-union was contemplated with most agreeable expectations. This succession of pleasant meetings and partings, ranging over nearly three weeks, would always be a grateful remembrance to himself and his guests; and as he could see no common probability of again witnessing an event of this kind, he spared neither labor nor expense for making the first Cornish Conference a source of the utmost enjoyment to all concerned in it.

The allusion just made to the part he was frequently called on to take in public meetings of various kinds, brings us to notice his qualifications as a public speaker. One of his first essays in this character—if not the first—was a speech at a Missionary Meeting held in a small country chapel in the Camborne Circuit, about the year 1830. How far the speech in question was extemporaneous, or to what extent it had been committed to memory, is not known. The trial, however, was a severe one, for although neither the general audience nor the company on the platform were aware of anything like serious embarrassment, it was to the speaker such hard toiling to keep up the connection of ideas, that he was compelled to seek physical composure by grasping one of the slender pillars that supported the platform, while, with the perspiration streaming down his face, he struggled on to the end of his address. At a Bible Society Meeting some time after held in the neighbourhood, there occurred the only case—as far as can be remembered—of what was a

decided failure. He started well, and for a few minutes all went prosperously; then a mist and darkness came over everything. It was useless to contend with fate; there was no alternative but to sit down. But this untoward circumstance, in connection with other cases where a similar catastrophe was narrowly escaped, seems to have roused him to the conviction that the habit of depending on *memoriter* composition—to which he was at that time accustomed—would never do; that if ever he was to attain the requisite ease and self-possession of a public speaker, he must be content to master the leading thoughts and trust to the gradual improvement of the faculty for clothing them in suitable language. In the prosecution of this object he became by persevering practice, so completely successful that his most unpremeditated addresses were generally distinguished by as much verbal accuracy and precision as if they had been written out for the press.

There were probably no occasions on which he was heard to greater advantage than those connected with the great Missionary cause. It was a topic which gave full scope for all the resources of human eloquence, and upon which every sort of ability, natural or acquired, might well be brought to bear with the happiest effect. It is generally admitted that many of his best efforts on the Missionary platform could hardly be surpassed by anything of that kind. The happy mixture of the serious and the playful, the pathetic and the humorous, the keen argument and the powerful declamation, all given in language which seemed to have reached its utmost finish, would hold the audience in breathless attention; and it not unfrequently happened that the gentlemen associated with him, and who in their official character were looked upon as *the* speakers, felt themselves, after such introductory speeches the subjects of

sensations not altogether comfortable. It was impossible not to be aware of the fact that the speech of the day was already delivered; and that the culmination of interest which, according to the orthodox system, should directly precede the collection, was even now a thing of the past.

More than ten years elapsed from the commencement of his platform addresses to his engaging in the general duties of a local preacher. His first sermons, and also those of other times if designed for selecter audiences, were carefully prepared, but the majority of them, as being mainly delivered in small country chapels, had their outline written on a slip of paper, after which a few hours meditation would generally furnish an interesting and instructive discourse. He had somewhat peculiar views of what is called original preaching; and was of opinion that too much importance was attached to a man's preaching that which was strictly his own composition. His argument was, that if a congregation heard what was good and thoroughly adapted to edification, it could be to them a matter of no consequence whether what they heard was the preacher's own or the product of another man's brain. They were to be profited by the truth, and not by the party through whom that truth came to their hearing. A theory of this kind would, in the case of many of its advocates, be accounted for on the principle that they must shine in borrowed plumes if they were to shine at all. It hardly needs be said that no such explanation will apply here. The disposition to apologise for pulpit plagiarisms—for this is the only name by which the preaching of other men's sermons will be called—was probably owing to the unpleasant feelings of which he was occasionally the subject in listening to the incoherent effusions of some persons whose qualifications for pulpit work had been altogether mistaken by themselves and others. In such a case, it might be a natural question,

whether, if instead of treating the audience to a discourse the ideas of which had only the slenderest connection with any known system of theology or philosophy, the speaker had given his people something which, though not his own, was sound, scriptural, and useful,—whether it would not have been every way more beneficial. To this there would appear to be no great objection; the real question at issue being, whether those who have no personal resources from which an audience may derive suitable instruction in divine things, can be justly regarded as having any valid call to the work of preaching.

Few of his sermons had in them much of the theological element, and of controversial divinity it may be questioned —for reasons referred to in a former chapter—if any of his pulpit addresses had occupied the hearers for as much as five minutes. Of theology and biblical criticism, as far as their advantage in the pulpit is concerned, he had no very exalted opinion; for he regarded the great and leading doctrines of revelation as understood by the popular mind to a much greater extent than the general preaching of the day seemed to suppose; and he, therefore held in highest esteem those sermons which, assuming rather than discussing fundamental truths, illustrated and enforced them by bible narrative. Nothing was more repulsive to his taste and judgment than that order of preaching which is always opening up and explaining the simplest doctrines of Christianity with a tone and manner suitable to speakers who are bringing before an audience things of which they never heard before. Preaching of this kind he would sometimes designate as "very sound and very stupid." He certainly could not imagine that the first principles of religious truth were things to be heard once for all, or that congregations in general do not contain a considerable number of those who, whether from youth, heedlessness, or other causes, have hardly the most elementary know-

ledge of divine things. Nor would he overlook the fact that those who were well grounded in such knowledge could not therefore dispense with that "line upon line" which, when wisely managed, will neither lack freshness nor interest. He objected to what he thought the disproportionate use of those subjects in the direct form of teaching, when they might with better effect be exhibited in their connection with scripture incidents, far more interesting to general hearers than any mere doctrinal discussion.

In general, the simple routine of the Wesleyan public service accorded very well with his predilections, though he would gladly have seen the introduction of a concise liturgy in every one of the principal circuit chapels. The services in the Book of Common Prayer he admired as the noblest of uninspired compositions, but considered their length to be tedious and unedifying. On one point he regarded the Wesleyans as privileged beyond all denominations,—their possession of a hymn-book which he looked upon as embodying the great truths of doctrinal, practical, and experimental religion in a collection of the noblest spiritual songs that sanctified genius ever produced.* He was fond of comparing the poetry of Charles Wesley with the equally *unique* performances of Sternhold and Hopkins, those luminaries that illustrated the Psalms of David till obscured by the superior brightness of Brady and Tate. Nor was it a little amusing to him to be told one day by some gentlemen who were engaged in compiling a book of church hymns, that after carefully examining the Wesleyan Hymn-Book they could find no more than *three* of sufficient mark to appear in the new collection. How much doctors differ in their judgement on this subject, may be shewn by a reference to another church hymn-book recently published, containing not

* See Appendix.

only the hymns, but "apt tunes to sing withal." In this collection, out of some 500 hymns about *two hundred and thirty* may be found in the Wesleyan Hymn-Book,—leaving a wide margin beyond *three*, after allowing for the fact that many hymns in the Wesleyan collection are common to various Christian denominations. The compiler of this modern work—distinguished, be it observed, by high patronage—has observed that in selecting his hymns he thought nothing of religious parties, but took good compositions from any source whatever; and it cannot be denied that he has succeeded in constructing a first-rate hymnal, in spite of the dismal caterwauling psalmody to which many of his songs are wedded.

For the interests of that religious system with which he was so many years identified, he would regard it as both a duty and privilege to expend time, talent, and such other means as he possessed. It was no small gratification to him to see, in the year 1858, a new and beautiful chapel erected at Portreath, near to which village he resided. For a long time, with the exception of a few occasional churchgoers, this place had been almost sacred to Methodism. Nearly forty years previously the Baptist brethren had attempted to make it one of the outposts of Redruth, and had commenced Sunday preaching in the room which had been occupied by his schoolmaster referred to in a former chapter. But the soil was not a congenial one, and the ground had very soon to be abandoned. A small building was erected for the Wesleyans, mainly by private effort, shortly after; and this was at last succeeded by the house above-mentioned, one of the neatest models of a country chapel anywhere to be seen. In the mean time, the chapel at Bridge, associated with his earliest recollections, and which he generally attended on the Sabbath, had gone very much out of repair, and here was another claim for exertion. Counsel was accordingly taken, pro-

ceedings determined on, and the funds raised. In a short time the building was so thoroughly transformed into a nice and commodious place of worship, that those who saw the erection of the old temple had no need to weep over the new one, but rather looked with delighted wonder on the change which a few weeks had effected.

As there was a general demand for his assistance in the way of missionary addresses, Sunday-school sermons, and lectures for various occasions, he had a sphere of Christian activity which seldom left him without work. To the literary institutions of the county his services for many years were readily and gratuitously given; and in the furtherance of objects still less brilliant than useful—such as that of the Illogan Cottage Gardeners' Society—his co-operation might always be depended on. In a recent address delivered at one of these exhibitions he observed that flowers, though worthy of all honor, had been suffered to eclipse in too great a measure the less showy but more useful vegetable; and that while poets had lavished their highest gifts in celebrating roses and violets, we still wanted a genius endowed with the "divine afflatus" to sing the praises of onions.

It has been mentioned that when starting in the world his means were slender; but as Providence favored him with more than ordinary success in the general speculations with which he was concerned, he realized such a competence as gave him, in addition to every personal worldly comfort, the privilege of being extensively useful to others. When business was no longer necessary as a means of support he was fond of its pleasurable excitement, which, to one who for many years had been necessarily occupied with much secular work, was something hardly to be dispensed with. But as in such cases there is no small difficulty in drawing the just line of separation between what is required and what is superfluous, so it

was very much to be regretted that some engagements of his later years became a source of mental anxiety not only needless for one in his circumstances, but very prejudicial to that bodily health of which he had for the most part been favoured with a large measure.

For several years there had been apparent symptoms of organic affection of the heart, and he had been the subject of occasional attacks which made it very probable that his life would be suddenly terminated. His medical advisers, however, had differed as to the nature of these symptoms; and although his health and spirits were sometimes very enfeebled, it was generally attributed to some defective regimen; more especially, as it was commonly observed that when his time was properly divided between business and recreation he seldom complained of indisposition. On Saturday, July 29, 1865, he visited Portreath for the last time, and surveyed the preparations which were making for the annual horticultural meeting to be held on the following week. A friend who met him on returning to Fairfied observed, after he left him, that on ascending the hill he turned and gazed for a considerable time on the fine panorama which there lay outstretched before him,—the hills, and woods, and waters, and the calm unruffled sea bathed in the sunshine of a bright summer afternoon.

He awoke the next morning at about six, and prepared to attend his usual class-meeting. While dressing himself he suddenly complained of a sharp pain across the chest, and began to feel so very unwell that it was necessary to return to his bed. In about an hour, as there seemed no amendment, his medical attendant was summoned from Redruth, and he was speedily on the ground. It did not strike him that there was anything in the case of a very serious character, and the measures adopted for relieving the pain were so far successful that in a short

time the patient was comparatively easy and cheerful. This was about 9 P.M., and for two hours afterwards there appeared so little reason to apprehend any return of the ailment that the doctor was just on the point of leaving, when at once it was observed that his eyes had become fixed. He was spoken to, but returned no answer. All was over.

For some time previously his general health had been so good that those who knew him best thought there was every fair prospect of many happy years being added to his life. He seems, however, to have had himself some of those mysterious premonitions of approaching death, which are not to be resolved into any principles of human philosophy, but are rather to be interpreted as a voice from the unseen world, warning of the coming change and the needful preparation for it. To some of his intimate friends he had thus expressed himself, and those who had been associated with him in public religious exercises had for some weeks previous to his decease been struck with the unusually fervent manner in which he spoke of the brightness of his Christian hopes.

The tidings of the sudden event spread rapidly through the neighbourhood, and the public could scarcely believe the loss that had fallen on them. Through a wide circle of friends, acquaintances, and kindred, it was felt that one had been removed whose place could not be filled by any other. Few men had passed with more stainless honor through the different avocations of life. Sincere in his friendships, pleasant and genial as a companion, and with powers of conversation that brightened every company into which he came, he had those natural and acquired endowments which almost made his name a household word in his native county. With every cause bearing upon the temporal or spiritual interests of his fellow-men he had held it an honor to be identified; and

temporal success had not blinded him to the obligations devolving on those whose providential blessings are grand items in a stewardship to be accounted for at the great day. Simple and unostentatious in religious profession, he avoided all display in himself and abhorred it in others. And while steadfastly attached to the religious system from which he had derived his own spiritual benefit, he cherished an unfeigned regard for all of every denomination who held to the great principles of practical Christianity. Many an honorable tribute to departed worth was paid from the pulpit and the press, and in the Bridge Chapel—the sanctuary of his boyhood and riper age—his funeral sermon was preached by Dr. George Smith, of Trevu, Camborne, his friend and associate of many a year, who had intimately known him in the various relations of public life, and to whom it was a pleasing though mournful task to commemorate the virtue that adorns and sanctifies those friendships which, though broken for a time by death, will be re-established and perpetuated hereafter.

APPENDIX.

ROBERT HALL.

(A LECTURE.)

Thirty years ago I went on a Sabbath morning to Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, with expectations raised to a high point of excitement at the prospect of seeing and hearing a man who was admitted by general consent to be the first preacher of his age. There is nothing in the world, after all, which exerts so potent a charm as oratory; and over speakers of every class the pulpit orator must hold undisputed pre-eminence,—for whether such pre-eminence exist in the man or not, it must always exist in the comparative vastness and grandeur of his topics. To be the first preacher of his age was therefore to be the first orator of his age; and it was something to step for the first time within the enchanted circle of genius of such an order. After a brief pause a door opened from the side wall near the foot of the pulpit stairs, and with a slow measured tread an elderly man, somewhat corpulent, bending a little with years,—of rather stately port, and great solemnity of countenance—walked into the pulpit. In commencing the service his voice was low—so low, that but for his clear articulation it would have been hardly audible. It was the same at the beginning of his prayer, but as he proceeded it became more impassioned and fervent. The impression of that prayer remains with me to this hour,—a pleading profoundly reverential, yet free and earnest, as if the Deity were sensibly present. Only to have heard Robert Hall preach would be to see but one phase of the man. It was in prayer—the utterance of the heart—into which the intrusion of a secular eloquence would be felt as impertinent and profane—that he made the profoundest impression upon his hearers. The sermon he delivered that morning was on the words, "Looking unto Jesus." At this distance of time I have no recollection of the discourse, but there was a remarkable simplicity in the divisions;—*first*, looking to Him in ordinary seasons,—*secondly*, looking to him in extraordinary seasons; an arrangement which, simple as it is, is perceived at once to be exhaustive of the subject. His audience was probably at that time one of the most intellectual in England. Apart from the great number of persons of refined taste in Bristol and its environs, there was generally a goodly number of strangers, attracted by the fame of the preacher, and

among the most eager listeners. There, too, was often to be seen *one* man who, with less fluency of utterance, was a profounder thinker than Hall himself. Screened from the preacher's sight by a projection in the building—wrapt apparently in abstracted and gloomy meditation, and seeming to a mere outward spectator a rather forbidding-looking personage—sat John Foster. Yet any such spectator who looked attentively at that extraordinary man, must have seen by the occasional play of his features, and the occasional brightening of the eye, with what fresh unbroken interest he was moving upon the tracks of thought which the speaker opened up. It was no light thing, and so Hall felt it, to appear week after week before such an auditor as Foster,—a man of whom Josiah Hill said, after twenty years acquaintance with him, that he doubted if there was a profounder thinker in this world or the next. So far as the audience was concerned, on the occasion to which I refer, the most noticeable thing was their perfect silence,—the silence not of listlessness but of intense interest. But for the sight of that sea of upturned faces, and hearing the pent-up coughs that freed themselves in the pauses of the discourse, the edifice would have seemed tenantless. The mastery of the speaker over the attention of his hearers was absolute. I should not attempt to describe the character of Mr. Hall's preaching from the scanty materials furnished by my own recollection, having heard him deliver but two sermons. But in one particular my own impressions coincide with what has been generally remarked as the most distinguishing feature of his oratory,—the perfect rhetorical structure and finish of every sentence, coming spontaneously from his lips as complete as if it had been elaborated by careful study. There can of course be no question that the substance of his discourses was thoughtfully arranged in his mind before he entered the pulpit; and I believe he generally made a few notes to assist his memory. But beyond this, there was no preparation. For much of his material, and for the verbal arrangement of the whole, he relied on his power of extemporary utterance. Yet such was the facility with which he clothed his most abstract thoughts, in precise and eloquent words, that no labour of preparation could have improved them. Beautiful as is his written style—"trembling upon perfection," as one of his critics describes it—there is a charm in his spoken style which is sensibly wanting in the other. Nor is this difficult to account for. There are some men —although the cases are rare—who have so copious and splendid a vocabulary, ready at all times for instant use, that they are never at a loss for appropriate words; and such words, under the impulse of strong feeling, are flung together in forms of power and beauty unattainable by the cool, silent elaborations of rhetorical art. I speak of what is one of the rarest and highest qualities of oratorical genius, and of which any single age furnished but few examples. But such a man was Mirabeau, whose impassioned thought must often have flashed

into forms of speech which surprised himself as well as electrified his hearers. In the history of our own parliament for the last century, Lord Chatham, and next to him, Burke, would probably be instanced as the most illustrious examples of this quality. Among divines Whitefield must be placed at the head of the class—a class in which Bradburn would also take a high rank. With such men we may reckon Robert Hall; but with this difference, that in him there was less of the fire of passion, with more of intellectual grace and beauty. Directing our attention to men of poetical or philosophical genius, Coleridge stands separated by a measureless distance from all his contemporaries. I think it was Foster who said that, while Hall's power over words was imperial, Coleridge's was magical. His verbal opulence was boundless. He confessed that in all his life he was never conscious of being for one moment at a loss for the best word to express the most subtle thought. It is not much to be wondered at that to such men literary composition becomes an insufferable restraint. The winged Pegasus moves slowly and painfully in harness. Whitefield could transfuse none of the fire of his tongue into his pen. Bradburn published one sermon, and nobody who read it ever wished to see another. Coleridge groaned in spirit whenever he was chained to the desk. And of the countless discourses of Robert Hall, such was the dreary toil of composition, that he gave the public only eight of them in a finished form. The most popular orator of our own time, Mr. Spurgeon, says, "Writing is to me the work of a slave. It is a delight, a joy, a rapture, to talk out one's thoughts in words that flash upon the mind at the instant when they are required; but it is poor drudgery to sit still and groan for thoughts and words without succeeding in obtaining them." If proof were required of the truth of this, it may be found in the book which Mr. Spurgeon has lately published, and which is so inferior to his oral discourses in all the qualities which constitute true eloquence.

Let me here interpose one cautionary remark which ought to be kept in the recollection, especially of young men. This improvising talent is of little value except to men of extensive knowledge and undoubted genius. It has a counterfeit, by which many are misled. Their verbal fluency often simulates the tone and manner of genuine inspiration. Words may take the place of thoughts, and flow in

"One weak, washy, everlasting flood."

There is hardly a more fatal gift than a wealth of words, as this may co-exist with mental poverty, and serve only as its disguise. The men whom I have instanced as excelling in ready and powerful utterance, were men distinguished by the variety and extent of their knowledge. Chatham was trained in the philosophy of statesmanship. Burke had a mind so overflowing with all ancient and modern lore that Johnson

feared to encounter him in debate. In all great intellectual accomplishments Coleridge had probably no living equal. In like manner Hall was stored with rich and various knowledge. He looked upon life as a great educational process, and was always extending the province of its acquirements. Young gentlemen who have finished their education at eighteen, and middle-aged gentlemen who would think it beneath their dignity to be caught poring over a school-book, will be surprised to learn that Robert Hall set about learning Italian when he was sixty-three. As an instance of the versatility of his knowledge, I may mention a circumstance which was told me by a gentleman who was for a long time on a footing of personal intimacy with him. They were one day travelling together in a stage coach in company with two Manchester manufacturers who were talking to each other about some recent improvements in the machinery for cotton-spinning. Mr. Hall joined in the conversation, which was kept up between the three till he happened to leave the coach, when one of the Manchester men turned to my informant, and asked who his friend was. He replied by asking him why he wished to know. The answer was, that though the gentleman was a stranger to him, he was evidently engaged in the same line of business with himself and his friend, and it was natural that they should like to know his name and where he lived. My informant then told them that the intelligence they wished was quite at their service, —that his name was Robert Hall, and that he was a Baptist Minister at Leicester. At this they expressed their surprise, and said they had been completely misled by the accuracy of his information, and his thorough acquaintance with a variety of mechanical details on which they would not have expected to find any person informed to whom they were of no interest as affairs of business.

I have adverted to the fact of only about eight sermons having been presented to the public by Robert Hall, in a finished state. The impression made at first by this fact is, probably, that he made but a small contribution to the literature of the pulpit. Yet on a further consideration it will appear that he really contributed more largely than any other man. It must be borne in mind that these eight sermons are of so high an order that they are now incorporated with our classical literature. They are not dismissed with a single perusal, but are read again and again with fresh interest and delight. No preacher, zealous of his reputation for originality, would venture upon a quotation from either of them without a distinct acknowledgment. Now to what other English divine are we indebted for so many as eight discourses which have thus by common consent been placed among the first-class productions of the national intellect? When we think of the "number without number, numberless" of sermons which have been preached in this country for the last two or three centuries, and that every Sunday adds thirty thousand to the number, it does seem strange

that so few discourses of the highest order have been added to our literary stores. Of sermons which we should wish to read more than once, I doubt if there are a hundred in our language. It is therefore no small distinction for the writer, that of this hundred eight are contributed by one man. That these discourses do really belong to the high place I have assigned them, is attested by the variety of opinion as to their relative merits. In Professor Sedgewick's Discourse on the studies of the University of Cambridge, he pronounces the sermon on Modern Infidelity to be the noblest specimen of pulpit oratory the age has produced,—a tribute the more honorable, as rendered by a churchman to a dissenter. Gilfillan, a critic of no ordinary merit, gives the palm to the discourse on the death of Dr. Ryland. Perhaps the greatest number of suffrages would be in favor of that on the death of the Princess Charlotte. If I might venture to hazard a preference of my own, I should instance the sermon on the discouragements and supports of the Christian minister. But, as I have said, the very fact of this variety of taste as to the particular discourses is one of the best proofs of the intrinsic excellence of the whole.

In speaking of the slender contributions made by popular preachers to our general literature, I wish to be understood as intending no disparagement to the general eloquence of the pulpit. My belief is, that pulpit eloquence in its highest forms has qualities which do not survive the transmission of the discourse to paper. Like wines which to be tasted in perfection must be drunk on the spot where they are made, and lose all their peculiar flavor on the removal, so there are sermons which dissociated from the preacher, the audience, and the occasion, lose all their power and appear stale and vapid. The lines of Whitefield's discourses on paper are like the electric wires without the electric fluid. The tones, looks, and gestures of a preacher,—the feelings, responsive or otherwise, of the hearers—and a variety of minute circumstances in connexion with the time and the place, all contribute to the charm and potency of a pulpit address; and these, of necessity, are all wanting in a printed report. I believe that many of the most effective discourses ever delivered would be powerless on the silent page; and that many which we peruse with delight in the lettered volume would, on repetition, be equally ineffective in verbal delivery. The common mode of judging of the merits of a sermon by imagining how it would appear in print, is in truth one of the most fallacious of all tests. The admission is an ungrateful one, but truth demands it, that for the essential purposes of the Christian ministry intellect of the highest order may often expend its energies with but little success. John Foster lamented that he knew of no one instance in which his ministry had led to the conversion of a soul. And while at Cambridge, Leicester, and Bristol, successively, Mr. Hall's chapel was filled to overflowing—while men of taste and genius were attracted

by his ministry, and while his pulpit was a shrine to which literary pilgrims crowded from all parts of the kingdom—the state of the church which was directly under his pastoral care corresponded but indifferently with his high reputation. I speak from the personal testimony of a minister of his own denomination, who on one occasion took charge of his church at Leicester during his temporal absence, and was pained by the melancholy contrast between the state of his people and the reputation of their pastor. I do not mention this to detract from the merit of so great a man, but to show that in the gospel mission, while we are grateful for the exhibition of illustrious talent, our thanks are more emphatically due to men of obscure abilities but steady zeal,—men unknown to fame, but known and prized by Him whose approval they value more than the plaudits of a nation, and upon whose energies the advancement of a vital Christianity mainly depends. Let us, too, take this into account,—that men like Hall and Foster should rather be regarded as lights of the age than of any particular place or congregation. When intellect has so penetrative a power as to diffuse itself throughout the land, ought we to expect that its full intensity should be concentrated as well on a given spot? Robert Hall will be a preacher to congregations yet unborn. His pages will be read with profit and delight while our language endures. Something may surely be allowed on the score of local and subordinate claims, to men who by their ministry and their writings are a blessing to their own and to future ages. If on such grounds a generous consideration should be shewn to any man, it is more especially due to Robert Hall, on account of two calamities, either of which singly was enough to embitter his whole existence. The first was a life-long suffering from acute bodily pain, the cause of which remained a mystery till his death. The excitement of his feelings in the pulpit was a temporary relief; but how little were his hearers aware that the glowing eloquence with which they were delighted was often but a pause of suffering. How few of them when returning from the chapel with their minds enriched with new treasures of thought, were aware that at the same moment the preacher was lying on the vestry floor, writhing in agony! As the malady was incurable he naturally sought any alleviation of it; and the best was found in that seductive weed—tobacco. This was the cause of his being so inveterate a smoker. It is to be wished that many who indulge in that beastly luxury had half so good an excuse. The Virginian weed became his great solace; and he even wished his friends to share in it. One whose name must probably be in the grateful recollection of many of my hearers—the late Mr. Moore of Truro—told me that when he was a young man he called upon Robert Hall, with a letter of introduction. He took him into his study and with slight ceremony asked him a somewhat startling question. "Mr. Moore, are you orthodox?" Recovering from a momentary surprise,

he said, "I presume, sir, that upon all cardinal points of belief, our opinions are alike." "Pooh, pooh," he said, "I don't mean that. Do you smoke?" Mr. Moore said he did not. "Then you should, sir. You should begin, sir. You should begin at once. I will order a pipe for you." And without any delay two pipes were brought. He filled one for himself, and then Mr. Moore, to his great horror, saw him filling the other for his own benefit. There was no alternative; it was death or victory. So he set to and smoked the pipe fairly out; and such was his interest in the sprightly talk of his host,—for he did not know to what other cause to attribute it—that he suffered no inconvenience from the experiment. Had some fairy Gurney been seated in Robert Hall's study, and recorded the oracles which issued from that cloudy sanctum, we might have had a volume of fire-side talk second to none in the language. Over his pipe he luxuriated in social pleasantry. The story may be familiar to some of my hearers, of his talking away one night, in his usual playful style, at a friend's house, just after he had been preaching, when a brother minister whose notions of the decorum of his office were rather precise, expressed his surprise that after the delivery of one of his most impressive discourses he could, as he said, "talk such nonsense." "My dear brother," he replied, "I suppose the difference between us is just this—that I reserve my nonsense for the fire-side, while you give us yours from the pulpit."

One of the most amiable traits in his character was his kindness to young men; and the footing of personal friendship on which he placed them. The tutor at the Bristol Baptist Academy often supped with Mr. Hall on Sunday evenings. Sometimes a young student at the Academy was invited to accompany the tutor. That student—who now holds an an important office in the Bristol community—told me that the first time he went he hesitated to take part in conversation with a man of such celebrity; and when he did venture to interpose some remarks, his tutor checked him for doing so. Mr. Hall at once remonstrated against such a display of authority. "You will remember, sir," said the tutor, "that this young gentleman is my pupil." "I do remember it, sir; but I remember also that he is your pupil only on week days. Sir, he is your pupil at the College, but not at my table. Here he is on the same footing with yourself as my guest. I hope, sir, I shall hear nothing of this again"

But he had to endure a worse calamity than bodily pain. There was an invisible enemy who stole at times into the chambers of the brain, and darkened them with more than sepulchral gloom. How much worse than death is it, when the living body becomes the tomb of a dead mind! The mysterious malady gave warnings of its approach, and it is inexpressibly mournful to contemplate his sensations as he felt within him a presage of the coming storm. I can hardly imagine anything more touching than the prayer he once uttered from the pulpit when

fearing a return of mental disease, that "if the approaching cloud should overshadow him, yet that behind that cloud he might converse with God." The secrets of his prison-house are but imperfectly disclosed in his memoirs; nor perhaps on such a subject is more minute information desirable. But it is recorded that his mind in its wildest wanderings dwelt on the subjects most familiar with him, and that sermons and prayers full of sublime extravagance came in profusion from his lips; while his power of cutting sarcasm seemed to remain intact, as some of his visitors could painfully testify. One of the best instances is that of a person whom he disliked visiting him one day and asking in tones of whining condolence, what could have brought him there. "What will never bring you here, sir,—too much brain, sir; too much brain." In his healthy state of mind, his sarcastic vein, unless kept in check by graver feelings, must have rendered him very formidable. As it was, there were occasional sallies of the quality; and there are just as many pungent sayings of his own recorded, as of any great man in the last generation. I may add one, which is not so generally known. He was one morning passing through a street in Bristol to attend some meeting, and being—as was generally the case with him—a little behind time, he noticed the approach of a person who, when they met, often inflicted upon him some very wearisome talk. He would have avoided a recognition, but could not well manage it. His tormentor had fairly got hold of him, and was full of the details of some doleful ailments he had suffered since they last met. "Indeed, Mr. Hall, it is impossible to tell you what I have gone through. At one time I was actually at death's door."—"And pray, why didn't you walk in, sir—why didn't you walk in? Good morning, Sir." Now let us look for a moment at these particulars of Hall's history to which we have been adverting, and ask what in ordinary life might be expected from a person so circumstanced. Here is a man carrying in his person what has been emphatically called "an apparatus of torture" which made his existence very like a protracted agony; while his mind is itself held by a fragile tenure, alternately brightening into reason, and darkening into madness. Should we not say that if any one could fairly claim exemption from the duties of life—absolute freedom from the task-work of existence—and pass his time in as much ease and amusement as he could command, it would be such a man? Yet, how did this man pass his life? That tortured frame he compelled by an intellectual mastery into active service. The powers of that diseased mind he plied with an unremitting energy. With such instruments he entered upon the severest studies, won trophies from new regions of thought, raised himself to an illustrious eminence among the foremost men of his time, and bequeathed a heritage of wisdom and genius to succeeding generations. Let any young man of healthy body and mind, who feels that he is idling away the morning of life, ponder the example of

Robert Hall, and then decide whether he will any longer skulk from duty and shirk the most serious responsibilities of existence.

It is generally admitted that for conversational ability Mr. Hall ranked among the first men of his age. This is an infallible test of intellectual greatness. It is impossible that any man can attain to this eminence but by a vast range of knowledge and mental energy which holds such knowledge in command ready for use on the exigency of the moment, for argument or illustration. True, there are cases of men who by great volubility and sprightliness acquire the reputation of first-rate talkers, and shine as the lions of dinner parties and soirees. Such a man, for example, was Theodore Hook, to whom belongs all the fame which pertains to a running fire of puns, jokes, and grotesque fancies, kept up *ad libitum* as from an arsenal of unexhaustible stores. But this, though a very remarkable talent in its way, is a very different and inferior thing to the kind of talk, for instance, to which Johnson referred when he was accustomed to say to Boswell, in speaking of a pleasant party, "We had good conversation, Sir." I imagine Theodore Hook set down with Johnson and Burke, and what sort of figure would he have cut. But Hall would have been a fair match for either of them. He had indeed more of the Johnsonian stamp and vigor of expression than any man since Johnson's day. The memorials of his conversation are quite up to the mark of any equal number of pages in Boswell, and leave the conviction that they would have won for him, had they been as minutely recorded, a fame as superior to that of his most eloquent discourses, as the conversational fame of the sage of Bolt Court is above that of his essays and biographies. Hall's conversational powers are the more noticeable, as the spirit of a colloquy had generally to be sustained by himself. In early life he was privileged with the companionship of Macintosh—an intellectual aid which he highly appreciated. At Cambridge he must often have met with men able to encounter him in any arena of debate. But at Leicester and Bristol he must have felt himself solitary. At the latter place he often, it is true, met with John Foster, but he, though so profound a thinker, was not a very fluent talker. His involved, serpentine thoughts could not uncoil themselves in time to meet the demands of conversation. They seem, too, to have feared each other. Foster was intimidated by the brilliancy of Hall, and Hall by the profundity of Foster. Once he met Coleridge, but they were not well matched. Coleridge in conversation had two faults,—one was, that he did not wish to hear any one talk but himself;—the other, that most of what he *did* say, nobody could understand. In his best moods, he was well described by Madam de Stael, as a great master of monologue, but not of dialogue. Nor was he at all discriminating in adapting his talk to the taste of his company. Meeting at Sotheby's with Sir Walter Scott, he launched into an interminable disquisition on the Samothracian Mysteries. "I never," said

Scott, "was so bethumped with words." Yet Coleridge was considered by many the prince of talkers. A gentleman who knew him intimately told me that he accounted for the inequality of Coleridge's colloquial performances in this way. His range of information was so extensive that there was ticketted, as it were, in his mind, a short discourse upon a variety of subjects;—such as were likely to turn up in the conversation of literary men; so that on any one of these being started, he was ready with a very fluent and forcible deliverance, such as his hearers could not but be gratified in listening to; but that when he ventured to start a new topic on which his thoughts had not previously been adjusted, however clear his meaning might be to himself, it was very indistinct and cloudy to his hearers. Now talk of this kind can hardly be called conversation. Very different was the table-talk of Hall. All his thoughts ran with lucid clearness, the current often shooting up in jets of sparkling wit. He excelled, too, in those pithy condensations of thought which include a volume in a word. How happy was the epithet "Kaleidoscopic," he applied to the frequent iteration of the same idea by Dr. Chalmers. How seriously he damaged the fame of Dr. Gill, by styling his work "a continent of mud." We may believe that half the sharp things of this kind which crossed his mind were never uttered. His generous spirit often kept him silent where a less scrupulous man would have spoken out. When a minister of very inferior ability once preached before him, he was pressed afterwards by a friend to give his opinion of the discourse. "I should suppose the preacher a very good man, sir." "I dare say; but that's not an answer to my question." "I take him to be a well-meaning, zealous man, sir." "Yes, Mr. Hall, but I ask, your opinion of him as a preacher." "Well, sir, since you *will* have a direct reply, I should suppose that his Maker predestinated him to be a fool from all eternity." As an instance of the felicitious expressions dropped by him in common conversation, I may mention what was related to me by a friend of his who was one day riding with him on the roof of a stage-coach in the neighbourhood of Leicester. He directed the attention of the narrator to a gentleman's residence at a little distance from the road, and asked if he had ever been there. On receiving a reply in the negative, he said, "I have, sir; I have gone there often, and I have never seen a place which seems so tasteful and complete in all its arrangements. The mansion is built in the present style of architecture, it is most elegantly furnished, and the approaches, the gardens, and ornamental grounds are all designed in the most exquisite taste. I have never seen so perfect a place." Then, pausing, he added, "Yet I never went over it without a feeling of melancholy; it looks so like a vain attempt to imprint upon human life something that does'nt belong to it." A sentiment so happily expressed was worthy of the lips which in describing the mutabilities and fading glory of life, fur-

nished the picture with one touch—never excelled in such description—"the human race itself withering away."

The merits of Robert Hall's literary style, although so many of my audience must be acquainted with them, demand a distinct notice in any general estimate of his powers. There is a style of criticism on such subjects, which, I confess, is not much to my taste. It consists in dealing with qualities which a writer wants, or is alleged to want, instead of those he actually has. The style of Hall, treated in this way, is said to want idiomatic ease and pliancy—occasional breaks and curt sentences, and the grace that springs from variety and an airy negligence. Now, admitting this to be true, it is of very little importance. The style of a writer is a good or a bad one, not so much as it is like or unlike other men's styles, but as it faithfully, or otherwise, reflects his own thoughts and feelings. The style of a writer is a part of his own mind,—an image of his distinct individuality; and to complain of it that it is not another style is just as unreasonable as to complain that the man is not somebody else instead of himself. If all styles should be alike, then all minds should be alike, which would give our literature a somewhat unpleasant monotony. Looking then at his style, with reference to its positive merits, the question may be asked, What are its peculiarities? The answer is very brief—None. There are no peculiarities in Hall. It is for this reason that you never meet with any imitation of his style. Inferior writers can imitate the peculiarities in the style of so great a man, though they cannot reach to its substantial excellence; but in him, there are no shoots or excrescences of the kind to lay hold of. Nobody can imitate Hall but a man who thinks like Hall, and such men do not imitate anybody. Gilfillan speaks of his style as a compound of Addison, Johnson, and Burke. It is no slight compliment to any writer that he blends the tasteful simplicity of Addison with the rotund sentences of Johnson, and the stately periods of Burke; yet Hall cannot in strictness be called an imitator of either of them. He was only so inasmuch as the plastic facilities of the English language itself had been increased by their writings,—an advantage which was shared by Hall only in common with all who came after them. In his conversational style only did he seem to be a copyist of Johnson; but then, such was the vigor and originality of his conceptions that he appeared to be as much a reproduction of the mind as of the style of Johnson; so that, if a copyist at all, it was in a very different way, for instance, from Parr, who, with Dr. Johnson's tones and gestures, and airs of authority, seldom uttered anything but twaddle. But in Hall's literary productions no traces of imitation, even of the loftiest standards, are discernible. What he says appears to be the pure emanation of the mind, in language so clear as to remind us of Fenelon's definition of a perfect style,—that it is like the glass through which an object is seen, itself so transparent as to be unnoticed. There is just a spice

of mannerism; and you can but feel that his very fastidious tastes told repressively upon his pen. But with these slight abatements, there has perhaps been no man to whose writings we should more readily refer as specimens of the strength, precision, and elegance of our mother tongue. To one striking quality of his style I must make a pointed advertence. I refer to its musical structure. Great writers are as much *composers* as great musicians. They test the sound of words by a sense as exquisite as that which tries notes of music. They combine words, as the musician blends his notes, into sprightly or solemn movements,—into triumphal swells or dying falls. This art is one of the secrets of genius--untaught and incommunicable; and this Hall possessed in perfection. His sermons are magnificent lyrics; each separate paragraph is a melody, and the periods are like bars in a strain of music. I don't know that he ever wrote a line of poetry, nor am I aware whether he had what is called an ear for music. But the divine spirit of poetry colors his prose, and beyond all rules of musical art—

> "His thoughts, involuntary, move
> Harmonious numbers."

But infinitely in value above the graces of his style are the moral qualities of his writings. If I were asked to state in the briefest form what appears to be the distinguishing merit of his discourses, I should say it consists in this—that they are the expression of evangelical truth by a philosophical mind; and that, in a mode adapted to popular apprehension. To the interests of religion he has thus rendered incalculable service. It does not abate from his merit in this respect, that he was preceded by men of illustrious talent who contributed to the same department of sacred literature. The names of Jeremy Taylor, South, and Barrow, stand high among English sermonisers; and, on this side of the Tweed, at least, Blair held for a long time an undisputed supremacy among Scottish preachers. But the wild exuberance of Taylor's imagination, with the profusion of Latin and Greek quotations—the strong political feelings which discolor the sermons of South—the somewhat dry and logical cast of Barrow—and the unimpassioned style of Blair—are causes, independently of much defective theology, which narrow the perusal of their works to a very limited circle of readers compared with those who are familiar with Hall. Among modern preachers no two probably made a nearer approach to him than Chalmers and Watson. For instant impression at the moment of delivery it would appear that Chalmers was superior to Hall, but in their published form his sermons do not sustain their early reputation. Watson's, on the contrary, lose nothing of their original power by passing through the press, and it would not be difficult to quote from them passages equal to the most striking and

eloquent that could be extracted from Hall. There have been but few recent contributions to pulpit literature of greater value than the two volumes of Lectures—as they are modestly called—delivered at Hall's own Chapel in Broadmead, by John Foster. Full of vigorous and sometimes sparkling thought, and more terse and pungent in style than the generality of Foster's writings, it is to be regretted that they were not expanded into a complete form instead of appearing in their purest fragmentary shape. Had they been elaborated as carefully as his celebrated Essays, they would have rivalled them in popularity. It will, perhaps, be contrary to the impressions which generally obtain as to the character of Hall's intellect, when it is stated that he delighted much more in processes of severe reasoning than in excursions of the imagination. His biographer tells us that the book which was the companion of his youth, and continued his greatest favourite through life, was "Edwards on the Will." "Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants" was also held in especial honor. Of Bentham he had so high an opinion that he said if he were called on to make laws for a State he would go step by step with Bentham, and feel as if he were treading upon adamant. With such likings it is not much to be wondered at if he held merely imaginative writers rather cheap. His acquaintance even with Byron, though the most popular poet of his day, was so little that he never even read his noblest performance, the fourth canto of Childe Harold. He came at last to think that even the imaginative faculty is not essential to the highest order of eloquence. We are told that only a few months before his last illness, in classifying the different natures and respective effects of the eloquence of reason of passion, and of imagination, he selected his principal illustrations from Demosthenes, and endeavoured to show that where the two former kinds of eloquence existed in due proportion, the third was of very little consequence. Now I think that any one who has paid the least attention to the philosophy of eloquence will hesitate in subscribing to this dictum. I should only infer from it that in Mr Hall's own mind the imaginative element was constitutionally the least active, or that with the increase of years and infirmities it was the first to show signs of decay; for we can no more assent to the doctrine that eloquence of the highest order would sustain no loss by the withdrawal of the imaginative element than that the beauty of the rainbow would be undiminished by the abstraction of one of the prismatic hues.

But the personal character of Robert Hall was a nobler tribute to Christianity than his preaching or writings. All the memorials we have of him represent him as a man of deep, earnest, and consistent piety. The most eloquent tributes to religion, from the pulpit or the press, lose half their value when the personal character of their authors is not in harmony with them. The theology of Robert Hall was as much in his heart as in his understanding. The history of his life testifies that

his religion was not a habit of mere professional decorum, but a living principle, cherished in his inmost soul, and displaying its energy alive in his domestic, social, or ministerial engagements. He was not placed under that melancholy compulsion, too often felt by men in the sacred office, of passing over or dwelling but lightly upon, some of the requirements of evangelical truth, because of the too marked contrast with their personal delinquencies. As a Christian minister he lived under a sense of his solemn responsibility, and shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God. If it were possible to reproduce his last discourses in a perfect form, the most impressive parts would be those in which he strove—to use his own words—"to make the hearers feel the finger of the preacher searching their conscience." The tenderness, and fervor, and pleading energy, of his personal expostulations can be fully appreciated by none but those who heard them. It was a spark of that fire which glowed in the heart of the Apostle, when he declared that he could himself submit to be accursed so that Israel might be saved. One of the most striking proofs of his religious spirit was shown by the manner in which he bore his distressing malady. It was not merely patience, it was cheerfulness. The victim of incessant, and often of excruciating pain,—so that for more than twenty years he could never lie down for more than two hours at a time—he remitted none of his pursuits or studies, and preserved a serenity of temper which shed its beauty upon everything around him. In his latest years, when he sometimes heard others complaining of blank days, and dull parties, he met their complaints by telling them that he felt life to be full of pleasure. "I enjoy everything," was his own gleesome expression. Fancy him surrounded by others in youth, health, and every external requisite of happiness,—*they* complaining of a vapid style of life and the want of things to interest them;—and *he*, prostrate with pain, raising his venerable head from his book or couch, and exclaiming, "I enjoy everything!"

I have presented you, not a finished portrait, but a faint etching of the character of one of the most memorable men of our times. We ought never to regard our minds as well furnished unless they contain a good picture-gallery of the most illustrious men who have adorned the history of our race. The image of a great and good man, treasured in the memory, is, in itself, a valuable possession, and every addition to the number is an increase of mental wealth. I shall have cause of congratulation if what I have said shall induce any of my hearers to whom Robert Hall's writings are yet new, to purify their taste at that "well of English undefiled;" and still more, if the study of his character should cause its virtues to be reflected in themselves. For whether we regard him as a man, a Christian, or a divine, he has the highest claims to our respect and reverence; while his heroic devotion to the good of his fellow-men, and the master-pieces of sacred eloquence with which he has enriched our language, must shed an imperishable lustre upon his name and memory.

Our Hymn Book.

In tracing the rise of Methodism, we can but notice the combination of rare qualities by which its Founder was distinguished. He had the power of meeting the human mind at any point of contact. As an Oxford scholar he could have enjoyed to the full the luxury of lettered ease and dignity; but he forsook this, to go forth among the highways and hedges to preach to ignorant and brutal crowds. Samuel Johnson was the literary high-priest of his times, and his study was the resort of the most accomplished men of the day. John Nance lived in a cottage at St. Ives, and knew hardly any book but his Bible. But John Wesley was the companion of both, and could meet each as a kindred spirit. He could ramble in affectionate intercourse with Diggory Joll across the black moors between Launceston and Bodmin; and could engage with Warburton on a question of Greek criticism, and send the Bishop limping from the context. To a band of German colonists he preached in their own tongue, and on one occasion being in a company of French soldiers, he preached to them in French. Until you light upon this record in his Journals, you meet with nothing to show that he had any more acquaintance with that language than is common with educated men,—which is a very inferior accomplishment to the ability to preach in it. Whole languages seemed to lie about in odd nooks and corners of his memory, and he had but to fetch them out when they were wanted. Then, his bodily energy was equal to the vivacity of his mind. You read of his journeying on foot a whole day in the Savannah, wading at evening through a river which rose to his waist, and then lying down and sleeping in a wood all night in his wet clothes. His elastic and sinewy frame never weighed more than six score and two. He was thus singularily endowed both in mind and body. Without a mind of great natural vigor, and richly stored with knowledge, lodged in a hardy and disciplined frame, he would have been unequal to the sublime mission set before him. Add to those qualificatious a spirit of burning love and apostolic zeal, and we have the ideal of a great religious reformer.

Yet one accomplishment was wanting. John Wesley was not a poet. I do not mean by this, that he was destitute of the poetic faculty; for the few hymns and translations he has left us prove the contrary. What I mean to assert is that he wrote so little (and that little, unmarked by any extraordinary merit) that, in comparison with his higher fame his poetic achievements are hardly appreciable. The difference between John and Charles Wesley, as poets, is the difference between taste and genius. The first sometimes wrote verse as a scholarly accomplishment,—the other poured it forth from a full heart, and by a divine necessity. And the qualities which in the elder

brother seem to mark him, as by special appointment, for his great office, are not more conspicuous than the sublime gift which fitted the younger to give such efficient aid to the cause which was nearest the hearts of both.

Of all God's intellectual gifts to man poetical genius is the most transcendant. Great philosophers, great heroes, great statesmen, crowd the pages of history; but great poets appear only at rare nd distant intervals. And of all kinds of poetry devotional lyrics take the precedence. To celebrate worthily what Milton calls "the throne and equipage of God's almightiness,"– to raise the human mind into communion with the Divine—to give utterance to whatever in man's nature is in closest alliance with the spiritual and eternal,—are the highest efforts of which sanctified genius is capable; and such are the services rendered to us by the masters of the devotional lyre. Homer stands by universal consent at the head of the classic poets of antiquity. But contrast Homer with David, and how poor in comparison does he seem in all that constitutes true fame. In England, at this day, there are hardly, perhaps, half-a-dozen people in every parish who have once read the Iliad or the Odyssey; while every returning Sabbath beholds hundreds of thousands reciting or chanting the lyrics of the King of Israel.

We have not perhaps been accustomed to appreciate the benefits we receive from such a collection of hymns as Charles Wesley composed for our community. Some brief considerations may help us to a more distinct conception of them.

The Psalms, incomparable as they are, cannot be pronounced in the full sense, *Christian*. They make no advance beyond the Jewish theology. Coleridge remarks upon this, as a defect in the service of the Church of England. Although, he says, we preach and pray as Christians, yet to this day we sing only as Jews.* Now, Charles Wesley was alive to this want; and by embodying the full expression of the great truths of the Gospel in his glowing songs, he

* Such was the *dictum* of Mr. Coleridge; and the writer of the article has too hastily adopted the opinion of one who, though an original and acute thinker, seems generally to have regarded his oracular decisions as only second in authority to those of the Scriptures themselves. Coleridge assumes that because the Psalms have no directly Christian phraseology there is no Christianity in them. He might as well say that there is no Christianity in the Lord's Prayer; for that form of words contains not a syllable respecting any one peculiar doctrine of the Christian faith. The truth is, that the lofty spirituality of the Psalms adapts them to every age and every dispensation; whatever is lacking in direct Christian phraseology being unconsciously supplied by the mind of the reader. That many of their expressions are Jewish only, no one will dispute; but their strains of devotion, prayer, praise, and supplication, are only Jewish in the same sense that the trees and flowers of Palestine were Jewish,—growing, no doubt, upon a Jewish land and under a Jewish economy.

raised the vocal part of the service to the same doctrinal level with the prayers and the sermon. Our worship is not so conducted that a mere spectator might doubt, on entering, whether he was in a Christian Church or a Jewish synagogue.

In speaking thus of Charles Wesley, I am not unmindful of the great service which had been already rendered to the Christian world by Dr. Watts. And such is the tenacity with which our Independent and Baptist friends cling to Watts's hymns, that I believe there are at this day numbers of their members, and even ministers, who are hardly aware even of the existence of the Wesleyan hymns. I met, a few years ago, with one of the most distinguished ministers among the Baptists, who candidly avowed on my reading some of Charles Wesley's finest hymns to him, that till then he had never met with them. Of Dr. Watts's hymns I would speak only in terms of praise; and the value set upon them by the compiler of our Hymn Book is best shown by the fact that they form nearly a tenth part of the whole collection. But, for our worship, it is enough to say that these hymns do not bring out of the Gospel treasury all the doctrines which hold a conspicuous place in the Wesleyan theology. It is to be regretted, also, that Dr. Watts allowed his genius to be so fettered by the narrow limits of his metres. What we term *long*, *common*, and *short* metres are the only varieties in his range. Charles Wesley amplified the metres, first, by doubling the verses in those I have named; then, by that slow, solemn measure, *sevens*,—then by the blending of *eights* and *sevens*, and of *sevens* and *sixes*. The hymns in six lines of *eights* are some of the noblest of his compositions. Similar praise must be given to those in "trumpet" metre. There are six other varieties; so that while the measures of Dr. Watts (if we take both Psalms and Hymns) are but five or six, those of Charles Wesley are about seventeen. Now it is worthy of notice, that there is a fine harmony subsisting between thoughts and their metrical expression. There are lyrics in which the cadences are so exquisitely adapted to the development of the idea to be conveyed, that in no other measure could it be brought out with equal effect. The train of thought in that beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages," could hardly be expressed in so effective a manner, save in the metre chosen by its author. Imagine a transposition of Pope's "Vital Spark" into trumpet metre,—with what success would it be attended? How would that glorious melody "Wrestling Jacob" be affected by turning it into the measure of "The God of Abraham Praise?"—or the latter, by changing it into long metre? We feel, as by instinct, that such alterations would be fatal. The mysterious harmony between the sound and the sense being destroyed, the spirit of the lyric would evaporate. Perhaps the difference in regard to variety of metre, between Dr. Watts's hymns and Charles Wesley's, may be in part accounted for by the consideration that it is very possible to have poetical genius without musical taste.

This, I believe, was the case with Dr. Watts. But Charles Wesley was a musician as well as a poet; and so he grasped the treasures of sweet and solemn sound, and appropriated them to the service of his muse; giving a breadth of freedom to his compositions, the value of which his great rival had failed to estimate.

I have spoken of some of the peculiarities of the Wesleyan Hymn Book which lie so much on the surface that they can hardly have escaped the attention of any thoughtful observer. But there is another peculiarity belonging to it, not quite so obvious, but especially deserving of notice. We must readily admit that the vital element of worship is *prayer*. Without this, there would, in truth, be no acceptable worship. Now, that element which is the very life of devotion, ought largely to enter into the songs of the sanctuary. It would not be difficult to find hymns, and collections of hymns, which seldom place the assembly as pleaders at the footstool of the Divine mercy. Rich in the language of praise these compositions may be, and replete with solemn and edifying thought; but they rarely breathe the spirit of prayer. About twenty-five hymns in Dr. Watts's three books are supplicatory. More than half of the seven hundred and seventy hymns contained in the Wesleyan Hymn Book utter, in whole or in part, the language of prayer; and of these nearly all are the compositions of Charles Wesley. How admirably they are adapted to express the deepest wants and most fervent desires of the soul, in every phase of Christian experience, is shown by the frequency with which single lines and sometimes whole verses are used in prayer. You will seldom attend a prayer meeting in which some petition is not uttered in quotation from the hymns.

Apart from the utility of the Hymn Book as a manual of devotion, it has answered another purpose of primary importance. The history of the Church abounds with proof that all great religious communities are subject to doctrinal corruptions, such as are often fatal to their piety and growth. It is well, therefore, that in all such bodies there should be some authenticated standards of doctrine, by which all the essential points of belief are clearly defined. It is common to refer to Mr Wesley's sermons and notes on the New Testament, as embodying *our* distinctive theology. But, if I were asked by a stranger to refer him to the most popular compendium of Wesleyan doctrine, I should not direct him to Mr. Wesley's Sermons or Notes, nor to the Commentaries of Clarke or Benson, nor to Watson's Institutes, nor to any other of the numerous works in which our dogmatic theology is explained or defended. I should refer him to the Hymn Book. That book contains the belief of the mass of our people. Their Commentaries and Institutes are there. I do not say this in disparagement of

the excellent works to which I have adverted. Of such, let there be ample provision for ministers and students, and the reading and reflecting part of the community. But the strains which are familiar to every household—the songs with which the mother lulls her infant to slumber on her bosom – the melodies which cheer the traveller on his lonely path—or the ploughman while he turns the furrow—or the miner in his subterranean solitude ;—the words in which a mourning spirit utters its sorrows, or a happy soul pours forth its overflow of blessedness—these are in reality the creeds and articles of a community. And so, while Charles Wesley was composing the strains which were to animate our devotional feelings, he was at the same time fixing our doctrinal standards. What solitary truth, precious to the Christian believer, is not vividly displayed in these hymns? Whatever changes may mark the future history of Methodism, we need not apprehend any doctrinal declension. As long as the Hymn Book keeps its place in our public worship, our household, and closets, so long will the purity of our faith be guarded by the double defence of the understanding and the affections. At this moment, how many children are prattling these hymns at their parents' knees ; how many prayerful spirits are giving utterance to them in their closet silence ; what griefs are being lightened, and joys increased, by the singing of these sacred melodies! I remember an instance, and my readers can probably refer to others, in which a happy soul, while singing a verse from one of our hymns, passed away to the other world. The song which began on earth ended in heaven ; the notes of the Church militant blended with those of the Church triumphant. Death itself was but a bar in the music between the strains of oft-repeated praise and the song of Moses and the Lamb.

There is one touching peculiarity in our Hymn Book. The funeral hymns are, almost without exception, hymns of *joy*. Before the times of the Wesleys, funeral strains were of a saddening and melancholy cast. Death was associated only with saddening and gloomy images. But it was a beautiful feature of early Methodism, that a dying chamber was turned into a place of joy and thanksgiving. When Mr. Wesley's mother died, her children stood around her bed and joined in a song of praise ; and such incidents are frequently recorded in the journals of both her sons. The first check given to the spirit of persecution in Bristol was on the death of a poor woman named Hannah Richardson. A happy death was in those days a strange thing ; and when her thoughtless and wicked neighbours heard how joyfully this woman died, and saw her coffin borne away by Christian friends with strains of triumph, it was felt that the religion which could make such a change was a wonderful thing. From that time, therefore, they ceased to persecute. It was natural that the feelings excited by joyful deaths

should find utterance, with Charles Wesley, in his funeral hymns. The opening line is generally a key note to the entire melody :—

"Rejoice for a brother deceased;"

"Hark! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead;"

"Again we lift our voice
And shout our solemn joys;" &c.

The language of funeral songs is mostly expressive of the triumph of death. But these hymns celebrate a victory over death. The utterance of the Christian poet is in harmony with that of the Hebrew prophet,—"The ransomed of the Lord shall return to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

I would advert to an objection which is sometimes made against the Wesleyan Hymns. It is said that they are defective in the elements of true poetry, and wanting in those adornments of style which gratify a correct and elegant taste. I once heard a complaint of this kind from a clergyman who was speaking of a compilation which had been recently made by some of his ministerial brethren, from the great body of hymn-writers, as an aid to the church service. He said, that on examining the Wesleyan hymns, they could find but *three* which came up to their standard of poetical merit. I trust I am not wanting in due reverence for men who had purified their taste at the fountains of Tate and Brady; but one would like to have been present at such a conclave when the merits of Charles Wesley's hymns were under discussion, and to have learnt by what canons of criticism they were guided in their choice. I should be curious to know what they thought of such hymns as "Inspirer of the Ancient Seers," "Thee will I love, my strength, my tower," and many others which crowd upon the memory. The marvel is, how it was possible for men of sound mind (to say nothing of cultured taste) to blind themselves to the merits of such compositions. To deal, however, more at large with this objection :—When it is alleged that our hymns are deficient in the graces of genuine poetry, there is a preliminary question to be asked. What *is* genuine poetry? I suppose it may be answered that it is poetry which does not belong to some peculiar school of taste, and which is not sanctioned merely by any arbitrary rules of criticism, but which *makes its appeal, universally, to the heart of man*. Homer and Milton are not admitted to be great poets only because scholarly tastes have discovered their excellencies; but because the pictures they draw, and the sentiments they express, have met a response in the common feelings of civilised men. Now, the poetry of Charles Wesley rests upon a similar foundation. Those strains which have gone to the

hearts of a wide-spread religious community, and become incorporated with their modes of thought and speech, have passed all the tribunals of literary jurisdiction. Millions of worshippers have found these hymns to be at once the best interpreters and prompters of their devotional feelings; and this fact alone is enough to authenticate their claim as poetry of a high order. Well did James Montgomery say that he would rather be the writer of a few hymns which should become the imperishable heritage of the Christian Church, than bequeath another epic to the world which should rank his name with Homer, Virgil, and Milton.

This casual reference to Montgomery reminds me that in his admirable volume published under the title of "The Christian Psalmist," he assigns the first rank among hymn-writers to Dr. Watts, and the second to Charles Wesley. I should think it not improbable that the Preface, in which this order is assigned them, was written before the selections were made; else it seems singular that, with such an estimate of their comparative merits, while he selects fifty-one hymns from Dr. Watts, he transcribes ninety-three from Charles Wesley. This looks very much like an involuntary homage to the latter, in forgetfulness of his own critical verdict.

I have attempted to express—though, I fear, somewhat obscurely—the thoughts uppermost in my mind in reference to our "metrical liturgy," a compilation which, whatever may be its defects, stands so high in my own esteem, that if I were allowed to have but one book in the world besides the Bible, it should be that volume. So rich a repository of evangelical truth, in forms best adapted to reach the heart and the intellect of the people, is not, I believe, to be found in any other section of the Christian Church. It was said by one of the most eloquent of our critics on Milton, that it is not too much to expect that his immortal poem may survive the fires that shall consume the earth, and be preserved in the celestial archives as a specimen of the genius of an extinct race. I believe that many of our hymns will be treasured in another world, in the memories of just men made perfect. There is nothing extravagant in the conjecture, that whatever was instrumental in turning them from darkness to light, and in quickening their steps in the pilgrimage to Zion, should there be remembered with gratitude and joy. There have been men endowed with the most splendid gifts of genius, who have employed them only to vitiate and ruin their fellow men; and who, if conscious in another state of the evil of which their works are continually prolific in this, must from that thought alone feel an ever-augmenting misery. In what striking contrast with such poets and their pestilent verse, stands the sweet singer of our Israel! Of him most truly may it be said, that "he built his Pindus upon Lebanon." And among all the minstrels of the sanctuary there is not one for whom we more fervently breathe the benediction,—

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise!"

H. W. WALKER, PRINTER, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.